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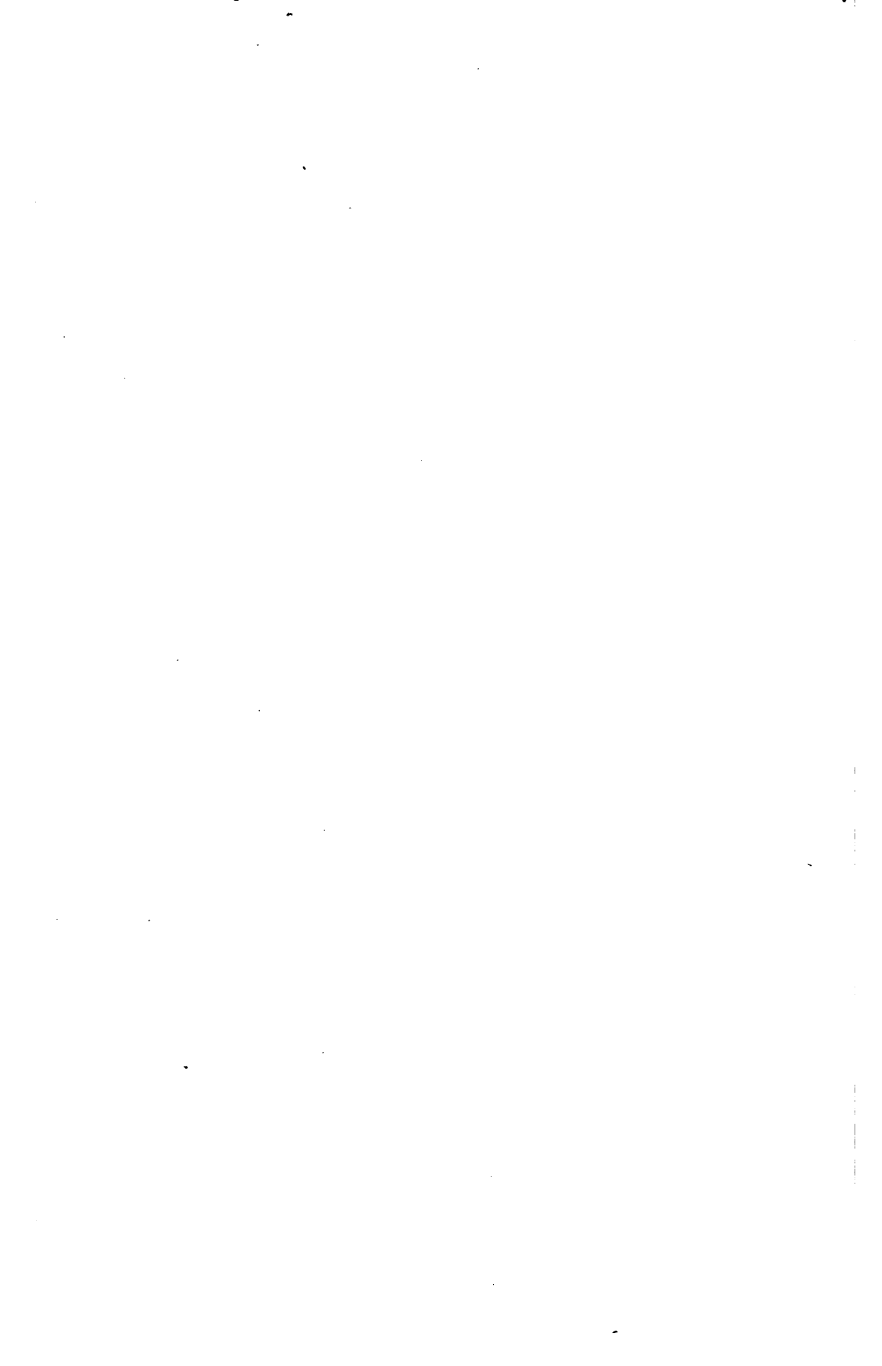
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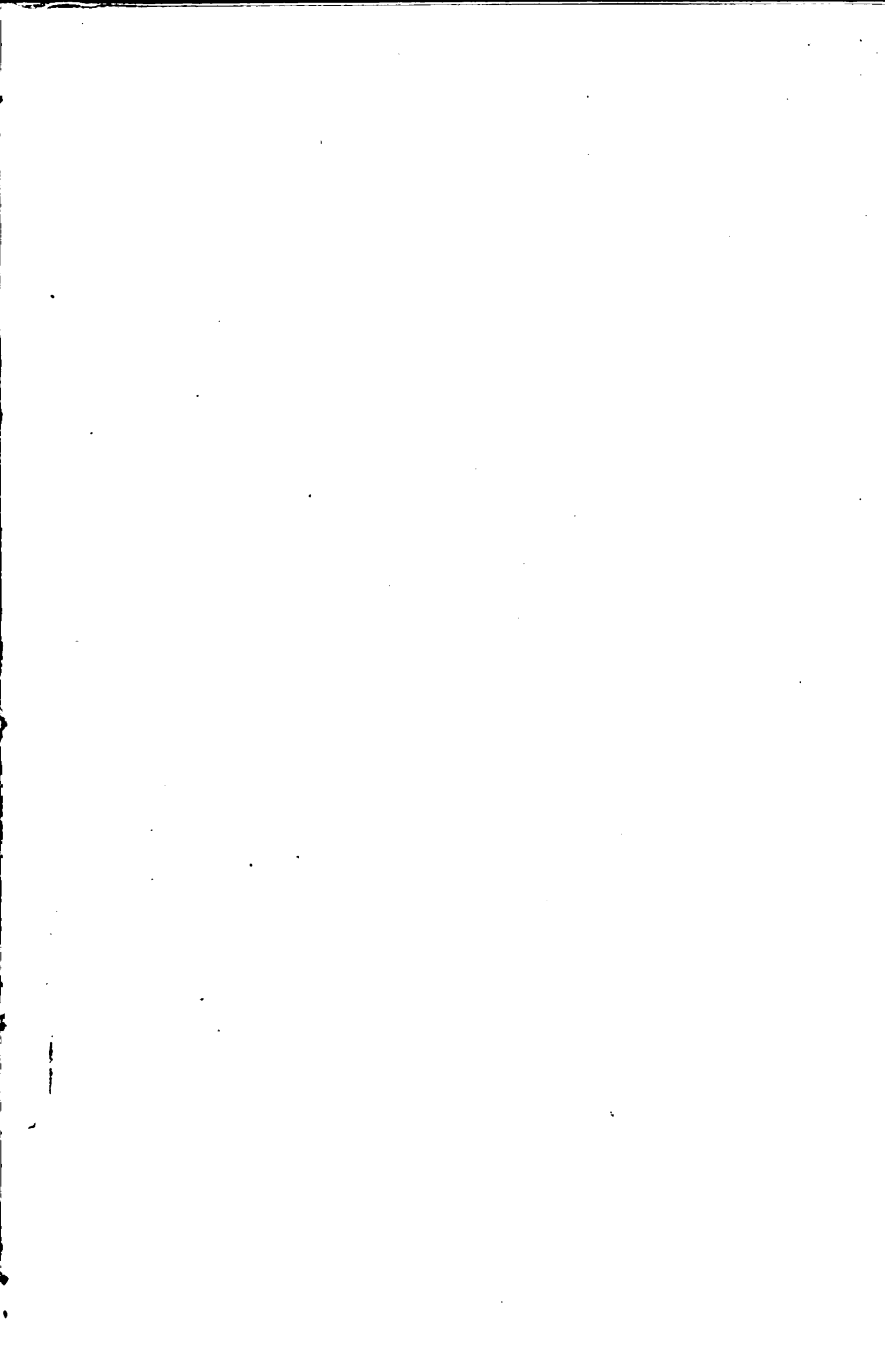
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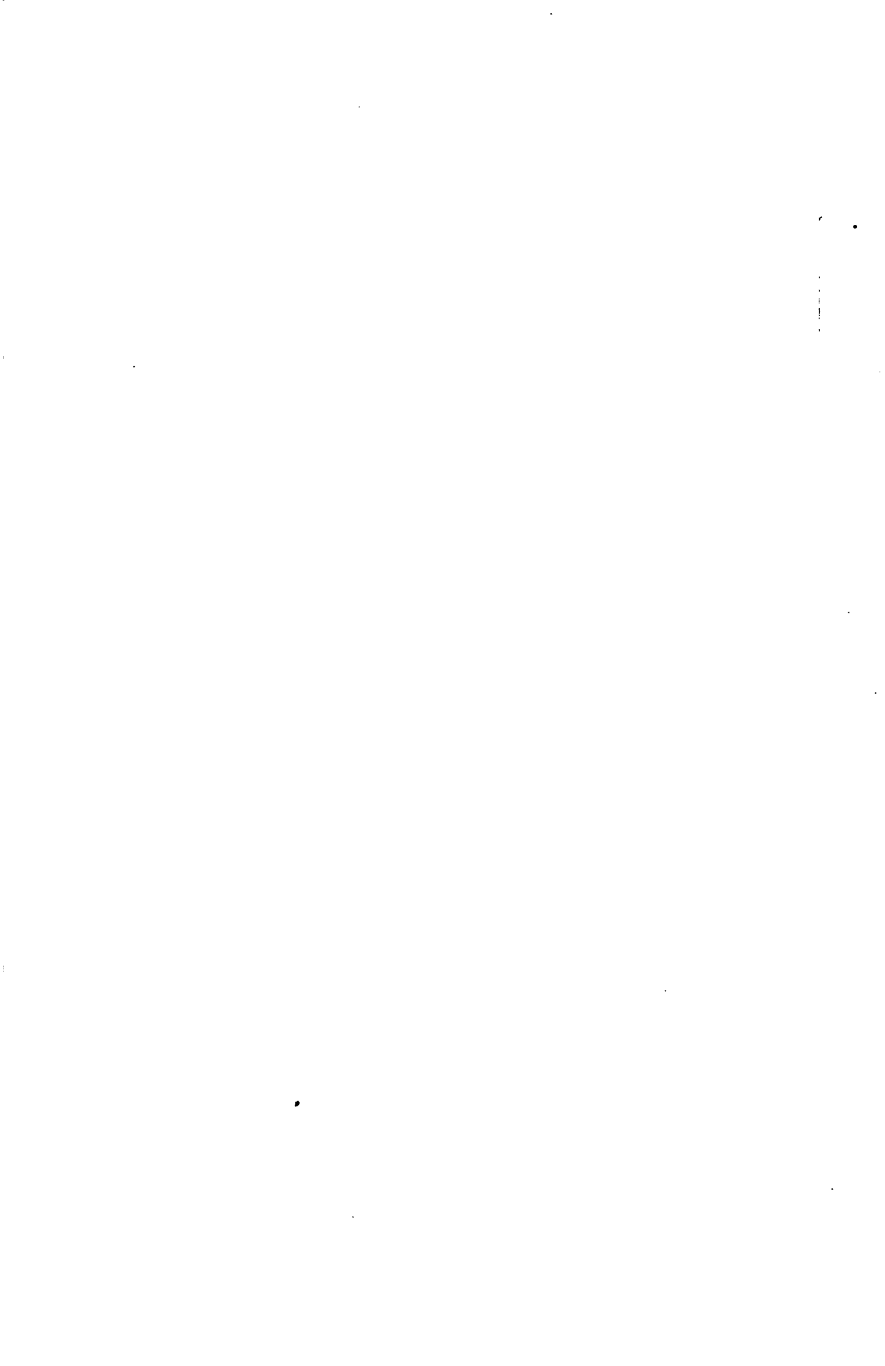
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ENGLISH LITERATURE



LONGMANS' HANDBOOK
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY

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FROM A.D. 673 TO THE PRESENT TIME



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PREFACE

THE PRESENT VOLUME is the outcome of an attempt to place in the hands of pupil teachers and other young students a simple and interesting story of the great English writers. Some time ago, much ingenuity was exercised in making a selection of the best hundred books, and it was considered that for busy people such a number gave ample scope for reading. In somewhat similar fashion, we now make choice of about a hundred best English writers, and invite young students to confine themselves in the first instance to these.

And as the hundred best books by their variety gave materials suited to varying moods and tastes, so our list of English writers is meant to give a picture of the progress of English literature from its first rude beginnings, through its times of alternate flourishing and languor, and to show its varying aims in poetry and philosophy and divinity.

The selection of names for such a list can never be ideally perfect, and Butler and Thomson in poetry, and Hobbes and Hume in philosophy, are only some of the names which have been omitted with reluctance and misgiving. Still, it is hoped that no name has been

included which could well have been spared, and that those which are given do really form an unbroken line of aim and achievement in the several provinces of English literature.

In giving account of the lives of writers, special care has been taken, ~~wherever it was possible~~, to trace the history of their youth, and of the influences which guided and moulded them; and in choosing illustrative extracts, preference has always been given to those which are either professedly or indirectly autobiographical in character.

And as only the best writers have been chosen, so special attention has been directed only upon their most excellent work. To kindle admiration in the minds of young students is for them more immediately beneficial; the critical spirit will come later with fuller knowledge and riper judgment.

The matter for this volume has been chiefly gained from a careful re-study of the lives and works of the great English writers, but valuable help has been sought and found in all kinds of places. Books of criticism, articles in magazines and reviews, and monographs of special writers, have all been laid under contribution, and it is hoped that a certain breadth and freshness have been thereby secured.

In printing the illustrative extracts, the greatest care has been taken to follow the best editions, and to preserve the ancient spelling and punctuation. This seems in itself a small matter, but to the genuine student anything which brings him in closer touch with Chaucer or Shakspeare or Bacon will be welcome.

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HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Our English forefathers who came to England in the fifth and sixth centuries brought with them no literature. They were not destitute of the art of writing, for they had their runes, but the use of these signs appears to have been greatly restricted, and perhaps seldom extended beyond a proverb or magic formula carved upon a sword-blade or on an ornament.

The early English tribes also possessed songs and legends, but they were unwritten, and were preserved in the memories of gleemen or minstrels, who roamed far and wide, and were welcomed everywhere. One of the very oldest songs we possess describes the wanderings through many lands of a gleeman named 'Wid-sith,' *i.e.* 'Far-traveller.' There is little beauty in the poem, for it is in great part a string of names of countries and peoples, and in its present written form it does not truly represent the primitive language which the gleeman used.

× While the long and fierce struggle for the possession

of Britain lasted, the English remained heathen and illiterate; but when the storm of conquest had abated, and when Christianity with its gentle influences made its way among these fierce tribes, then literature began to be cultivated.

The glory of the beginnings of this literature belongs to the north rather than to the south of England—to the Angles rather than to the Saxons. In the beginning of the seventh century Northumbria gained a position of supremacy which was not entirely lost for nearly two centuries. In 617 Eadwine became king, and Britons, Mercians, East Anglians and West Saxons submitted to him, and 'A woman with her babe might walk scatheless from sea to sea in Eadwine's day.' He fell in battle against the heathen Mercians in 633, but Oswald, the saintly king, took his place, and maintained the supremacy till he also fell in 642, and his successor, Oswi, broke the power of the Mercians in 655, and reigned in peace till 670. Ecgrith, who reigned next, still further extended the power of Northumbria, by subduing the British kingdom of Cumbria, and a new bishopric was founded in Galloway. But in 685 this king fell in battle against the Picts beyond the Forth, and the political supremacy of Northumbria passed away for ever.

But during this period spiritual and intellectual forces had been working, whose influences did not cease, but which made Northumbria for another century to be a centre from which the light of learning and religion streamed over Western Europe.

King Oswald in his youth had been sheltered in St. Columba's monastery of Iona, and when he became

king, he invited missionaries to convert his kingdom. Aidan came and fixed his bishop's seat in Lindisfarne, and from thence he went forth on foot with the king to convert the peasants of Yorkshire and Northumberland. A little later Cuthbert founded a monastery at Melrose, and journeyed unweariedly as a missionary through the mountain villages of the Lowlands. After years of such labour he also came to Lindisfarne, and died in 685, in the year when the overlordship of Northumbria ceased.

Some twenty or thirty years earlier than this, Hild, a noble lady of royal blood, founded at Streonshalh (Whitby) a monastery which became very famous. Within its walls were reared John, the St. John of Beverley; Wilfrid, the great Bishop of York; and Cædmon, our first English poet. Whitby became the Westminster of the north, kings and queens and nobles were buried there, and a memorable synod was held within its walls.

Farther north, and a little later in time, Benedict Biscop founded the twin monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, and gathered into them a rich store of books and pictures and works of art. Within these walls were spent the years of Bæda, the father of English literature.

BÆDA.

BÆDA was born in 673, somewhere in the strip of country lying between the mouths of the Wear and Tyne. Two years after his birth this strip of country was granted by the pious king, Ecgrith, to Benedict Biscop, a nobleman who had entered the Church, and who

built the monastery of St. Peter at Wearmouth, and a few years later that of St. Paul at Jarrow. The child Bæda was at seven years of age placed in the former monastery, and when the latter was built he was transferred there, and spent within its walls a tranquil happy life.

In these twin monasteries Bæda was brought under the best influences of the time. Benedict, the founder, travelled to Rome four or five times, and brought back with him books, pictures, costly relics, and other works of art. John, the archchanter of St. Peter's, at Rome, also came, and the people crowded to hear his beautiful singing. Other teachers, the best that could be got, were secured, and Bæda became proficient in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, his ardent love of study being doubtless his chief helper. 'All my life,' he says, 'I spent in that same monastery, giving my whole attention to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and in the intervals between the hours of regular discipline and the duties of singing in the church, I always took pleasure in learning or teaching or writing something.'

As a teacher Bæda was famed, and the school at Jarrow was crowded with hundreds of pupils, and one of these, named Cuthbert, has left an affecting account of his master's death in 735:—

'He was much troubled with shortness of breath, yet without pain before the day of our Lord's resurrection, and thus he continued cheerful and rejoicing till the day of our Lord's ascension, and daily read lessons to us, his disciples, and whatever remained of the day he spent in singing psalms. Also he admonished us to

think of our last hour and to shake off the sleep of the soul, and, being learned in our poetry, he said some things also in our tongue.

‘Fore the neid faræ
 nænig ni uurthit
 Thonc snoturra
 than him tharf sie
 To ymbhycgannæ
 ær his hin iongæ
 Hæst his gastæ
 godæs æththa yflæs
 Æfter deothdæge
 doemid uueorthæ.

Before the need journey
 No one is ever
 In thought more wise
 Than he hath need
 To consider
 Ere his going hence
 What to his soul
 Of good or of evil
 After death day
 Doomed will be.

‘During these days he laboured to compose two works well worthy to be remembered, viz. he translated the Gospel of St. John as far as the words “But what are these among so many?” into our tongue for the benefit of the Church, and some collections out of the Book of Notes of Bishop Isidorus, saying, “I will not have my pupils read a falsehood, nor labour therein without profit after my death.” When the Tuesday before the Ascension came he began to suffer still more in his breath; and a small swelling appeared in his feet, but he passed all that day and dictated cheerfully, saying, “Go on quickly; I know not how long I shall hold out,” and when the morning of Wednesday came he bade us write with all speed what he had begun. He passed the day joyfully till the evening, and a boy said, “Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.” He answered, “Write quickly.” Soon after the boy said, “The sentence is now finished.” He replied, “It is well, you have said the truth. It is finished. Receive my head into your hands, for it is a great satisfaction to

me to sit facing my holy place, where I was wont to pray." And thus on the pavement of his little cell, singing "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," when he had named the Holy Ghost he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom.'

Bæda's works are in Latin; they are very numerous, and on many different subjects. The greater number were commentaries and expositions of books of Scripture, but he also wrote works on chronology, astrology, poetry, and rhetoric. Biography was a favourite subject with him, and he wrote the Lives of St. Cuthbert and St. Felix, and also the Lives of the abbots of his own monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow.

But his greatest work is the noble 'Ecclesiastical History of the English People,' with its beautiful pictures of the introduction of Christianity into England.

CÆDMON.

BÆDA gives the following account of Cædmon:—'In the minster of this abbess [Hild] was a certain brother who was singularly graced with a divine gift of making songs pertaining to piety and virtue, and by his poems the hearts of many men were incited to a contempt of the world and to the companionship of the heavenly life. And also after him many others among English folk began to make pious songs, but none so well as he, for it was not through men that he received the faculty of song, but he was divinely helped.'

Bæda goes on to tell that the man was formerly a

neatherd, with no power of song, and that he was wont to steal away from the company when his turn came to play on the harp and sing. And on such a night one appeared to him in a dream and said, 'Cædmon, sing to me somewhat.' He said, 'I cannot sing;' but he who spoke said, 'Still you must sing to me.' 'What shall I sing?' said Cædmon, and the answer was, 'Sing the Creation.' Then Cædmon began to sing in praise of the Creator verses which he had never heard before, and which when repeated the next day excited the wonder of all who heard them.

The verses are given in Latin by Bæda, and in West Saxon by King Alfred in his translation of Bæda, and they are written in what is believed to be their original Northumbrian form on the last page of a manuscript of Bæda's work which is thought to date back to 787.

The verses are :—

Nu scylun hergan
 hefæn ricæs uard
 metudæs mæcti
 end his modgidanc
 uerc uuldur fadur
 sue he uundra gihuæs
 eci dryctin
 or astelidæ.
 He ærist scop
 elda barnum
 heben til hrofe,
 haleg scepen ;
 ða middungeard
 moncynnæs uard,
 eci dryctin
 æfter tiadæ
 frum foldu
 frea allmectig.

Now must we praise
 heaven kingdom's warden
 the Maker's might
 and his mind's thought
 the work of the glorious father
 how he of every wonder
 eternal Lord
 formed the beginning.
 He first shaped
 for earth's children
 heaven for roof,
 holy Shaper ;
 then mid-earth
 mankind's warden,
 eternal Lord
 afterwards produced
 for men the earth
 Lord Almighty.

In these lines we see the characteristics of early Anglo-Saxon poetry: the short abrupt lines, more like interjections than sentences, the absence of connecting particles, and the repetition of the same idea in varied phrases. Thus in the eighteen lines eight express God, three the making of the earth, and three the earth itself.

The Ruthwell Cross.—In the parish of Ruthwell, near Dumfries, is an ancient cross which was carved and set up, so it is thought, about the year 680. It was adorned with scenes from the Gospels, and on the sides were runic inscriptions which no one could read. For ages it stood within the church, but was thrown down and broken in 1642, and served as a seat for the worshippers for another century. Then it was removed to the manse garden, the broken fragments were restored as well as they might be, and in 1840 Kemble deciphered the runes, and found they were some forty lines of a Northumbrian poem on the Rood. About the same time there was discovered at Vercelli in the Milanese an ancient manuscript book of Anglo-Saxon poems, and among them one of great beauty, which contained the fragments carved on the Ruthwell cross. The top stone of the cross has a runic inscription, which was till lately overlooked. It is ‘*Cadmon mæ fauæþo*,’ ‘Cadmon made me,’ and this is taken not unreasonably to prove that Bæda’s Cædmon was the author of this beautiful poem. The poet dreams a wonderful dream:—

puhte me ƿæt ic gesáwe
sellic treów
on lyft lædan

Methought I saw
a marvellous tree
in air uplifted

leohte bewunden
 beáma beorhtost :
 eall ðæt beácen wæs
 begoten mid golde.
 Hwæðre ic þurh ðæt gold
 ƿngitan meahte
 earmra sargewinn
 ðæt hit srest ƿngann
 swétan ƿn ða swiðran healfe.

with light rays mantling
 of beams the brightest :
 all that beacon was
 flooded with gold.
 Yet I through that gold
 might see
 of the grim ones the ancient strife
 that it first began
 to trickle from its right side.

The rood itself begins to speak, and tells of its horror and that of all nature when Christ was crucified.

Sclirne sciman
 sceadu forþeóde
 wann under wolcnum
 weóp eall gesceaft
 cwiðdon cyninges fill :
 Crist wæs ƿn róde.

The bright rays
 shadow overcame
 wan under clouds
 wept all creation
 bewailed the slaughter of the king :
 Christ was on the cross.

The poem closes with a solemn dedication by the poet of himself to God's service.

Bæda, continuing his account of Cædmon, says that the abbess directed that he should leave the secular life, and she bade the brothers teach him the whole course of the sacred history ; and Cædmon, thinking over all that he heard, and, like a clean beast chewing the cud, turned it all into the sweetest song, which was so delightful to hear that his very teachers wrote it down from his lips and learned it. He sang first of the creation of the earth, and of mankind, and all the story of Genesis, and then the outgoing of Israel from Egypt and the entry into the land of promise, and many other stories from the holy book ; also he sang of Christ's birth and His sufferings, and the ascension into heaven and the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the teaching of the apostles ; also

of the fear of the judgment to come and the terror of the torments of hell, and the sweetness of the heavenly kingdom.

Cædmon's Paraphrase.—In 1655 Franciscus Junius published from a manuscript of about the date 1000 a volume of Saxon poetry, which he believed to be the work of Cædmon from its agreement with Bæda's description. It is not, however, now considered to be the work of one author, and it has been divided thus:—

- (1) The exordium and the creation of man.
- (2) The fall of the angels and man.
- (3) Later history to the death of Abraham.
- (4) Moses and the exodus to the destruction of Pharaoh.
- (5) History of Daniel (first five chapters).
- (6) Descent of Christ into hell.

The story of the fall of the angels displays much imagination and power of execution, and it possesses striking points of resemblance to an old Saxon poem of the Continent called the 'Heliand.'

The poem also contains expressions curiously resembling lines in the 'Paradise Lost,' and it has been thought that Milton, from his acquaintance with Junius, may have learnt something of the scope and language of the poem.

'BEOWULF.'

THIS magnificent relic of Saxon literature is preserved in a single manuscript, which narrowly escaped destruction by fire in 1781. The edges of the leaves are cracked

and crumbling, but the whole work has now been facsimiled by photography. Many eminent scholars have edited or elucidated the poem, or have constructed ingenious theories as to its age and authorship, and as to the locality where the scene is placed.

The poem consists of over 6,000 short lines, and is in two parts. In the first the youthful hero Beowulf slays two hateful man-devouring monsters whose home is in the bottom of a lonely lake; in the second part the same hero, now an aged king, slays the dragon of the sea, but is himself wounded to death in the combat.

There is little doubt that the story in its earliest form belongs to very remote pagan times, and it possibly symbolises the endless conflict between man and the cruel devouring sea. But as we now have it the poem is distinctly the work of a Christian poet of perhaps the eighth or ninth or even tenth century, and he appears to symbolise Christ gaining salvation for man by His own death, and by His descending into hell to slay the powers of evil there.

Early in the poem we are told that a king (Hroðgar) has built a beautiful palace (Heorot), where daily they feasted and rejoiced.

Dær wæs hearpan sweg,
Swutel sang scopes.

There was the sound of the harp,
the sweet song of the poet.

But this joy was hateful to a hellish fiend named Grendel. In the night he came stealing to Heorot, surprised the sleepers and devoured thirty of them, and this nightly ravage was repeated till no man dared to sleep in Heorot. Then young Beowulf with fourteen

companions came from over the sea to fight with the monster. They were welcomed and feasted, and at night they were left to sleep in the hall.

Ða com of more,
Under mist-hleoðum,
Grendel gongan,
Godes yrra bær.

Then came over the moor,
Under the hills of mist,
Grendel striding,
God's wrath he bore.

He burst in the palace door and with flashing eyes strode over the bright pavement, seized one of the sleepers and suddenly slew him.

Bat ban-locan,
Blod edrum dranc,
Syn-snædum swealh :
Sona hæfde
Unlyfigendes
Eal gefeormod,
Fet and folma.

He bit through the body,
Drank the blood in streams,
Piece by piece he swallowed it :
Soon he had
The lifeless body
All consumed,
Feet and hands.

But the monster found himself speedily seized by a mighty arm and dashed to the ground. Fear seized him, for never had he felt such a grip, and gladly would he have fled. Long the wrestle lasted, tables and benches were wrecked, the night rang with the howls of the fiend. At last Beowulf tore off one of Grendel's arms and he fled home to die.

Great was the rejoicing and feasting the next day ; bards sang songs of ancient battles, and gifts of the choicest kind were given to Beowulf. The queen Wealh-ðeo speaks thus to him :—

‘ Bruc þisses beages,
Beowulf, leofa
Hyse, mid hæle,
And þisses hragles neot.

‘ Take this ring,
Beowulf, dear youth,
With good fortune,
And this mantel wear.

‘ All men shall speak in praise of thee,

‘Efne swa side,
Swa sæ bebugeð
Windige weallas.’

‘Even as widely
As the sea encircles
The wind-beaten cliffs.’

After the feast is over, they slept as of old in the hall, but Grendel’s mother, a foul and terrible creature, came to revenge her son, and she slaughtered one of the king’s dearest friends. Beowulf determines to seek and to slay the hag, even at the bottom of the pool where she lives. The king equips him with arms, and with many warriors bears him company to the desolate lake. Alone the hero dives into the water, and in a gloomy cave at the bottom he finds the hag. He fights with her, and for a long time the issue is doubtful, but at last he seizes a magic sword which hangs in the cave, and with it smites off her head. The sword drips with blood, but gives out a light which illumines the cavern.

Lixte se leoma,
Leoht inne stod
Efne swa of hefene,
Hadre scineð
Rodores candel.

Gleamed the brightness,
A light stood within it
Even as from heaven,
Brightly shineth
The firmament’s candle.

Then Beowulf returns swimming to the surface, and he and his companions march back in triumph to the palace. Once more there is feasting and giving of presents, and then Beowulf returns to his native land.

In the second part of the poem Beowulf appears as an aged king, who has ruled the Goths well for fifty years, and who now gives his own life to save his people from a terrible dragon. His people mourned for him, and reared on the seaciff a mound high and broad, and to be seen from far and wide by sailors.

Swa begnorodon
 Geata leode
 Hlafordes hryre,
 Heorð-geneatas
 Cwædon þat he wære
 Woruld-cyning
 Mannum mildust,
 And mon-þwærust
 Leodum ličost,
 And lof-geornost.

So mourned
 The Gothic people
 Their lord's fall,
 His hearth companions
 Said that he was,
 Of all the kings of the world,
 The mildest of men,
 And the greatest
 And most friendly to his people,
 And the most desirous of their
 love.

KING ALFRED.

DURING the ninth century Northumbria was cruelly wasted by the Danes. As early as 798 they plundered Lindisfarne, the resting-place of Cuthbert, and the next year they burnt the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, where Bæda had spent his quiet happy life, and where the art treasures of Benedict Biscop were preserved. Melrose became a solitude again, and Hild's Streonoshalh, where Caedmon had sung, was destroyed, and even its name perished.

The same fate fell upon East Anglia, for the rich abbeys of the Fens, Peterborough, Croyland, and Ely, were sacked, and the pious King Edmund was slaughtered. Mercia made submission, and Wessëx only was left to bear the brunt of the storm. After years of brave fighting, Wessex was saved and a great part of Mercia, and King Alfred laboured earnestly as long as life lasted to heal the wounds of his country and to raise it from its state of barbarism and ignorance.

He founded monasteries at Winchester and Shaftes-

bury and Athelney; he called from other lands learned men to help him, the best he could get—Phlegmund from Mercia, Asser from Wales, Grimbald from St. Omers, and John from Corbei, in Saxony. He himself translated into English such Latin works as he thought would be most useful to his people, translating freely, omitting much, and adding much from himself in the way of comment and reflection and illustration.

Translation of 'Pastoral Care.'—One of these works was the 'Pastoral Care' of the Pope Gregory who sent missionaries to Britain. To the translation Alfred prefixed a preface which is extremely interesting. A copy was sent to each bishop, and the one sent to Wærferth, bishop of Worcester, is preserved in the Bodleian Library. In it the king speaks thus:—

Ælfréd kyning hâteð grétan Wærferð bisecep his wordum luflice and fréondlice; and ðe cyðan hâte ðæt mé cōm swiðe oft on gemynd, hwelce wiotan iu wæron giond Angelcynn, ægðer ge godcundra háda ge woruldcundra, and hú gesæliglica tida ðá wæron giond Angelcynn; and hú man utan bordes wísdóm and lāre hieder on lond sóhte, and hú wé hie nú sceoldan úte begietan, gif wé hie habban sceoldan.

Swá clæne hió wæs oðfeallenu on Angelcynne ðætte swiðe féawa wæron behionan Humbre ðe hiora ðeniga cūðen understōndan on Englisc; and ic wéne ðætte noht mōnige begiondan Humbre nāren.

Alfred, king, biddeth greet Wærferth, bishop, with his words in loving and friendly wise; and I would have you know that it has come very often into my mind, what wise men formerly there were among the English race, both of the sacred orders and of the secular, and how happy times those were throughout the English race; and how people from abroad for wisdom and learning sought hither to this land, and how we now should have to get them abroad, if we would have them.

So clean was it fallen away in the English race that there were very few on this side Humber who would know how to render their services into English; and I ween that not many would be on the

Swæ feāwa hiora wæron ðæt ic
furðum ānne ānlēpne ne mæg
geðencean be sūðan Tēmeſe, ða ða
ic to rice feng. Gode ſelmihtigum
sie ðonc ðæt we nu ænigne on
stal habbað lareowa.

other side of Humber. So few of
them were there that I not even a
single one can think of south of
Thames when I took to the realm.
God almighty be thanked that we
now have in office any teachers.

Translation of Orosius.—Another work chosen for translation by Alfred was the ‘Chronicles’ of Orosius. Orosius was a Spanish monk, a friend of St. Augustine, and his work in those early ages had great repute as a compendium of universal history and geography. Alfred, as was his wont, added valuable matter of his own, and among these additions is an account of the land of the Northmen given to the king by Other and Wulfstan, two strangers from those regions whom Alfred gladly entertained at his court.

Other sæde his hlāforde
Ælfrēde cyninge, ðæt he ealra
Norðmōnna norðmest búde. Hé
cwæð ðæt hé búde on ðæm lande
norðweardum wið ða Westsæ.
Hé sæde ðeah ðæt ðæt land sie
swiðe lang norð ðonan; ac hit is
eall wēste, bûton on feāwum
stowum wiciað Finnas, on hun-
toðe on wintra, ond on sumera on
fiscaðe be ðære sæ.

Hé was swiðe spédig mann on
ðæm shtum ðe hiora spéda on
béoð, ðæt is, on wildrum. Hé
hæfde ðágit, ða he ðone cyning
sóhte, tamra deóra six hund. Dá
deór hie hátað ‘hránas’; ðara
wæron six stálhránas, ða beoð
swiðe dyre mid Finnum for ðæm
hie oð ða wildan hránas mid.

Other said to his lord king
Alfred that he of all the Northmen
abode northmost. He said that
he dwelt in the land to the north-
ward along the West Sea. He said,
however, that that land is very
long north from thence, but it is
all waste, except that in a few
places Finns dwell for hunting in
winter, and in summer for fishing
in that sea.

He was a very wealthy man in
those possessions in which their
wealth consists, that is in wild
deer. He had at the time that he
came to the king, of tame deer, six
hundred. These deer they call
reindeer, of which there were six
decoy reindeer, which are very
valuable among the Finns, for
with them they catch the reindeer.

THE SAXON CHRONICLES.

ANOTHER work of King Alfred was the translation of Bæda's noble history, and it is possible that to this we owe the most precious remnant of Saxon literature—the Chronicles. There are seven of these Chronicles now existing; they are designated by the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and the one marked A is probably the parent of all the rest. At the time of the Reformation it was in the library of Christ Church monastery at Canterbury; Archbishop Parker gained possession of it and bequeathed it to Benet (now Corpus Christi) College in Cambridge, and there it now is. Internal evidence connects it with Winchester rather than Canterbury, and it is often cited as the Winchester Chronicle. It is the work of several scribes, and the first handwriting ceases at 891, the year in which Phlegmund became archbishop, and it is extremely probable that so far at least it is the work of King Alfred's reign.

The Chronicle begins with the year 60 B.C., and from thence to A.D. 449 it is compiled from various Latin authors, and chiefly from Bæda. From 449 to 731 (where Bæda ceases) there are many such entries, mingled, however, with gleanings from the half-lost history of Wessex and Kent, gained from songs, runic stones, and rolls of kings. Of such a kind is the entry for the year 473:—

Her Hengest and Æsc gefuhton
wið Walas, and genamon unari-
medlico here reaf, and ða Walas
flugon ða Englan swa fyr.

Here (at this time) Hengist
and Aesc fought with the Welsh
(Britons), and took innumerable
spoil, and the Welsh fled from the
English like fire.

The period of thirty years ending with 855 bears marks of contemporary freshness. It records among other things Alfred's visit to Rome with his father, and it may, perhaps, be the work of the saintly Swithun, bishop of Winchester, who also went with the king to Rome. The period closes with the death of Ethelwulf, and with a great genealogy of the Wessex kings, ascending up to Wodin, thence to 'Hrathra, who was born in the ark,' thence to 'Adam primus homo et pater noster, id est Christus. Amen.'

The period from 894 to 897 is described as 'the most remarkable piece of writing in the whole series of Chronicles. It is a warm, vigorous, earnest narrative, free from the rigidity of the other annals, full of life and originality. It reads more like a narrative of our own time than Alfred's.'¹

The following is part of the entry for 896:—

On ðy ylcan gere worhte se fore
sprecene here geweorc be Lygan
xx mila bufan Lunden byrig. Ða
ðæs on sumera foron micel dæl
ðara burgwara, and eac swa oðres
folces. Ðæt hie gedydon æt ðara
Deniscana geweorc, and ðær wur-
don gefliemde, and sume feower
cyninges ðegnas ofslægene. Ða
ðæs on hærfæste ða wicode se
cyng on neaweste ðare byrig, ða
hwile ðe hie hira corn gerypon,
ðæt ða Deniscan him ne mehton
ðæs ripes forwiernan.

In the same year wrought the
before-mentioned army a fort by
the Lea twenty miles above London
town. Then in the summer went
forth a great part of the townsmen,
and also of other folk. Thus they
did to the Danish fort, and there
they were put to flight, and some
four king's thanes were slain.
Then after this, in harvest, the
king encamped in the neighbour-
hood of the town the while they
reaped their corn, that the Danes
might not prevent them from the
reaping.

Down to the year 924 the narrative is of the same

¹ Earle.

character but more subdued, but the record from 925 to 975 is extremely meagre. The years 937, 942, 973, 975 have no prose entry, but a poetical piece is inserted in each of these years, and the first is the noble ode on the Battle of Brunanburg, which begins thus :—

Her Æðelstan cyning
eorla dryhten
and his broðor eac
Eadmund æðeling
geslogon æt sæcce
sweorda ecgum
ymbe Brunanburh.

Here Æthelstan the king
of earls the lord
and his brother also
Eadmund the prince
fought in battle
with edge of swords
near Brunanburg.

At the end of the year 1001 the handwriting again changes, and from thence to the close of the Chronicle in 1079 there are only eleven scattered entries, consisting of matters interesting to Canterbury rather than to Winchester. It has therefore been thought that the Winchester Chronicle ceased in 1001, and that when Lanfranc became archbishop in 1079 it was brought to Canterbury and that the few additional entries were made there.

The Chronicles marked B, C, F, G are little more than copies of A, though each has some entries peculiar to itself. Chronicle D, the Worcester Chronicle, is specially rich in entries relating to Mercian and Northumbrian affairs during the eighth and ninth centuries, and it is thought to owe its origin to Wærferth, the Bishop of Worcester, the friend of King Alfred. In recording the events of Edward the Confessor's reign it has a strong and distinct character of its own, and it is the only one of the Chronicles which gives an account of the Battle of Hastings.

Chronicle E, the Peterborough Chronicle, in some respects the most important of all, needs to be spoken of by itself.

ÆLFRIC.

AFTER the death of Alfred the intellectual development of Wessex flagged. Alfred's son Eadward was a worthy successor to his father as statesman and warrior, but not as scholar and man of letters, and the same may be said of Æthelstan and Eadmund. Wars with the Welsh, with the Scots, with the Danes (both those within the realm and those from over the sea), gave but few and short periods of rest. The monasteries, which were the only homes of literature, lay many of them in ruins or tenantless, and the rules of monastic life were greatly relaxed.

A great revival, both religious and intellectual, was effected by the famous Dunstan and his disciples and followers. This great man was made abbot of Glastonbury by Eadmund, and the abbey school became one of his chief cares. He taught the pupils himself and gained their love, and in later ages school boys prayed at his shrine to their 'dear father Dunstan.'

In 955 Æthelwold, Dunstan's chief scholar and assistant, was made abbot of the ruined abbey of Abingdon, and he built there a splendid minster and founded a school which soon became more famous than its parent Glastonbury. A few years later Æthelwold was made bishop of Winchester and greatly improved the old monastic school, and from these two schools of

Abingdon and Winchester came forth Ælfric, whose is the greatest literary name of this tenth century. Neither the date of Ælfric's birth nor that of his death is known, but from 990 to about 1014 his life was one of ceaseless literary activity. The ealdorman Æthelweard, the son-in-law of the heroic Brythnoth, who fell at Maldon, was Ælfric's constant friend and patron, and established him first as head of a minster at Cernel (Cerne Abbas in Dorset) and later as abbot of Eynsham in Oxfordshire. Æthelweard's son Æthelmær became a still closer friend, and spent many years of his life with Ælfric at Eynsham.

In Cerne Abbas he wrote two series of homilies, eighty in all, and they were published in 990 and 991. In the preface he speaks modestly of himself.

IC Ælfric munuc and mæsse-
preost swaðeah waccre ðonne
swilcum hadum gebyrige, wearð
asend on Æðelredes dæge cyn-
inges to sumum mynstre ðe is
Cernel gehaten, ðurh Æthelmæres
bene ðæs ðegenes, his gebyrd and
goodnys sind gehwær cuðe. Ða
bearn me on mode, ic truwige ðurh
Godes gife ðæt ic ðas boc of
Ledenum gereorde to Engliscra
spræce awende.

I, Ælfric, monk and mass-
priest, although more weakly than
for such orders is fitting, was sent
in King Æthelred's days to a
certain minster which is called
Cernel, at the request of Æthel-
mær, the thegn, whose birth and
goodness are everywhere known.
Then it occurred to my mind, I
trust through God's grace, that I
would turn this book from Latin
speech into English.

The English of these homilies is splendid; hearers and readers alike were charmed, and Ælfric's friends begged him to write a series on the lives of the English saints. This third series of homilies was published in 996, and they are written in a rhythmical alliterative prose which is also freely used in most of Ælfric's later writings.

The following is an extract from the Life of St. Edmund, king and martyr. After telling how the heathen Danes slaughtered the pious king, and carried off his head and hid it in the wood, Ælfric proceeds:—

Ða æfter fyrste, syððan hie afarene wæron, com ðæt land-folc to ðær heora hlafordes lic læg butan heafde, and wurdon swiðe sarige for his slege on mode, and huru dæt hie næfdon ðæt heafod to ðam bodige.

Hie eodon ða endemes ealle to ðam wudu secende gehwær, geond ðyflas and bremlas, gif hie ahwær mihten gemetan ðæt heafod.

Wæs eac micel wundor ðæt an wulf wearth asend ðurh Godes wissunge to bewerienne ðæt heafod wið ða oðru deor ofer dæg and niht.

Hie eodon ða secende and simle clipiende, swa swa hit gewunelic is ðam ðe on wuda gað oft, 'Hwær eart ðu nu, gefera?' And him and-wyrde ðæt heafod, 'Her, her, her,' oð ðæt hie ealle becomon ðurh ða clipunge him to. Ða læg se græga wulf ðe bewiste ðæt heafod, and mid his twam fotum hæfde ðæt heafod beclýpped, grædig and hungry, and for Gode ne dorste ðæs heafdes onbyrgan ac heold hit wið deor.

Then after a time, after they were gone, came the land-folk to where their lord's body lay without the head, and were very sorry for his slaying in their hearts, and moreover that they had not the head to the body.

They went then at last all to the wood, seeking everywhere through shrubs and brambles if they anywhere might meet the head.

There was also a great wonder, that a wolf was sent through God's direction to guard the head against other creatures by day and night.

They went then seeking and calling often, as it is customary for those who go through the woods, 'Where art thou now, comrade?' And the head answered them, 'Here, here, here,' till they all came, through the calling, to it. There lay the grey wolf which guarded the head, and with his two feet had the head clasped, greedy and hungry, and through God he durst not taste the head, but held it from the wild animals.

Ælfric was next urged by his friends to undertake a translation of the Old Testament, and he rendered into vigorous free-flowing English the greater part of the Pentateuch and parts of Joshua and Judges. He also wrote the most important educational works of that

period, a Latin Grammar, a Latin Glossary, and other books to help the English scholar. His fame as a writer was now great, and Wulfsige, bishop of Sherborne, commissioned him to write a pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese. A similar work was undertaken some years later for Wulfstan, Archbishop of York.

THE LATEST SAXON CHRONICLE.

The Peterborough Chronicle (E) is the latest, and in some respects the most important and interesting, of the whole series. In 1116 a great fire entirely destroyed the minster and a great part of the town of Peterborough, and this probably occasioned the writing of a new chronicle, for in the manuscript the same handwriting is continued to the end of the year 1121.

Down to the year 892 the scribe has copied the Winchester Chronicle, but he interpolates from time to time entries relating to the foundation, endowments and privileges of Peterborough Abbey. Many of these entries are manifest and extravagant fictions, and the character of the language betrays them as the work of the twelfth century. From 893 to 991 the record is very meagre, and the history of Alfred's and Eadward's victories, which is so finely given in the Winchester Chronicle, is ignored. From 992 to 1082 the scribe copies sometimes from one Chronicle and sometimes from another, and then there begins a period (1083 to 1090) of surpassing interest. 'The language is pathetic, sometimes even passionate.' 'The writer was certainly an old man,' and some have thought him to be Wulfstan, the saintly

Bishop of Worcester. From the entry of the year 1087 we find that the writer knew the Conqueror well. He says :—

Gif hwa gewilnigeð to gewitane
hu gedon mann he wæs, oððe
hwilene wurðscipe he hæfde, oððe
hu fela lande he wære hlaforð,
ðonne wille we be him awriten
swa swa we hine ageaton, ðe him
on locodan, and oðre hwile on his
hirede wunedon. Se cyng Willelm
ðe we embe specað wæs swiðe wis
man and swiðe rice, and wurðfulre
and strengere ðonne ænig his
foregengra wære. He wæs milde
ðam godum mannum ðe God lufedon,
and ofer eall gemett stearc
tham mannum ðe wiðcwædon his
willan.

He sætte mycel deor frið and he
lægde laga ðærwið ðæt swa hwa
swa sloge heort oððe hinde ðæt
hine man sceolde blendian. Swa
swiðe he lufode ða hea deor swilce
he wære heora fæder.

Wala wa ðæt ænig man sceolde
modigan swa, hine sylf uppahebban
and ofer ealle men tellan. Se
ælmihtiga God cyððe his saule
mildheortnisse and do him his
synna forgifenesse.

If any would know what manner of man he was, or what glory he had, or of how many lands he was lord, then will we write of him as we have known him; we who have looked on him, and once dwelt in his court. This King William whom we speak of was a man very wise, and very great, and more honoured and more powerful than any of his forerunners were. He was mild to those good men who loved God, and beyond all measure severe to those men who withstood his will.

He set great forests for the deer, and he made laws therewith that whosoever should slay hart or hind, him they should blind. So greatly loved he the tall deer as if he were their father.

Alas! that any man should so proudly uplift himself, and above all men esteem himself. The almighty God show mercy to his soul, and give him forgiveness of his sins.

The period from 1091 to 1121 seems to be the work of a different author, but still to belong to Worcester rather than to Peterborough. From 1122 to the close, in 1154, the entries give abundant evidence that the Chronicle was the work of Peterborough. One of the latest entries (1137) gives a terrible picture of the miseries of Stephen's reign.

Da wæs corn dære and flesc
and cæse and butere for nan ne
was o ðe land. Wrecce men
sturven of hungaer, sume ieden on
ælmes ðe waren sum wile rice men,
sume flugæn ut of lande. Wæs
nævre gæt mare wreccehed on
land, ne nævre hethen men werse
ne diden ðan hi diden. Gif twa
men oðer iiii coman ridend to an
tun, al ðe tunscipe flugæn for heom
wenden ðæt hi wæron ræveres.
Ðe biscopas and lered men heom
cursede ævre, oc was heom naht
ðar of, for hi weron al forcursæd
and forsuoren and forloren. Ðe
erthe ne bar nan corn, for ðe land
was al fordon mid suilce dædes,
and hi sæden openlice ðæt Krist
slep and his halechen. Suile and
mare ðanne we cunnen saien we
ðolenden xix wintre for ure
sinnes.

Then was corn dear, and flesh,
and cheese, and butter, for there
was none in the land. Wretched
men starved with hunger; some
went begging who were once rich
men; some fled out of the land.
There was never yet more wretched-
ness in the land, nor ever did
heathen men do worse than these.
If two or three men came riding to
a town, all the township fled before
them; they thought they were rob-
bers. The bishops and learned
men evermore cursed them; but
this was nothing, for they were all
accursed, and forsworn, and repro-
bate. The earth bore no corn, for
the land was all ruined with such
deeds, and men said openly that
Christ slept and his holy ones.
Such things and more than we can
say we suffered nineteen winters
for our sins.

REMAINS OF SAXON LITERATURE.

LIKE the Hebrew writings, the greater part of the Saxon literature is anonymous. Of all the writers in the Saxon Chronicles, not one can be identified with certainty. 'Beowulf' is the work of an unknown author, and it has been doubted if Cædmon is really the name of a man and not rather a name suggestive of the Scriptural character of his work. Poems were written by a Cynewulf, but who he was and when he lived is quite uncertain. Hence there is often great doubt as to the exact date to be assigned to any work, and the difficulty is increased

by the fact that Northumbrian literature perished with the inroads of the Danes, and Northumbrian works are preserved only in a later and West-Saxon form.

About 1050 Leofric, bishop of Exeter, gave to the cathedral library a gift of books, and among them '1 mycel Englisc boc be gehwylcum ðingum on leoð-wisan geworht,' that is, 'One large English book about various things in lay [song] wise wrought.' This is the famous 'Codex Exoniensis' still preserved at Exeter, and so often referred to. The manuscript is in ten books, and it contains many poems, most of them of a religious character, such as 'A Dialogue between the Virgin Mary and Joseph,' 'Song of the Three Children,' 'The Last Judgment.' Perhaps the most interesting are 'The Traveller's Song' and 'The Phoenix.' The former is not much more than a catalogue of tribes and places, but it is believed to be a work of the fifth century, and, if so, is the most ancient relic of the kind that we possess; the latter is a poem of much beauty, and is thought to be the work of Cynewulf.

In 1832 Dr. Blume discovered at Vercelli a book filled mainly with Saxon homilies, but also containing a small number of religious poems of great beauty. The chief of these are 'A Legend of St. Andrew,' 'A Dream of the Holy Rood,' and 'Elene, or the Invention of the Holy Cross,' and they are for the most part, if not all, the work of Cynewulf.

Archbishop Parker in Elizabeth's time was a great collector of Saxon books, and he gave to Corpus Christi College, in Cambridge, the celebrated 'Winchester Chronicle,' and a fine copy of King Alfred's laws.

Sir Robert Cotton was a still greater collector, and to him we owe all the Saxon Chronicles save two, 'Beowulf,' a fragment of a noble poem on the story of Judith, part of the works of Ælfric, the Lindisfarne Gospels of the ninth, and a Psalter of the tenth century.

To Archbishop Laud we owe the famous 'Peterborough Chronicle,' and some of the works of Ælfric.

To Christopher Lord Hatton (time of Charles II.) we owe Alfred's translation of the 'Pastoral Care,' and the translation of 'Gregory's Dialogues' with Alfred's preface.

To Franciscus Junius, a celebrated scholar of Charles II.'s time, we owe the Cædmon, and a Psalter of the tenth century.

In 1851 there was brought to light a book of Saxon homilies of a generation earlier than Ælfric from the library of Blickling Hall, in Norfolk.

In 1860 a valuable fragment of an epic poem on King Waldhere was discovered at Copenhagen on some scraps of vellum taken from book-backs.

INFLUENCE OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

In the eleventh century English literature languished. The 'Winchester Chronicle' has for this period but a few meagre entries; Ælfric was gone and no one had arisen to compare with him in learning or eloquence, and Cynewulf's poems and the great songs of the 'Chronicle' belonged to an age that had passed away. ✓

The exhausting struggle with the Danes in the c

years of the century, and in later years the growing intercourse with Normandy were doubtless the chief causes of this stagnation. Edward the Confessor's tastes and sympathies were French, as was natural for one whose youth was spent in Normandy in the closest friendship and relationship with its rulers, and as far as might be he surrounded himself with Norman councillors, both in Church and State. Then came the great shock of the Norman Conquest, and within a short time scarcely an Englishman was left as bishop or abbot or great noble, and the native literature had no longer any recognition in the king's court or in those of his great barons.

The language could not die while the bulk of the people remained the same, but it underwent a great change. Old English was a highly inflected language, and its system of case-endings was especially elaborate. These inflections were gradually falling away under the influence of natural laws, and we can see that the language of Ælfric is simpler and more modern than that of Alfred.

But now this slow and natural change was enormously quickened, and 'all these sounding terminations that make so handsome a figure in Saxon courts—the -AN, the -UM, the -ERA and -ENA, the -IGENNE and -IGENDUM—all these, superfluous as bells on idle horses, were laid aside when the nation had lost its old political life and its pride of nationality, and had received leaders and teachers who spoke a foreign tongue.'¹

From this time three languages existed side by side within the kingdom—Latin, the language of the clergy

¹ Earle.

and the learned ; French, that of polite intercourse ; and English, that of the mass of the people. The famous Abbot Samson, of St. Edmundsbury (Carlyle's ' Past and Present '), could preach in three languages, and, sturdy Englishman as he was, he preferred a certain man to be one of his chief tenants because he could speak no French.

During the reigns of the first six or eight kings after the Conquest, Latin was the language used in nearly all public documents, and it was probably chosen as being the common language of Western Christendom, while French would have been the badge of conquest. Then, from the beginning of the reign of Edward I. onward, for about eighty or ninety years French took the place of Latin, till at last it also yielded before the English, which once more had gained supremacy.

The final victory of English was somewhat retarded by the vanity of men and the usage of grammar schools, for we are told ' Children in scole beth compelled, agines the usage and maner of alle other naciouns, for to leve her¹ owne langage, and for to constrewe her lessouns and her thingis a Frensch, and haveth siththe that the Normans come first into England. Also gentil mennes children beth ytaught for to speke Frensch from the tyme that thei beth rokked in her cradel and kunneth speke and playe with a childe brooche. And uplondish men wole likne hemself to gentil men, and fondeth with great bisynesse for to speke Frensch for to be the more ytold of.' (Higden's ' Polychronicon,' translated from Latin into English by John of Trevisa, in 1385.)

Trevisa adds : ' This maner is siththe som del ychaun-

¹ Their.

gide. For John Cornwaile, a maistre of grammar, chaungide the lore in grammar scole and construction of Frensch into Englisch, and Richard Pencriche lerned that maner teching of him, and other men of Pencriche. So that now, the yere of our lorde a thousand thre hundred foure score and fyve, in all the grammar scoles of Englund children leveth Frensch and construeth and lerneth an Englisch.'

LATIN AND FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE NORMAN PERIOD.

It is foreign to the purpose of this little book to speak of any other than of our own native literature, but the Latin and French works of the Norman period were so many and so important that a few words must be given to some of them. **Lanfranc** and **Anselm**, who were in succession Archbishops of Canterbury, were theologians of European fame, and some of their chief works were written after they came to England. The Norman clergy who came over here were in general more highly educated than the English, and through their coming a great stimulus was given to education and especially to the cultivation of Latin literature. Englishmen, no less than Frenchmen, distinguished themselves, and the Latin historical literature of the twelfth century is one of which any country might be proud. The English monk **Eadmer**, the friend and biographer of Anselm, wrote the history of the period from 1066 to 1122. **Florence of Worcester** gives in Latin the story of the old

English Chronicles, and Simeon of Durham does the same, but makes use of many northern annals which are now lost.

William of Malmesbury then wrote his noble 'History of the Kings of England,' which was no mere collection of annals, but a work after the model of the great histories of Greece and Rome. He made use of many old English songs which are now lost, and in this he was followed by Henry of Huntingdon.

The story of the Conquest was written in Latin verse by Guy of Amiens, and in Latin prose by William of Poitiers. Ordericus Vitalis, another historian of Norman parentage, was born on the banks of the Severn, and in the retirement of a Norman monastery he wrote a history, of which that part is very valuable which deals with the period after the Conquest.

To the same period belongs that wonderful book the 'History of the Britons,' written by Geoffrey of Monmouth, Bishop of St. Asaph's. The work contains hardly a shred of historical truth, but it is a rich storehouse of romance and fable. There for the first time appear in literature Lochrine and Lear, and Merlin and Uther Pendragon, and the great Arthur, and others whose story has charmed so many generations. The book became at once immensely popular, and from it as from a well-head flowed many later tales of romance.

Within a few years Wace, a native of Jersey, turned Geoffrey's book from Latin into a French metrical romance, and presented it to Eleanor, the queen of Henry II. Wace called his work 'Brut d'Engleterre,' and it became in turn the foundation of the English

'Brut' of Lazamon, of which we shall have soon to speak.

Towards the end of his life (about 1170) Wace wrote a metrical history of the Norman dukes, and called it 'Roman de Rou' (Romance of Rollo). The history is carried down to the year 1106, and the description which it gives of the incidents of the great battle of Hastings is the most picturesque and vivid and trustworthy which we possess.

OLD ENGLISH HOMILIES.

FROM the libraries in the British Museum and Lambeth Palace and from the Bodleian a considerable number of Old English homilies have been gathered and printed by the Early English Text Society. The authors are unknown, and the different homilies appear to belong to various periods during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Among them are twelfth-century transcripts of a few of Ælfric's homilies, and in others it is plainly to be seen that Ælfric has been taken as a model. These homilies, together with the later entries in the Peterborough Chronicle, are all that we now have left of English literature of the twelfth century. One of the earliest (about 1150) is entitled 'An Bispel' (A Parable), and in it the writer or preacher speaks thus of the goodness of God:—

He is hure fader, he lenð us
his eorðe to tolie, his corn to
sawe, his eorðe us werpð corn and
westm, niatt and dierchin, his loht
leoem and lif, his water drench

He is our father, he grants us
his earth to till, his corn to sow.
His earth yields for us corn and
fruit, cattle and deer-kind, his
light (yields us) light and life, his

and fiscynn, his fer manifeald
 ðeninge. His sonne, mone, ster-
 ren, rien, daw, winde, wude, unitald
 fultume. Al ðat we habbeð of
 ðese fader we habbeð.

Muȝe we acht clepeien hine
 moder wene we? ȝie muȝe we.
 Hwat deð si moder hire bearn.
 Formes hi hit chereð and blisseð
 be ðe lichte, and seðe hi dieð
 under hire arme oðer his hafed
 heleð to don him slepe and reste.
 Dis deð all ȝiure drihte, he blisseð
 us mid deiȝes licht, he sweveth
 us mid ðiestre nicht.

water drink and fishes, his fire
 manifold things. His sun, moon,
 stars, rain, dew, wind, wood
 (yield) untold favours. All that
 we have we have from this father.

May we at all call him mother
 ween we? Yea may we. What
 doth the mother to her bairn?
 First she cheereth and blesseth
 it by the light, and afterwards she
 putteth under it her arm, or covers
 its head to give it sleep and rest.
 This doth the Lord of you all; he
 blesseth us with the daylight, he
 sends us to sleep with the dark
 night.

THE 'ORMULUM.'

To the very beginning of the thirteenth century, if not even to the end of the twelfth, belongs a remarkable poem called the 'Ormulum.' It is a collection of metrical homilies intended to explain and illustrate the portions of the Gospels appointed to be read daily throughout the year. It was once perhaps complete, or nearly so, but the single copy now existing is imperfect, and contains the homilies for only thirty-two days.

In the whole poem there are but four or five French words, but it abounds in Scandinavian words and forms. 'It is the most thoroughly Danish poem ever written in England that has come down to us,'¹ and the writer almost certainly lived in one of the eastern counties, perhaps in the Peterborough region. A curious piece of

¹ Oliphant.

evidence seems to connect him with Durham, but it is shadowy and uncertain. His name was Orm or Ormin, for he tells us:—

**Diss boc iss nemnedd Ormulum
Forrði þatt Ormm itt wrojte.**

**This book is named Ormulum
Because that Orm it wrought.**

He was a Canon Regular of the Order of St. Augustine, and he had a brother, Walter, to whom he dedicated his work; and that is all we know of him. He speaks thus of himself and his work:—

**Nu broðerr Wallter broðerr min
After ðe flesshess kinde
And broðerr min i Crisstenndom
Þurh fulluhht and þurh trowðe
And broðerr min i Godess hus
ȝet o ðe þridde wise
Þurh þatt witt hafenn taken ba**

**Now brother Walter, brother mine
After the nature of the flesh
And brother mine in Christendom
Through baptism and belief
And brother mine in God's house
Yet of the third manner
Because that we two have taken
both**

**An reȝhell-boc to follȝhenn
Unnderr kanunnkess had and lif
Swa summ Sannit Awwstinn sette.
Icc hafe wennd intill Enngliish
Goddspelless hallȝhe lare
Afterr þatt little witt þatt me
Min Drihtin hafeðð lenedd.**

**One rule-book to follow
Under canon's rank and life
As Saint Austin appointed.
I have turned into English
The Gospel's holy learning
According to the little wit that to me
My Lord has granted.**

**And unne birrð baðe þannken Crist
Þatt itt iss broht till ende.
Icc hafe sammnedd o ðis boc
Ða Goddspelless neh alle
Þatt sinndenn o ðe messeboe
Inn all ðe ȝer att messe,
And agg after ðe Goddspell stannt
Þatt tatt te Goddspell meneðð.**

**And it befits us both to thank Christ
That it is brought to an end.
I have joined in this book
The Gospels nearly all
That are in the mass-book
In all the year at mass,
And ever after the Gospel stands
That which the Gospel meaneth.**

In one of the homilies Ormin describes the death of

the wicked Herod, and he then goes on to speak of his burial thus :—

And after ðatt ta wass he dæd
In all hiss miccle sinne
Acc ðær wass mikell oferrgarrt
And modignesse shæwedd
Abutenn ðatt stinnckennde lie
Ðær itt wass brohht till eorðe,
Forr all ðe bære wass bile;3d
Wiðð bætenn gold and sillferr
And all itt wass e;3whær bisett
Wiðð deorewurrðe staness.
And onn hiss hæfedd wærenn twa
Gildene cruness sette
And himm wass sett inn his rihht-
hannd

An dere kine;errde.
And swa mann barr ðatt fule lie
Till ðær he bedenn hæfde.
Swille mann wass ðatt Herode king
Ðatt let te childre cwellenn
For ðatte he wolde cwellenn Crist
Amang hemm, jiff he mihhte.

And after that then was he dead
In all his great sin
But there was great haughtiness
And pride shown
About that stinking corpse
Till it was brought to earth,
For all the bier was belaid
With beaten gold and silver
And all of it was everywhere beset
With precious stones.
And on his head were two
Golden crowns set
And him was set in his right hand

A precious kingly sceptre.
And so men bare that filthy corpse
To where he had them bidden.
Such man was that King Herod
That let the children be slain
Because that he would slay Christ
Among them if he might.

It will be noticed that Ormin dispenses both with alliteration and rhyme, but if care be taken to sound all final syllables it will be found that his verses have a melodious swing with their alternate eight and seven syllables. He was a purist in spelling also, doubling most carefully the consonants after short vowels, and he was desirous that we should do the like. Whosoever should wish to copy the book—

Himm bidde ice ðat he't write rihht
Swa summ ðiss boc him tæcheðð
And tatt he loke well ðatt he
An bocstaf write twi;3ness
E;3whær ðæt itt uppo ðiss boc
Iss writen o ðatt wise.

Him bid I that he write exactly
As this book teacheth him
And that he look well that he
A letter write twice
Wherever that it in this book
Is written in that manner.

If he does not, he is not writing good English, that let him know for certain.

LAYAMON.

At the dawn of the thirteenth century there appears a remarkable poem, the 'Brut of Lazamon.' Of the poet we know nothing but what he tells us in his opening lines :—

An preost wes on leoden,
Lazamon wes ihoten ;
he wes Leovenaðes sone,
liðe him beo drihte ;
he wonede at Ernleȝe
at æðelen are chirechen
uppen Sevarne staðe
on fest Radestone
ðer he bock radde.
Hit com him on mode
ðet he wolde of Engle
ða æðelen tellen.
Lazamon gon liðen
wide ȝond ðas leode
and biwon ða æðela boc
ða he to bisne nom.

A priest was among the people,
Lazamon he was named ;
he was son of Leovenað,
may the Lord be gracious to him ;
he dwelt at Ernleȝe
at a noble church
upon Severn bank
hard by Radestone
where he read book.
It came to him in mind
that he would of the English
the noble deeds recount.
Lazamon began to journey
wide over the land
and gained the noble books
which he for pattern took.

Two books he procured, one English, one Latin, but he made very little use of them.

Boc he nom ðe ðridde
leide ðer amidde
ða makede a Frenchis clerc
Wace wes ihoten ;
he well couðe writen
and he hoe ȝef ðare æðelen
Ælienor ðe wes Henries quene
ðes heyes kinges.

He took the third book
and laid it there in the midst ;
a French clerk made it
Wace he was named ;
he well could write
and he gave it to the noble
Eleanor who was Henry's queen
the high king.

Lazamon leide ðeos boc
and ða leaf wende
he heom leofliche beheold,
liðe him beo drihten
feðeren he nom mid fingren
and fiede on boc felle.

Lazamon laid this book
and turned the leaves
he beheld them lovingly,
may the Lord be gracious to him ;
pen he took with fingers
and wrote on book skin.

The poem consists of 32,250 lines, while the ' Brut ' of Wace, of which Lazamon's is a translation and expansion, has but 15,300 lines. The additions greatly excel the original in beauty and imaginative power, and it is remarkable that this long poem, though based on a French work, contains only about a hundred words of French origin. The poem was evidently a lifelong labour of love, and Lazamon strives to hold fast to the Old English laws of accent and rhythm and alliteration.

In the conduct of the story Lazamon follows Wace and Geoffrey of Monmouth closely, and ends, as they do, with the British king Cadwalader (about 690). We see that the legends of Arthur have grown in fulness and beauty, and the account of the ' Passing of Arthur ' is especially interesting. After a great battle all Arthur's host lies slain, and he is sorely wounded. Then he says to his faithful follower :—

Ich wulle varen to Avalun
to vairest alre maidene
to Argante ðere quene
alven swiðe sceone,
and heo scal mine wunden
makien alle isunde
al hal me makien
mid haleweiðe drenchen.
And seoðe ich cumen wulle
to mine kinericche
and wunien mid Brutten
mid muchelere wunne.

I will fare to Avalon
to the fairest of all maidens
to Argante the queen
elf exceeding bright,
and she shall my wounds
make all sound
all hale me make
with healing drinks.
And afterwards I will come
to my kingdom
and dwell with Britons
with great joy.

Æfne ðan worden
 ðer com of se wenden
 ðat wes an sceort bat liðen
 and twa wimmen ðerinne
 wunderliche idihte;
 and heo nomen Arthur anan
 and aneouste hine vereden
 and softe hine adun leiden
 and forð gunnen hine liðen.
 Bruttes ileveð ȝete
 that he beo on live
 and wunnie in Avalun
 mid fairest alre alven,
 and lokieð evere Bruttes ȝete
 whan Arthur cume liðen.

Even with the words
 there came from sea wending
 that was a short boat sailing
 and two women therein
 wonderfully adorned;
 and they took Arthur anon
 and straight him bore away.
 and softly him down laid
 and forth began to sail away.
 Britons believe yet
 that he is alive
 and dwelling in Avalon
 with the fairest of all elves,
 and look the Britons ever yet
 when Arthur shall come over the
 sea.

THE 'ANCREN RIWLE.'

EARLY in the thirteenth century there was a tiny sisterhood of nuns at Tarente on the Stour in Dorset. The nunnery had been founded by one of the Conqueror's barons, and it was rebuilt by Richard le Poor, who was bishop of Salisbury and afterwards of Durham. He was born at Tarente, and when he died, in 1297, his heart was buried in the nunnery. The nuns were few in number and of noble birth, and in the bloom of their youth they had forsaken the world; and, in response to their repeated request, their spiritual adviser wrote for them the book called 'Ancren Riwe' (Anchoresses' Rule). It is the work of a man of piety and culture, and with good reason it is conjectured that the author was Bishop le Poor. The work is in eight books, of which the first and last treat of the outward life and ex-

ternal observances and devotions. The remaining books treat of the inner life, and the writer's chief delight is in picturing the purity of the heart and the love of Christ.

In a passage on comfort in temptation he says:—

Ure Louerd, hwon he iðoleð
 ðet we beoð itented, he plaieð mid
 us, ase ðe moder mid hire ðunge
 deorlinge; vlihð from him, and
 hut hire, and let hit sitten one,
 and loken ðeorne abuten, and cleo-
 pien Dame! dame! and weopen
 one hwule; and ðeonne mid i-
 spredde ermes leapeð lauhwinde
 vorð, and cluppeð and cusseð and
 wipeð his eien. Riht so ure
 Louerd let us one iwurðen oðer
 hwules, and wiðdraweð his grace
 and his cumfort, ðet we ne ivindeð
 swetnesse in none ðinge ðet we wel
 doð, ne savur of heorte; and ðauh,
 iðet ilke point ne luveð he us
 ure leove veder never ðe lesce,
 auh he deð hit for muchel luve
 ðet he haveð to us.

Our Lord when He suffereth
 that we be tempted, He playeth
 with us, as the mother with her
 young darling; she fleeth from it,
 and hides herself, and lets it sit
 alone, and look yearningly about,
 and call 'Dame! dame!' and
 weep awhile; and then with out-
 spread arms leapeth laughing
 forth, and claspeth and kisseth
 and wipeth its eyes. Just so our
 Lord leaves us alone sometimes,
 and withdraweth His grace and
 His comfort, so that we find sweet-
 ness in nothing that we do well,
 nor joy of heart; and yet, in that
 same moment He, our dear Father,
 loveth us nevertheless, but He
 doth it for the great love that He
 hath for us.

'Life of St. Juliana.'—At about the same time were written the Lives of St. Juliana, St. Margaret, St. Catherine, and a work called 'Hali Meidenhad' (Holy Maidenhood), and from their similarity in language and sentiment, it is thought that the author of the 'Ancren Riwe' wrote these also.

Devotion to the Virgin Mary rose to its highest point of enthusiasm in the thirteenth century, after the writing and preaching of St. Bernard. Virginitv was held to be the highest crown of virtue, and the doctrine was taught that an eternal reward of a hundredfold is re-

served to virginity, of sixtyfold to widowhood after one marriage, and of thirtyfold only to the married. The lives of these female saints tell how they maintained this crown of virtue in spite of the fiercest persecution. Of St. Juliana we are told :—

Deos meiden ant tis martir wes
iuliane inempnet, in nichomedes
burh. ant of heðene cun icumen
ant hire fleschliche feder wes
african ihaten, of ðe heðene mest.
ðeo ðat cristene weren, derfliche
droh ham to deaðe. ah heo as
ðeo ðat te heovenlich feder luvede,
leafde al hire aldrene lahen, ant
bigon to luvien ðene liviende
lauerd, ðe lufsum godd, ðat wisseð
ant weldeð al ðat is on worlde.

This maiden and this martyr
was named Juliana, in the city of
Nicomedia, and of heathen kin she
came, and her fleshly father was
called Africanus, greatest of the
heathen. Those that were Chris-
tians he strongly drew them to
death. But she, as one that the
Heavenly Father loved, left all her
elders' customs, and began to love
the living Lord, the lovesome God,
that directs and rules all that is in
the world.

Then we are told that Eleusius, the High Reve, fell
in love with her :—

As he sumchere iseh hire ut-
nume feir ant freoliche, he felde
him iwundet, ðat wiðuten lech-
nung of hire libben he ne mahte.

As he once saw her exquisitely
fair and noble, he felt himself
wounded, so that without healing
of her, live he might not.

The father approved the suitor and promised the
maiden, but—

Ah heo truste on him ðat ne
trukeneð namon, ðat trusteð treow-
liche on him ant euch deis dei
eode to chirche to leornen godes
lare, ðeornliche to witen hu ha
mahte best witen hire unweommet,
ant hire meiðhad wiðuten man
of monne.

But she trusted on Him that
deceiveth no man that trusteth
truly on Him, and at each day's
dawn she went to church to learn
God's lore, earnestly to know how
she might best keep herself un-
spotted, and her maidenhood with-
out commerce of man.

Father and lover strove to overcome her scruples,
but fair words, promises, menaces, cruel scourgings and

torments were of no avail. She was cast into prison and then was brought forth into the market place to die.

Ant ðe edie engles wið hire
sawle singinde sihen toward
heovene. soððen sone ðerefter
com a seli wummon sophie i-
nempnet o rade toward rome ant
nom ðis meidenes bodi, ant ber
hit in a bat biwunden deorliche in
deorewurðe claðes. as ha weren
in wettre com a steorm ant draf
ham to londe into campaine, ant
ðer lette sophie from ðe sea a mile
setten a chirche ant don hire bodi
ðrin in stanene ðruh hehliche as
hit deh halhen to donne.

And the blessed angels with
her soul singing soared toward
heaven. Then soon after came a
blessed woman named Sophia on
her way to Rome, and took this
maiden's body and bare it in a
boat, wound up dearly in precious
cloths. As they were on the water,
came a storm and drove them to
land into Campania, and there
Sophia, a mile from the sea, had a
church set and put her body there-
in in a stone coffin solemnly, as it
is right to do with holy ones.

‘THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.’

THE fine poem of ‘The Owl and the Nightingale’ belongs to the middle of the thirteenth century. The author is unknown, but he is thought to have been one **Nicholas de Guildford**, who is named and described in the poem and who lived at Portesham in Dorset. Whether he was a layman or cleric we cannot tell, but he must have been a man of fine taste and culture. ‘The poem is one of the most genuine and original idylls of any age or of any language, and the Englishman who wants an inducement to master the dialects of the thirteenth century may assure himself of a pleasure when he is able to appreciate this exquisite pastoral.’¹ The subject is a scolding-match between the two birds, a theme quite

¹ Earle.

new to English literature, though such poetical contests were common enough in the French poetry of the troubadours.

The poem opens thus :—

Ich was in one sumere dale
In one swiðe diȝele hale
I-herde ich holde grete tale
An ule and one niȝtingale ;
Ðat plait was stif and stawe and
strong,
Sum wile softe, and lud among :

And aiðer aȝen oðer swal
And let ðat vule mod ut al.
Ðe niȝtingale begon ðe speche
In one hurne of one beche
And sat up one vaire boȝe,
Ðar were abute blosme i-noȝe
In one waste ðicke hegge
I-meind mid spire and grene segge.

I was in a certain dale
In a very secret place
I heard hold great talk
An owl and a nightingale ;
That pleading was stiff and stark
and strong,
Sometimes soft, and loud some-
times :
And each against the other swelled
And let out all that evil mood.
The nightingale began the speaking
In a corner of a valley
And sat upon a fair bough,
There were about blossoms enough
In a solitary thick hedge
Mingled with spire-grass and green
sedge.

There the nightingale sang songs which to the listener seemed sweeter than those of harp or pipe.

Ðo stod on old stoc ðar bi-side

Ðar ðo ule song hire tide,
And was mid ivi al bi-growe,
Hit was ðare ule earding-stowe.

There stood an old stock there
beside

Where the owl sang in her turn,
And it was with ivy all overgrown,
It was the owl's dwelling-place.

The nightingale beheld the owl with scorn and disgust.

‘ Unwiȝt,’ heo sede, ‘ awei ðu fleo,

Me is the wers ðat ich ðe seo,

Min heorte at-flīð, and falt me
tunge

Wonne ðu art to me i-ðrunge.’

‘ Uncanny,’ she said, ‘ flee thou
away,

To me it is the worse that I see
thee,

My heart flies away, my tongue
falters

When thou art near to me.’

The owl remained silent till evening, though her heart was bursting. Then, after singing, she asked :—

'Hu ðincðe nu bi mine songe?
Wenst ðu ðat ich ne cunne singe
Ðe; ich ne cunne of writelinge?

zif ich ðe heolde on mine vote
So hit bi-tide ðat ich mote
And ðu were ut of ðine rise
Du scholdest singe an oðer wise.'

'How seems it now of my singing?
Thinkest thou that I cannot sing
Though I know nothing of quaver-
ings?

If I held thee in my foot
So may it chance that I may
And thou wert out of thy branch
So shouldest thou sing in another
fashion.'

The nightingale upbraided the owl for her evil appearance.

'Ði bodi is short, ði sweore is smal,

Grettere is ðin heved ðan ðu all;
Ðin e;en beoð ool-blake and brode

Ri;ht swo heo weren i-peint mid
wode;

Du starest so ðu wille abiten
Al ðat ðu mi;ht mid clivre smiten.'

'Thy body is short, thy neck is
small

Greater is thy head than all;
Thine eyes are coal-black and
broad

Just as if they were painted with
woad;

Thou starest as if thou wilt bite
All that thou with claws mayst
smite.'

Then she sang again, loud and clear, like a harp.

Deos ule luste ðider-ward
And heold hire e;e neoðer-ward
And set to-swolle and i-bol;e
Also heo hadde on frogge i-swol;e,

For heo wel wiste and was i-war
Ðat heo song hire a bisemar.

The owl listened thitherward
And held her eyes the other way
And sat swollen and puffed
Just as if she had swallowed a
frog,

For well she knew and was aware
That she sang in mockery of her.

The owl tries to draw the nightingale from her cover.

'Whi neltu fleon into the bare
And schewi wheðer unker beo
Of bri;hter heowe, of vairur bleo?'

'Why wilt thou not fly into the
open,
And show which of us two
Is of brighter hue, of fairer colour?'

But the nightingale answers :—

'No, ðu havest wel scharpe clawe,
Ne kepich noȝt ȝat ðu me clawe ;

Ðu havest clivers swiȝe stronge,
Ðu twengst ȝar-mid so doȝ a tonge.'

'No, thou hast very sharp claws,
I have no wish that thou shouldst
claw me ;

Thou hast claws very strong,
Thou pinchest with them as with
a tongs.'

Each in turn contends that her singing is most useful. The owl says :—

'Mi stefne is bold and noȝt unorne,

Heo is i-lich one grete horne ;
And ȝin is i-lich one pipe
Of one smale weode unripe.
Ich singe bet ȝan ðu dest ;
Ðu chaterest so doȝ on Irish prest.
Ich singe an eve ariȝte time
And seoȝȝe won hit is bed-time,
Ðe dridde siȝe at middelnȝte.
And so ich mine song adiȝte
Wone ich i-seo arise veoure
Oȝer dai-rim oȝer dai-sterre.
Ich do god mid mine ȝrote
And warni men to heore note.'

'My voice is bold, and not unpleasant,
It is like a great horn ;

And thine is like a pipe
Of a small unripe weed.
I sing better than thou dost ;
Thou chatterest like an Irish priest.
I sing at eve at a right time
And later when it is bed time,
The third time at midnight.
And so I order my song
When I see arise afar
Either the daybreak or the day-star.
I do good with my throat
And warn men in their need.'

The nightingale replies that the owl's song is dismal, and fit to make men weep.

'Ac ich alle blisse mid me bringe,
Ech wiȝt is glad for mine ȝinge.

Ðe blostme ginneȝ springe and
sprede

Beoȝe ine treo and ek on mede
Ðe lillie mid hire faire wlite
Welcumeȝ me, ȝat ðu hit wite,
Bit me mid hire faire bleo
Ðat ich schulle to hire fleo.

'But I bring all bliss with me,
Each wight is glad on account of
me.

The blossoms begin to spring and
spread

Both in the tree and in the mead
The lily with her fair splendour
Welcomes me, as you well know,
Invites me with her fair colour
That I should fly to her.

De rose also mid hire rude
Dat cumeð ut of ðe ðorne wude
Bit me ðat ich shulle singe
Vor hire luve one skentinge.’

Also the rose with her red
That comes out of the thorny wood
Invites me that I shall sing
For her love some pleasant thing.’

The dispute will not end, and they are persuaded to submit it to ‘Maister Nichole,’ and so,—

To Portesham ðo heo bi-come,
Ah hu heo spedde of heore dome

To Portesham then they come,
But how they sped with their
judgment

Ne can ich en namore telle;
Her is na more of ðisse spelle.

I cannot tell you any more;
Here is no more of this story.

‘KING HORN.’

In the latter half of the thirteenth century we meet with two metrical romances, ‘King Horn’ and ‘Havelok the Dane,’ which appear to have been favourites. The next century produced a great number of such works, as we shall find, and these two are interesting as being the earliest. They are both translations from French originals, but these French originals are in their turn thought to be based on old English stories. ✓

The poets no longer make use of the Old English ornament of alliteration, but they use instead the French device of end rhymes. The versification is sprightly and pleasing (in ‘King Horn’ especially), and the poem was probably sung to the harp.

The poem of ‘King Horn’ consists of nearly 1,600 short verses, and it opens thus:—

Alle beon he bliðe
Dat to my songe lyðe;
A sang ihe schal þou singe
Of Murri ðe kinge.

May they all be blithe
That listen to my song;
A song I shall sing you
Of Murry the king.

King he was biweste
 So longe so hit laste ;
 Godhild het his quen,
 Fairer ne miȝte non ben.
 He hadde a sone ȝat het Horn
 Fairer ne miȝte non beo born.
 He was whit so ȝe flur
 Rose red was his colur,
 In none kinge-riche
 Nas non his iliche.

King he was towards the west
 As far as it reached ;
 Godhild was named his queen
 Fairer there might none be.
 He had a son named Horn
 Fairer might none be born.
 He was white as the flower
 Rose red was his colour,
 In no kingdom
 Was there his like.

But sore trouble fell upon these happy ones.

Hit was upon a someres day
 Also ihe ȝou telle may
 Murri ȝe gode king
 Rod on his pleing
 Bi ȝe se side
 Ase he was woned ride.
 He fond by the stronde
 Arived on his londe
 Schipes fiftene
 Wiȝ Sarazins kene.

It was upon a summer's day
 As I may tell you
 Murry the good king
 Rode on his playing
 By the sea side
 As he was wont to ride.
 He found by the strand
 Arrived on his land
 Ships fifteen
 With Saracens bold.

The fierce heathens slew the king, seized the land,
 and destroyed the churches.

Of all wymmane
 Wurst was Godhild ȝanne ;
 For Murri heo weop sore
 And for Horn ȝute more.
 Heo wenten ut of halle
 Fram hire maidenen alle
 Under a roche of stone
 Der heo livede alone.

Of all women
 Most wretched was Godhild then ;
 For Murry she wept sore
 And for Horn yet more.
 She went out of hall
 From her maidens all
 Under a rock of stone
 There she lived alone.

The Saracens spared Horn's life for his beauty's
 sake, but set him and his twelve companions in a boat
 and sent it forth to sea.

ȝe se bigan to flowe
 And Horn child to rowe ;
 ȝe se ȝat schup so faste drof
 ȝe hildren dradde ȝerof,

The sea began to flow
 And Horn child to row ;
 The sea that ship drove so fast
 The children had dread thereof,

Al ðe day and al ðe niȝt
Til hit sprang ðe dai liȝt,
Til Horn saȝ on ðe stronde
Men gon in ðe londe.
'Feren' quað he 'ȝonge
Ihe telle ȝou tiðinge,
Ihe here foȝeles singe
And se ðat gras him springe.'

All the day and all the night
Till the daylight sprang,
Till Horn saw on the strand
Men walking on the land.
'Comrades young,' quoth he,
'I tell you tidings,
I hear birds sing
And I see the grass springing.'

They have reached the land of Westernesse, and the good King Aylmar makes them welcome, and gives Horn in charge to his steward.

Stiwarde tak nu here
Mi fundlyng for to lere
Of ðine mestere
Of wude and of riverse;
And tech him to harpe
Wið his nayles scharpe,
Bivore me to kerve
And of ðe cupe serve.

Steward take now here
My foundling to learn
Of thy mastery
Of wood and of river;
And teach him to harp
With his nails sharp,
Before me to carve
And with the cup serve.

Horn gives good heed to all, and soon becomes a great favourite.

Luvede men Horn child,
And mesthim lovede Rymenhild,
Ðe kynges oȝene doȝter;
He was mest in ðoȝte,
Heo lovede so Horn child
Ðat neȝ heo gan wexe wild.

Men loved Horn child,
And Rymenhild loved him most,
The king's own daughter;
He was most in her thought,
She loved so much Horn child
That nearly she waxed wild.

By means of the steward she sent for Horn, and he came to her bower.

On knes he him sette
And sweteliche hure grette;
Of his feire siȝte
Al ðe bur gan liȝte.

On his knees he set himself
And sweetly greeted her;
Of his fair sight
All the bower became light.

He spoke to her with reverence, and asked her will.

Rymenhild up gan stonde
 And tok him bi ðe honde ;
 Heo sette him on pelle
 Of wyn to drinke his fulle ;
 Heo makede him faire chere
 And tok him abute ðe swere ;
 Ofte heo him custe
 So wel so hire luste.
 ' Horn ' heo sede, ' wiðute strif
 Ðu schalt have me to ði wif.'

Rymenhild up did stand
 And took him by the hand
 She set him on the dais
 Of wine to drink his fill ;
 She made him fine cheer
 And took him about the neck ;
 Oft she kissed him
 So well he pleased her.
 ' Horn,' she said, ' without strife
 Thou shalt have me for thy wife.'

Horn declares himself unworthy of such honour, seeing that he is not yet a knight ; but by the lady's contrivance he is knighted by the king next day. She gives him a ring, which will ever ensure him victory, and that very day he slays a hundred Saracens newly landed from their ships and intent on plunder. But the course of true love never did run smooth ; new troubles arise which we have not space to follow, and for seven years Horn becomes a wanderer. At last he overcomes every difficulty, recovers his father's kingdom, rescues his mother, and returns to Rymenhild, who is nearly dead with despair.

Her endeð ðe tale of Horn
 Ðat fair was and nojt unorn ;
 Make we us glade eure among,
 For ðus him endeð Hornes song.
 Jesus ðat is of hevene king
 3eve us alle his suete blessing.

Here endeth the tale of Horn
 That fair was and naught uncomely,
 Make we us glad among you,
 For thus endeth Horn's song.
 Jesus that is of heaven king
 Give us all his sweet blessing.

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

THERE exists a long rhyming Chronicle of England of over 12,000 lines, which is ascribed to a Robert of Gloucester, but nothing certain is known of him. The eight

extant manuscripts fall into two classes, which are nearly identical in contents up to the end of Henry I., but from that point to the close of the poem (A.D. 1270) they differ greatly. In the one set about 2,900 lines are devoted to this period; in the other only about 600 lines, and the language also is different. It is, therefore, almost certain that the existing Chronicle is the work of two, if not three, writers. For it is possible that the original Chronicle ended with Henry I., and that a longer and a shorter extension were made by two somewhat later writers.

The writer of the longer extension in describing the Battle of Evesham speaks of the darkness which prevailed for thirty miles round, and which was so great that the monks could not see to read the daily service. He adds :—

his isei roberd
bat verst his boc made. and was wel sore aferd.

The language of the poem is the dialect of Gloucestershire, and the writer shows a minute acquaintance with local details in speaking of Gloucester, and the opinion is therefore probably correct that he was a monk in Gloucester Abbey.

In the early part of the Chronicle the writer closely follows Geoffrey of Monmouth, and like him he starts with a description of the beauty and strength of this land.

Engelond his a wel god lond, ic he
wene of eche lond best,
Iset in þe on end of þe worlde, as
al in þe west.

England is a very good land, I
ween of every land the best; set in
the one end of the world, as in the
far west. The sea goeth all about

þe see geþ him al aboute, he stond as in an yle; Of fon hii dorre þe lasse doute, bote hit be þor; gyle Of folc of the selve lond, as me hath yseye wyle.	it; it stands as an isle. Of foes they need have the less fear, ex- cept it be through guile of folk of the same land, as has been seen sometimes.
--	---

The writer also makes great use of Henry of Huntingdon, William of Malmesbury, and the Saxon Chronicle, and in the latter part he writes from his own knowledge as a contemporary.

In describing the effect of the Norman Conquest upon the language of England, the writer says:—

pus com, lo! Engeland into Nor-
mandies' hond
And þe Normans ne couþe speke
þo, bote hore owe speche,
And speke French as hii dude
atom, and hor children dude
also teche;
So pat heiemen of þis lond, þat of
hor blod come,
Holdeþ alle þulke speche, þat hii
of hom nome.
Vor bote a man conne Frenss, me-
telþ of him lute;
Ac lowe men holdeþ to Engliss,
and to hor owe speche zute.
Ich wene þer ne beþ in al þe
world contreyes none,
pat ne holdeþ to hor owe speche,
bote Engeland one,
Ac wel me wot vor to conne boþe
wel it is,
Vor þe more þat a mon can, þe
more wurþe he is.

Thus came England into Nor-
mandy's hand, and the Normans
could not speak then any but their
own speech; and they spoke French
as they did at home, and they
taught their children also. So
that the high men of this land,
that came of their blood, hold all
the same speech which they
brought from their home. For
unless a man know French he is
little regarded; but the low men
hold to English, and to their own
speech yet. I ween there are in
all the world countries none which
do not hold their own speech, but
England only. But well we know
that to know both is well, for the
more a man knows the more worth
he is.

In this manner 'Olde Robert' plods on through his long poem. 'As literature it is as worthless as 12,000

lines of verse without a spark of poetry can be, but to the student of the earlier forms of English the language of the Chronicle is of the greatest value.¹

LITERATURE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

BEFORE entering on the next century it may be well to glance back over the course of the thirteenth, and to indicate a few other works which, though minor ones, are interesting.

‘Proverbs of Alfred.’—About the middle of the century appeared a poem with this title which became very popular. Englishmen looked back with longing over the troubles of the Conquest to Alfred, ‘Englene hurde, Englene durling’ (‘England’s shepherd, England’s darling’), and this poem professed to be a collection of his wise sayings.

The following are a few of the lines :—

þus queþ Alured
englene frouer :
wolde ye mi leode
lusten eure louerde,
he ou wolde wyse ye
wisliche þinges,
hu ye myhte worldes
wurþsipes welde
and ek eure saule
sommen to Criste.
Wyse were þe wordes
þe seyde þe king Alured.

Thus quoth Alfred
England’s comfort :
Would ye, my people,
Listen to your Lord,
He would teach you
Wise things,
How ye might the world’s
Honour possess
And also your soul
Join to Christ.
Wise were the words
Which King Alfred spoke.

‘Genesis and Exodus.’—At about the same time, but

¹ Aldis Wright.

in another part of the country, was written a fine poem, 'The Story of Genesis and Exodus,' by an unknown author. The butler tells his dream to Joseph thus:—

Me drempte, ic stod at a win-tre
ðat adde waxen buges ðre.

Orest it blomede, and siðen bar
ðe berries ripe, wurð ic war;
ðe kinges kuppe ic hadde on hond,
ðe berries ðor-inne me ðhugte ic
wrong
and bar it drinken to pharaon,
me drempte, als ic was wune to
don.

I dreamt I stood at a vine tree
That had fullgrown branches
three.

First it bloomed and then it bare
The berries ripe, as I was ware;
The king's cup I had in hand,
The berries therein methought I
wrung
And bare it to drink to Pharaoh,
As I was wont to do, so I dreamed.

'A Moral Ode.'—This is a poem of about 400 long lines, written by one who looked regretfully back over a wasted and misspent life. He says:—

Ich am eldre þan ich wes a winter
and ek on lore.
Ich welde more þan ich dude, my
wyt auhte beo more,
Wel longe ich habbe child ibeo, a
worde and eke on dede;
þah ich beo of wynter old, to yong
ich am on rede.

I am older than I was, in years
and in lore,
I wield more than I did, my wit
ought to be more,
Well long have I been a child, in
words and in deeds;
Though I be old in years, too young
am I in wisdom.

He warns others to do good while they may.

Sende god biforen him man, þe
hwile he mai, to hevene,
For betre is on almesse biforen,
þan ben after severe.

Let a man send some good before
him, the while he may, to heaven,
For better is one alms before, than
are seven after.

The joys of life are too dearly bought with wickedness.

Swines brede is swiðe swete, swa
is of wilde dore;
Alto dore he hit buþ, þe ȝeð þer-
fore his swore.

Swine's flesh is very sweet, so is
that of the wild deer;
All too dear he buys it, who gives
for it his neck.

The joys of heaven will recompense us for all troubles.

Crist seal one beon inou alle his
durlinges ;

he one is muchele mare and betere,
þanne alle oþere þinges.

Crist ȝyve us leden her swilc lif,
and habben her swilc ende,

þat we moten þuder come, wanne
we henne wende.

Christ shall alone be enough for
all his darlings ;

He alone is much greater and
better than all other things.

Christ grant that we lead here
such a life, and have here such
an end,

That we may thither come when
we go hence.

Dialects.—A peculiar mark of the literature of this century is the great diversity of the dialects in which the works are written. How many of these dialects there were it would be hard to say, but there seem to be three fairly well marked, viz. the Northern, the Midland, and the Southern, and they doubtless had existed from the earliest times, and were characteristic of the three great races and kingdoms of Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex.

In the seventh and eighth centuries the supremacy belonged to Northumbria, and the Northern dialect was the language of literature ; then the supremacy passed to Wessex, and the language of the South was the literary or King's English till the coming of the Normans. Then for nearly two hundred years there was no central standard or literary language, and each writer uses the dialect of his own district. *Lazamon* uses the language of the South and West, and *Ormin* that of the North and East. The ballad of 'King Horn' is in the Southern dialect, that of 'Havelok' in the East Midland. Robert of Gloucester's West-country dialect is very strongly

marked. The poem of 'The Owl and the Nightingale' is in the Southern dialect; that of 'Genesis and Exodus' has the marks of the Midland.

Of Lazamon's great poem there are two texts extant, of which the one is considerably shorter than the other, and appears to belong to a time some thirty or forty years later. This shorter and later text has many distinctive marks of the Northern dialect. One of the texts of the 'Moral Ode' is in the Midland dialect, while all the others are in the Southern.

ROMANCES.

ALL nations in all ages have been fond of tales of wonder. Listeners have been thrilled with delight or terror at hearing of dragons or other monsters, of giants and enchanters, of magic rings and swords, and of heroes who were able to vanquish whole armies of common men. The French minstrels, the troubadours, composed an abundance of such tales, and sang them at the Courts of our Norman kings. Eleanor of Poitou, the wife of Henry II., was a chief patroness of these minstrels, and her son, Richard I., was not only a patron but a troubadour himself.

The deeds of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, of Roland and Rinaldo and the rest, and how they fought and fell at Roncevalles, were the subject of many a song; and we are told that at Hastings the Norman soldiers went forward to the attack singing the 'Song of Roland.' King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table,

Launcelot of the Lake, Sir Tristrem, Percival, Gawayne, and others, were equally celebrated; and then a little later all men loved to hear tales of the East and of the Crusaders. 'Trebizonde took the place of Roncevalles, and Godfrey of Bouillon, Solyman, Nouraddin, the caliphs, the soldans, and the cities of Egypt and Syria became the favourite topics.'¹ Even old English stories like 'Bevis of Hampton' and 'Guy of Warwick' were transformed, and the heroes' greatest exploits were now wrought in the Holy Land.

From the time of Edward II., or perhaps earlier, many of these romances were translated into English, and it may be interesting to give a few extracts from the *Romance of Richard Cœur de Lyon*, which appears to have been a favourite. The minstrel first tells of Richard's mother—who is not the Eleanor of Poitou of history, but an Eastern princess daughter of the King of Antioch. No one less was worthy to be the mother of such a hero. We are told that Henry II. sent out messengers or ambassadors—

Into many dyverse londes,
The feyreste woman that was on liff
Men sholde bringe hym to wyff.

On their voyage they meet a ship as splendid as that of Cleopatra.

Her mast was of yvory,
Of samyte² the sayle witterly,³
Her ropes were of whyte sylke
Al so whyte as ony mylk.
That noble schyp was al withoute
With clothys of golde sprede aboute.

¹ Warton.

² rich silk.

³ wisely (made).

On board this ship was a king, seated in a chair of carbuncle stone, and with him his beautiful daughter, and the messengers learnt that, prompted by a vision, the king and his daughter were on their way to England to seek King Henry. They accepted the omen and said :—

Forther wole we seke nought ;
To my lord she schal be brought.

They return to England, and the lady is lodged in the Tower of London.

The messengers the kyng have tolde
Of that ladye fayr and bold ;
There ¹ she lay in the Tour,
The ladye that was whyt as floure.

The marriage was then celebrated at Westminster with great splendour and rejoicing.

When Richard grew to be a man his first great achievement was at a tournament held at Salisbury. Then he prepared to go to the Holy Land, and his battle-axe is described.

Kyng Rychard I understond
Or ² he went out of Englund
Let him make an axe for the nones ³
To breke therwith the Sarasyns bones.
The heed was wroght right wele,
Therin was twenti pounce of stele.
And the pryson when he cam to
With his ax he smot ryght thro ⁴
Dores, barres, and iron chaynes.

At the siege of Acre the axe did good service. The foes had stretched a massy chain across the entrance to the harbour.

¹ where.

² ere

³ occasion.

⁴ eagerly.

Whan Kyng Rycharde herde that tydinge
For joye his herte bigan to sprynge,
A swythe ¹ strong galeye he toke,
'Trenchemere,' so saith the boke,
The galey yede ² as swift
As ony fowle by the lyfte.³
And whan he com to the chayne
With hys ax he smot it a twayne
That all the baronns verament ⁴
Sayde it was a noble dent,
And for joy of this dede
The cuppes fast abouten yede.

The minstrel also tells of the siege of Babylon, and how the Soldan sought to overcome Richard by the gift of an enchanted steed, and how, in spite of all, Richard slew the Soldan and captured the city.

NORTHUMBRIAN LITERATURE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

'Cursor Mundi.'—While all the English were listening eagerly to romances, an unnamed poet in the North called their attention to serious things. In his prologue he says :—

Men lyken jestis for to here
And romans rede in divers manere,
Of Alexandre the conqueroure,
Of Julius Cesar the emperoure,
Of Kyng Artoure that was so riche
Was none in his tyme so lyche.¹
Of Trystrem and of Ysoude the swete
How they with love first gan mete.

But he will tell them something better ; and in a long

¹ very.

² went.

³ air.

⁴ truly.

⁵ like.

poem of 24,000 lines he travels through the whole course of Bible history, beginning with the creation and the fall of the angels, and ending with a description of the last judgment. The work became popular; there are several manuscript copies of it extant, and at the head of one of them is written:—

This is the best boke of alle
The cours of the werlde men dos hit calle.

The poet draws from other sources besides the Bible; from homilies, legends, and apocryphal scriptures, and this is especially the case when he is treating of the childhood of Christ. He tells us that when Joseph and Mary were fleeing into Egypt they rested under a lofty palm, and Mary looked and longed for the fruit.

Jesus satt on his moder kne
Wit a ful blith cher said he,
'Bogh¹ þou til² us suith,³ þou tre,
And of þi frut þou give us plenté.'
Unnethe⁴ had he said þe sune⁵
Quen þe tre it boghed dune
Right to Maria, his moder, fote
Þe crop⁶ was evening⁷ to þe rote.
Quen all had eten frut i-nogh
Yeit it boghud dun ilk bogh
Til he wald comand it to rise
Þat gert⁸ it lute⁹ in his servis.
To þat tre þan spak Jesu:
'Rise up,' he said, 'and right þe nu,
I will þou, fra nu forward,
Be planted in min orchard
Amang mi tres o paradise
Þat þou and þai be of a prise.'¹⁰

¹ bow.

² to.

³ quickly.

⁴ scarcely.

⁵ son.

⁶ top.

⁷ equal.

⁸ made.

⁹ stoop.

¹⁰ be of one value.

Metrical Homilies.—To the same period, the first half of the fourteenth century, and to the same part of the country, belongs a cycle of metrical homilies for all the Sundays in the year. They are somewhat similar in plan to the 'Ormulum': the writer first paraphrases the Gospel for the day, then he gives an explanation of the hidden meaning of the passage, and then he adds some pious story from the Bible, or from monkish legends, to impress on the minds of his hearers the lesson he has been teaching.

The homily for the third Sunday after the Epiphany begins thus:—

Sain Matheu the wangeliste
 Telles us todai, hou Crist
 Schipped into the se a time
 And his decipelis al wit him.
 And quen thair schip com on dep,
 Jesu selven fel on slep,
 And gret tempest bigan to rise,
 That gert ¹ the schipmen sar ² grise.³
 Thai wakned Crist, and said yare ⁴
 'Help us, Lauerd, for we forfare.'⁵
 And Crist, als mihti Godd, ansuerd
 And said, 'Foles, qui ⁶ er ye fered?'
 And Crist comanded wind and se
 To lethe,⁷ and fair weder to be.
 And sa fair weder was in hie
 That all his felaues thoht ferlie,⁸
 And said, 'Quatkin ⁹ man mai this be?
 Til him bues ¹⁰ bathe winde and se.'
 This es the strenthe of our godspelle
 Als man on Ingelis tong mai telle.

¹ caused.² sorely.³ fear.⁴ soon.⁵ perish.⁶ why.⁷ calm.⁸ wonder.⁹ what kind.¹⁰ belongs.

The Hermit of Hampole.—Richard Rolle was born in Yorkshire about 1290, was educated at Oxford, and at the age of nineteen or twenty he determined to forsake the world and turn hermit. He preached sometimes, and moved his hearers to tears; he was unwearied in praying and writing, and he was believed to have the power to heal the sick and cast out devils. He lived in various spots in Yorkshire, and ended his days in 1349 at Hampole, near Doncaster. He wrote several religious works, but the chief is a poem of nearly 10,000 lines, and in seven books, called the 'Pricke of Conscience.' In it he treats of man's life, its sorrows and perils; of death; of purgatory; of the pains of hell, and the joys of heaven.

Some parts of the poem are very fanciful. In speaking of the helplessness of infancy, he says:—

For þan may he noht stande ne crepe
 Bot ligge ¹ and sprawel, and cry and wepe.
 For unnethes ² es a child born fully
 Þat it ne bygynnes to goule ³ and cry;
 And by þat cry men may knaw þan
 Whether it be man or weman,
 For when it es born it cryes swa ⁴;
 If it be man, it says 'a, a,'
 Þat þe first letter es of þe nam
 Of our forme-fader ⁵ Adam.
 And if þe child a woman be
 When it es born it says 'e, e.'
 E es þe first letter and þe hede
 Of þe name of Eve þat bygan our dede.

He says that man in his body is like a tree.

A man es a tre, þat standes noht hard
 Of whilk þe crop es turned donward,

¹ lie.

² scarcely.

³ howl.

⁴ so.

⁵ first-father.

And þe rote toward þe firmament,
 Als says þe grete clerk Innocent.
 He says, 'What es man in shap bot a tre
 Turned up þat es down, als men may se?
 Of whilk þe rotes, þat of it springes
 Er þe hares þat on þe heved¹ hynges²:
 Þe stok, nest³ þe rot growand,
 Es þe heved with nek folowand;
 Þe body of þat tre þarby
 Es þe brest with þe bely;
 Þe bughes er þe armes with þe handes,
 And þe legges, with þe fete þat standes;
 Þe brannches men may by skille calle
 Þe tas⁴ and þe fyngers alle.'

 ROBERT OF BOURNE.

In the early years of the fourteenth century a poem was written which is peculiarly interesting. Its author, Robert Manning, has been called the 'Patriarch of the New English, much as Cædmon was of the Old English six hundred years earlier.' For among the conflicting dialects which were striving for supremacy, the East Midland (the language of Northampton and Lincoln) was destined to overcome and supersede the others. Manning was born at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, about 1260, and became a member of the Gilbertine monastery of Sempringham, a few miles away from his native place. There he lived many years. He says:—

Y dwelled yn þe pryorye
 Fyftene ȝere yn cumpanye
 In þe tyme of gode Dane Ione
 Of Camelton þat now ys gone.

¹ head.

² hangs.

³ nearest.

⁴ toes.

Other persons also had he known, and--

Dane Felyp was maystyr þat tyme,
 Þat y began þys Englysshe ryme,
 Þe ȝeres of grace fyl þan to be
 A þousynd and þre hundred and þre.
 In þat tyme turnede y thys
 On Englysshe tunge out of Frankys,
 Of a boke as y fonde ynne
 Men clepyn ¹ þe boke 'Handlyng Synne.'

The French book of which Manning's was a translation was the '*Manuel des Péchés*' written by William of Waddington, a monk of a Yorkshire monastery. It treated of the Ten Commandments, the seven deadly sins, the seven sacraments, and other matters of like nature, and it endeavoured by means of precepts and anecdotes to win men from evil to good. But Manning's work was much more than a mere translation, for he altered much in his original and added many new anecdotes. One of these is concerning the famous Robert Grosteste, Bishop of Lincoln.

Y shal ȝow telle as y have herde
 Of þe bysshope seynt Roberde
 Hys toname ² ys Grostest
 Of Lynkolne, so seyþ þe gest.
 He lovede moche to here þe harpe
 For mannys wytte hyt makyþ sharpe.
 Next hys chaumber, besyde his stody,
 Hys harpers chaumbre was fast þerby.
 Many tymes, be nyȝtys and dayys
 He hade solace of notes and layys.
 One askede hym onys resun why
 He hadde delyte in mynstralsy?
 He answered hym on þys manere
 Why he helde þe harper so dere.

¹ call.

² second name.

Þe vertu of þe harpe, þurgh skylle and ryȝt
 Wyl destroye þe fendes myȝt;
 And to þe croys ¹ by gode skylle
 Ys þe harpe lykened weyle.
 Tharefor, god men, ȝe shul lere,
 Whan ȝe any glemen here
 To wurschep Gode at ȝoure powere
 As Davyde seyþ yn þe sautere ²
 Yn harpe yn þabour and symphan gle
 Wurschepe Gode yn troumpes and sautre
 Yn cordys, an organes and bellys ryngyng,
 Yn al þese wurschepe ȝe hevene kyng.

Robert of Bourne has been likened to Chaucer, not in genius (for of that he had little), but in his cheerful nature, and in his desire to write in a simple style that simple men might understand him. He says:—

For lewde men y undyrtoke
 On Englysshe tunge to make þys boke;
 For many ben of swyche manere
 þat talys ³ and rymys ⁴ wyl bleþly ⁵ here.

And he dedicates his work—

To alle Crystyn men undir sunne,
 And to gode men of Brunne;
 And speciali alle be name
 The felaushepe of Sympryngname.

Some twenty years later Robert, while living in another Gilbertine monastery, at Sixhille in Lincolnshire, wrote a longer work, the 'Chronicle of England.' In the first part (from Æneas to Cadwallader), he translates Wace as Lazamon and Robert of Gloucester had already done, and in the second part, which reaches to the death of Edward I., he translates a French metrical Chronicle written by Peter Langtoft of the monastery of Bridlington.

¹ cross. ² Psalter. ³ tales. ⁴ rhymes. ⁵ blithely.

ENGLISH PROSE WRITERS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

From the Conquest for three centuries onwards, English as a literary language is for the most part represented by ballads, metrical tales, metrical homilies, and works of similar character. During that time there is no work which we can compare with the simple but noble prose of King Alfred, or Ælfric, or some of the writers of the Saxon Chronicle. The cultured prose of that period was Latin, but the victory of English over both Latin and French was becoming yearly more assured, and there were in the fourteenth century at least three prose writers of whom we must speak. Two of them, Mandeville and Wyclif, wrote in the Midland dialect, which was now rapidly asserting its pre-eminence; the third, John of Trevisa, wrote in the Western or Southern dialect, which was more akin to the tongue of Wessex and King Alfred.

Mandeville.—‘The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Mandeville’ was one of the most popular books of the middle ages; and no wonder, for no romance of Arthur or Charlemagne is more thickly strewn with marvels. Of the writer’s life little is known with certainty. He was born at St. Albans about 1300, started on his travels in 1322, returned in 1356, and it is said that he died in 1371 and was buried in Liège.

In his prologue he tells us he wrote his book ‘specyally for hem,¹ that wyll and are in purpos for to visite the holy citee of Jerusalem, and the holy places that are

¹ them.

thereaboutē.' 'And ȝee schulle undirstonde that I have put this boke out of Latyn into Frensch, and translated it aȝen out of Frensch into Englyssch, that every man of my nacioun may undirstonde it.'

The good knight was grieved that 'the holy lond, the lady and sovereyn of alle othere londes,' should be in the hands of heathen men, and he longed for a new Crusade. 'ȝif wee ben right children of Crist wee oughte for to chalenge the heritage that oure fader lafte us, and do it out of hethene mennes hondes.' 'Wolde God, that the temporel lordes and alle worldly lordes weren at gode accord, and with the comen peple woulden taken this holy viage over the see.'

But the Travels contain much more than a description of the Holy Land. Babylon, Tartary, Cathay and Isles innumerable are described, and even Paradise. 'Of Paradys ne can not I speken propurly, for I was not there. It is fer bezonde, and also I was not worthi. Paradys terrestre, as wise men seyn, is the highest place of Erthe, and it is so highe that it touchethe nyghe to the cercle of the Mone. And this Paradys is enclosed all aboute with a Walle, and men wyte not whereof it is. For the Walles ben covered all over with mosse as it semethe.'

But even of the places where Mandeville was really present he gives us marvellous accounts. In the deserts of Sinai he visited St. Catherine's monastery, and he tells us:—

There is the Chirche of Seynte Kateryne, in the whiche ben manye Lampes brennyngē.¹ For thei han² of Oyle of Olyves ynow bothe for to

¹ burning.

² have.

brenne in here Lampes and to ete also. And that plentee have thei be the Myracle of God. For the Ravenes and the Crowes and the Choughes and other Foules of the Contree assemblen hem there every ȝeer ones, and fleen thider as in pilgrimage; and everyche of hem bringethe a Braunche of the Bayes or of Olyve in here Bekes in stede of Offyryng, and leven hem there; of the whiche the Monkes maken gret plentee of Oyle and this is a gret Marvaylle. Also whan the Prelate of the Abbeye is dead, I have undirstonden be informacioun that his Lampe quenchede. And whan thei chesen ¹ another Prelate, ȝif he be a gode Man and worthi to be Prelate, his Lampe schal lighte with the Grace of God withouten touchinge of ony Man.

Mandeville often leaves us in doubt whether he is speaking of what he has seen or of what he has heard only. In the earlier years of the century Marco Polo had visited Tartary, and Oderic, a Franciscan friar, had journeyed into India and China, and Mandeville made use of their narratives. Indeed, it is possible that his own travels extended no farther east than to Syria and Arabia.

Pliny's great book of Natural History also furnished him with many wonderful stories, such as the following concerning—

The Lond of Pigmaus where that the folk ben of litylle Stature, that ben ² but 3 Span long, and thei ben right faire and gentylle. And thei maryen ³ hem whan thei ben half ȝere of age and geten Children. And thei lyven not but 6 ȝeer or 7 at the moste. And he that lyveth 8 ȝeer men holden him there righte passynge old.

Wyclif.—John Wyclif was born about 1320, at 'Sprewell, a poore village a good myle from Richemont' in Yorkshire. So tradition tells, and of his birth and family circumstances we know no more. He went in due course to Oxford, and became the foremost scholar of the University. He devoted himself to the study, not only of

¹ choose.² are.³ marry.

theology, but also of optics and other branches of physical science, as Roger Bacon had done before him. In 1360 he was Master of Baliol, and in 1365 Warden of Canterbury Hall, but this honour he soon lost in consequence of his bold attacks upon the evils of the times.

The clergy were sunk in sloth and luxury, they fed themselves and not their flocks, and Wyclif believed that no reform would avail except to strip them of their riches. Even the great orders of mendicant friars, the Dominicans and Franciscans, who had laboured so unweariedly in their first age, were now become corrupt, and they were denounced by Wyclif, and in return they became his bitterest opponents.

At this time also occurred the scandal of the rival Popes of Rome and Avignon, and Wyclif was led to believe that Christendom could do well without a Pope. Some of the richest English benefices were held by Italian cardinals and priests, of whom it was said, 'they neither see nor care to see their parishioners, despise God's services, convey away the treasury of the realm, and are worse than Jews or Saracens.'

More than once Wyclif was summoned to answer for his teaching. In 1377 he appeared before the Bishop of London in old St. Paul's, and the mob were against him and ready to tear him in pieces, but he was accompanied and defended by John of Gaunt, King Edward's son. A little later he appeared again at Lambeth Palace, but this time the common people were on his side and his enemies could do nothing against him. In the latter years of his life he retired to his parish of Lutterworth, and devoted himself to two great and good works, the

translation of the Bible, and the training and sending forth his order of poor priests to teach and preach throughout the land. His friends and disciples were expelled from Oxford, and he himself was summoned to Rome, but he died of paralysis in December 1384. The spirit of his teaching passed over to the Continent and inspired Huss and his followers in Bohemia. Thirty years later the Council of Constance condemned Huss to be burnt, and ordered that Wyclif's body should be dug up and also burnt. The ashes were cast into the Swift, which runs by Lutterworth. 'The brook did convey his ashes to the Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wyclif were an emblem of his doctrine which is now dispersed all the world over.'¹

Wyclif's literary works were very numerous. His greatest is a Latin one, '*De Dominio Divino*;' but the one by which he will chiefly be remembered is the translation of the Bible. How much of it is the work of his own pen it is impossible to tell, but there is no doubt that he was the animating and controlling spirit in the execution of this noble work.

The following extract is from Mark's account of the death of John the Baptist.

Eroude in his birthe-day made a souper to the princis, and tribunys, and to the firste of Galilee. And whanne the douȝter of thilke Erodias hadde entrid yn, and lepte, and pleside to Eroude, and also to men restyng, the kyng seide to the wenche, 'Axe thou of me what thou wolt, and I schal ȝyve to thee.' And he swoor to hir, 'For what-evere thou schalt axe, I schal ȝyve to thee thouȝ the half of my kingdom.' The whiche, whanne sche hadde gon out, seide to hir modir, 'What

¹ Fuller.

schal I axe?' And she seide, 'The heed of John Baptist.' And whanne she hadde entrid anon with haste to the kyng she axide seyinge, 'I wole that anon thou ȝyve to me in a dische the heed of John Baptist.' And the kyng was sory for the ooth, and for men sittinge to gidere at mete he wolde not hir be maad sory; but, a manuellere¹ sent, he comaundide the heed of John Baptist for to be brought. And he bihedide him in the prison, and brouȝte his heed in a dische, and ȝaf it to the wenche, and the wenche ȝaf it to hir modir.'

John of Trevisa.—Ranulf Higden, a monk of St. Werburgh's monastery in Chester, wrote a Latin Chronicle of the world's history which became immensely popular in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. More than a hundred manuscripts of the Latin still exist, and the work was quickly translated into English, and it was one of the earliest books to be issued from our printing presses. The author divided his work into seven books, parting, as he said, the great river of universal history into seven streams, so that readers might go over dry shod.

The first book is a geographical sketch of the world, and of its sixty chapters twenty-two are devoted to England, and seven others to Ireland, Wales and Scotland. Great use is made of the works of Bede, Giraldus Cambrensis and William of Malmesbury, but the author added much interesting information from his own stores, and he brought the narrative down nearly to his own day. He lived to a very great age, and died in 1368.

In 1387 an English translation was issued by John of Trevisa. The translator was a Cornishman, was vicar of Berkeley, and he spoke and wrote the west country dialect, which had been used by Robert of Gloucester. He executed the translation for his patron,

¹ executioner.

Thomas Lord Berkeley, who, in the introduction, is represented as urging him to the work and saying:—

Though I can speke, rede, and understande Latyn, there is moche Latyn in these bookes of Cronykes that I can not understande, neither thou without studyeng, avisement,¹ and loking of other bookes.

The author takes pleasure in describing the wonders of Britain. He says:—

Yn þe contray aboute Wynchestre ys a den; out of þat den alwey bloweþ a strong wynd, so þat no man may endure for to stonde to-for þat den. þar is also a pond þat turneþ tre into yre,² and hyt be þer-ynne al a ȝer; and so tren³ buþ⁴ yschape into whetstones. Also þer ys yn þe cop⁵ of an hul a buryel⁶; everych man þat comeþ and meteþ⁷ þat burial, a schal fynde hyt evene ryȝt of his oune meete; and ȝef a pylgrym oþer eny wery man kneoleþ þer-to, anon a schal be al fresch, and of werynes schal he feelee non nuy.⁸

He regards it as a mark of God's signal favour that the bodies of saints remained uncorrupted in English soil.

Tak heede houȝ gret lyȝt and bryȝtnes of God hys myldenes⁹ haþ byschyne Englysche men; so þat of no men buþ yfounde so meny hole bodies of men after here deef yn lyknes of everlasting lif þat schal be after þe day of doom; as hyt wel semeþ in his holy seintes, Etheldred, Edmund þe kyng, Elphege, and Cuthbert.

The various dialects spoken in England engaged the writer's attention, and he thus speaks of the three great dialects of Northern, Southern and Central England.

Men of þe est wiþ men of þe west, as hyt were undur þe same party of hevene, acordeþ more in sounyng of speche þan men of þe norþ wiþ men of þe souþ; þer-fore hyt ys þat Mercii, þat buþ men of myddel Engeland as hyt were parteners of þe endes, undurstondeþ betre þe syde

¹ consideration.

² iron.

³ trees.

⁴ are.

⁵ top.

⁶ tomb.

⁷ measures.

⁸ suffering.

⁹ God's mildness.

longages, Norþeron and Souþeron, þan Norþeron and Souþeron understondeþ eyþer oþer.

Al þe longage of þe Norþumbres, and specialych at ȝork, is so scharp, and unschape,¹ þat we Souþeron men may þat longage unneþe² undurstonde. Y trowe þat þat ys bycause þat a buþ nyȝ to strange men and aliens þat spekeþ strangelych, and also bycause þat þe kynges of Engelond woneþ alwey fer fram þat contray; for a buþ more yturnd to þe souþ contray; and ȝef a gob to þe norþ contray, a gob wiþ gret help and strengthe. þe cause why a buþ more in þe souþ contray þan in þe norþ may be, betre cornlond, more people, more noble cytes, and more profytable havenes.

'PIERS PLOWMAN.'

William Langland.—The long reign of Edward III. was one of mingled glory and shame. Great battles were won, captive kings were brought home to London, magnificent tournaments were held, and Edward and his son were justly regarded as two of the most renowned knights in Europe. But the struggle between France and England was barren and exhausting. The nobles and clergy lived in luxury, but the miserable peasantry were oppressed with innumerable exactions until at last they rose in revolt in both countries. Terrible pestilences, too, swept over the land, carrying off a half of the people, and earnest men could not but regard these as scourges from the hand of God.

Among these earnest men was the writer of the 'Vision of Piers the Plowman.' Little is known of him—not even his name with certainty. Sometimes he is called Robert and sometimes William Langland, and there are grounds for thinking the latter name should

¹ rough.

² scarcely.

rather be Langley. He was born about 1332, and, it is thought, at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire, though Shipton-under-Wychwood, in Oxfordshire, is also mentioned as his birthplace. In his poem the Malvern Hills are mentioned several times, and it is thought probable that he received his education in the monastery of Great Malvern. From other scattered allusions in his poem, it is thought he took minor orders in the Church and remained always miserably poor.

He was married, and probably at about the age of thirty he came to London and lived on Cornhill with his wife Kitte and his daughter Calote. He was tall and gaunt; men called him 'Long Will,' and for many years he gazed with a stern sad face on the riot and wretchedness, the grandeur and misery of London; and he died at about the close of the century.

Of his great poem there are very many manuscripts existing, and there appear to have been three separate editions. The earliest and shortest was probably finished about 1362; then about 1377 the poet greatly expanded the work, and about 1390 he again still further extended it.

The work consists of a series of visions. The poet falls asleep and has wonderful dreams; the Vices and Virtues, Conscience, Reason, Holy Church, and a host of other allegorical personages appear and act and speak, and in this respect we may call Langland an earlier Bunyan.

In the language of the poem we find nearly as many Norman-French words as in Chaucer, and this proves that French had entered very largely into the everyday

speech of England; but the poet discarded the popular French fashion of rhyme, and fell back on the Old English plan of alliteration.

The opening lines show the alliteration very distinctly, but it is steadily maintained through the thousands of lines of the poem.

In a somer seson · whan soft was the sonne
 I shope ¹ me in shroudes ² · as I a shepe ³ were,
 In habite as an heremite · unholy of workes
 Went wyde in þis world · wondres to here
 Ac on a May-mornynge · on Malverne hilles
 Me byfel a ferly ⁴ · of fairy me thouȝte
 I was very forwandred · and went me to reste
 Under a brode bank · bi a bornes ⁵ side,
 And as I lay and lened · and loked in þe wateres
 I slombred in a slepyng · it sweyved ⁶ so merye.

The poet in his dream saw a tower, the abode of Truth, on a lofty hill, and opposite, in a deep valley, a dark dungeon, the abode of Error, and between these two he saw a whole world of busy mortals. Among them were the peasants whom Langland had loved and pitied.

Some putten hem to þe plow · played ful selde
 In setting and in sowing · swonken ⁷ ful harde
 And wonnen that wastours · with glotonye destruyeth.

There were also the lazy dissolute friars, whom he detested.

Heremites on an heep · with hoked staves
 Wenten to Walsyngham · and here ⁸ wenches after;
 Grete lobyas ⁹ and longe · that loth were to swynke,
 Clotheden hem in copis · to ben knowen fram othere;
 And shopen hem heremites · here ese to have.

The shameless seller of indulgences was also there.

¹ arrayed. ² rough garments. ³ shepherd. ⁴ wonder.
⁵ brook. ⁶ sounded. ⁷ laboured. ⁸ their. ⁹ lubbers.

pere preched a Pardonere · as he a prest were
 Brouȝte forth a bulle · with bishopes seles,
 And seide þat hymself myȝte · assoilen ¹ hem alle.
 Lewed ² men leved ³ hym wel · and lyked his wordes
 Comen up knelyng · to kisse~~n~~ his bulles.
 Thus þey geven here golde · glotones to kepe.

The poet also saw a king appear, probably the young King Richard II. from whom so much was hoped and expected by Langland and other earnest reformers.

panne come þere a king · knyȝthod hym ladde,
 Mist of þe comunes · made hym to regne,
 And þanne cam kynde wytte · and clerkes he made,
 For to conseille þe kyng · and þe comune save.

Then the poet sees a strange figure, which is probably meant for himself.

panne loked up a lunatik · a lene þing with-alle
 And knelyng to þe kyng · clergealy ⁴ he seyde,
 'Crist kepe þe, sire kyng · and þi kyngliche ⁵
 And leve ⁶ þe lede þi londe · so leute þe lovye
 And for þi riȝtful rewlyng · be rewarded in hevene.'

As the poet still lay sleeping a beautiful lady, Holy Church, came to him and complained that so few would listen to her teaching.

panne I courbed ⁷ on my knees · and cryed hir of grace
 And preyed hir pitousely · prey for my synnes.
 'Teche me to no tresore · but tell me þis ilke
 How I may save my soule · þat seynt art yholden.'
 'Whan alle tresores aren tried ⁸ · quod she, trewthe is þe best,
 Who-so is trewe of his tonge · and telleth none other
 And doth þe werkis þer with · and wilneth no man ille
 He is a god bi þe gospel · agrounde and aloft.
 And ylike to owre lorde · bi seynte lukes wordes.

The poet then begged that, having learned the truth,

¹ absolve. ² simple. ³ believed. ⁴ in a clerikly manner.
⁵ kingdom. ⁶ grant. ⁷ knelt.

he may also know the false, and so shun it; and his request is granted.

I loked on my left half · as þe lady me taughte
 And was war ¹ of a womman · wortheli yclothed,
 Purfiled ² with pelure ³ · þe finest upon erthe
 Y-crounede with a corone · þe kyng hath non better;
 Fetislich ⁴ hir fyngres · were fretted with golde wyre
 And þereon red rubyes · as red as any glede, ⁵
 And diamantz of derrest pris · and double manere safferes;
 Hire robe was ful riche · of red scarlet engreyned
 With ribanes of red golde · and of riche stones;
 Hire arraye me ravysshed · suche riches saw I nevere;
 I had wondre what she was · and whas wyf she were.

This fine lady was Mede or Bribery, and we can hardly doubt that the poet had in his mind the notorious Alice Perrers, who beguiled King Edward in his latter years; who obtained and wore the jewels of good Queen Philippa; and who in 1376 was denounced in Parliament as one who by her influence with the king perverted the course of justice.

The poet tells us that Lady Mede came to London to be married to Falsehood, and she was received with all honour at court.

They þat wonyeth ⁶ in Westmynstre · worschiped hir alle;
 Gentiliche with joye · the Justices somme
 Busked ⁷ hem to the boure · there the birde dwelled.
 Mildeliche Mede thanne · mercyed ⁸ hem alle
 Of theire gret goodnesse · and gaf hem uchone ⁹
 Coupes of clene golde · and coppis of silver
 Rynges with rubies · and riches manye.
 Thanne lauzte ¹⁰ thei leve · this lordes at Mede.

Then came a friar, who begged that he might be Mede's

¹ aware. ² trimmed. ³ fur. ⁴ handsomely.
⁵ burning coal. ⁶ dwell. ⁷ went. ⁸ thanked.
 ⁹ each one. ¹⁰ took.

confessor and bedesman, and promised her the joys of heaven if she would provide a painted window in the church of his order.

Thanne Mede for here mysdedes · to that man kneled
 And shrove hire of hire shrewednesse · shameless I trowe
 Tolde hym a tale · and toke him a noble.
 For to ben hire bedeman · and hire brokour als.
 Thanne he assoilled hir sone · and sithen ¹ he seyde
 ‘We han a wyndowe a wirchyng · wil sitten ² us ful heigh
 Woldestow ³ glase that gable · and grave thereinne thi name
 Siker ⁴ sholde thi soule be · hevene to have.’

In the fifth Passus or Canto of the poem Reason is described as preaching to the people and telling them that the pestilences and storms which had wasted England were God’s judgments for their sins. Then the Seven Deadly Sins repent and go on pilgrimage with a crowd of people to seek for truth. But no one knows the way, and all enquiries are in vain. They meet a palmer and ask him whence he comes.

‘Fram Synay,’ he seyde, ‘and fram oure lordes sepulchre
 In Bethleem and in Babiloyne · I have been in bothe,
 In Ermonye, in Alisaundre · in many other places.
 3e may se bi my signes · that sitten on myn hatte,
 That I have walked ful wyde · in wete and in drye
 And souȝte gode seyntes · for my soules helth.’

‘Know you the saint called Truth?’ they then asked.

‘Nay, so me god helpe!’ · seide the gome ³ thanne,
 I seygh ⁴ nevere palmere · with pike ne with scrippe ·
 Axen after hym er · til now in this place.’

Then for the first time in the poem Piers the Plowman appears, and teaches them that by honest industry alone Truth is to be found.

¹ then.

² cost.
³ man.

⁴ would’st thou.

⁵ sure.

⁶ saw.

‘I have ben his folwar · al this fifty wyntre.
 I dyke and I delve · I do that treuthe hoteth ¹ ;
 Some tyme I sowe · and some tyme I thresche ;
 In tailoures craft and tynkares craft · what treuthe can devyse,
 I weve an I wynde · and do what treuthe hoteth,
 For thouȝe I seye it myself · I serve him to pay ;
 Ich have myn huire ² of hym wel · and otherwhiles more,
 He is the pretest ³ payer · that pore men knoweth,
 He ne with-halt non hewe ⁴ his hyre · that he ne hath it at even ;
 He is as low as a lombe · and loveliche of speche,
 And ȝif ȝe wilneth to wite · where that he dwelleth
 I shall wisse ȝow witterly ⁵ · the weye to his place.’

The pilgrims beg him to guide them to Truth’s shrine, but he has first his half acre to plough by the wayside.

‘Hadde I eried ⁶ this half acre · and sowedn it after
 I wolde wende with ȝow · and the way tache.’

Meanwhile none must be idle, either man or woman.

‘Wyves and wydwes · wolle and flex spynneth,
 Maketh cloth, I conseilte ȝow · and kenneth ⁷ so ȝowre douȝtres
 The nedy and the naked · nymmeth ⁸ hede how hii ⁹ liggeth ¹⁰
 And casteth hem clothes · for so comaundeth treuthe.’

The men shall go with him to the plough.

Now is perkyn and his pilgrymes · to the plowe faren ;
 To erie this halve acre · holpyn hym manye.
 Dikeris and delveres · digged up the balkes ;
 And some to plese perkyn · piked up the wedes.

But some lazy fellows would not work.

And thanne seten somme · and songen atte nale ¹¹
 And hulpen erie his half acre · with ‘how! trolli-lolli.’

Piers was wroth with them, and said they should starve.

¹ bids.	² hire.	³ readiest.	⁴ servant.	⁵ clearly.
⁶ ploughed.	⁷ teach.	⁸ take.	⁹ they.	
¹⁰ lie.	¹¹ at the ale.			

Tho were faitoures aferde · and feyned hem blynde
 Somme leyde here legges aliri ¹ · as suche loseles conneth
 And made her mone to pieres · and preyde him of grace
 ‘For we have no lymes ² to laboure with · lorde, y-graced be 3e
 Ac we preye for 3ow pieres · and for 3owre plow bothe
 That god of his grace · 3owre grayne multiplie
 And 3elde 3ow of 3owre almesse ³ · that 3e 3ive us here,
 For we may nou3te swynke ne swete · suche sikenesse us eyleth.’

But Piers saw well that they were cheats, and insisted on their setting to work.

To kepe kyne in the felde · the corne fro the bestes,
 Diken or delven · or dyngen ⁴ uppon sheves,
 Or helpe make mortar · or bere mukke a-felde.

Then the rogues grew saucy and defiant, and Piers was compelled to call in Hunger to quell them.

Hunger in haste tho · hent ⁵ Wastour bi the mawe
 And wronge him so bi the wombe that bothe his eyen wattered ;
 He buffeted the Britoner · aboute the chekes,
 That he loked like a lanterne · al his lyf after.
 He bette hem so bothe · he barste ⁶ nere here ribbes,
 Ne hadde Pieres with a pese-lof · preyed hunger to cesse.
 ‘Suffre hem lyve,’ he seyde · ‘and lete hem ete with hogges
 Or elles benes and bren · ybaken togidere,
 Or elles melke and mene ale’ · thus preyed Pieres for hem.
 Faitoures for fere her-of · flouen into bernes
 And flapten on with flayles · fram morwe til even.
 An heep of heremites · henten hem spades,
 And dolven and dykeden · to dryve awaye hunger.

We cannot follow further the course of this interesting poem, but in the later portions the character of Piers is raised and ennobled until he becomes identified with Christ Himself, the mild sufferer and conqueror.

¹ across.² limbs.
³ seized.⁴ alms.
⁵ broke.⁶ thresh.

CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London, and lived on the Thames bank, which was in the fourteenth century a much sweeter and pleasanter place than it is now. His father, John, and his grandfather, Richard Chaucer, were vintners of the City of London, and the youth thus grew up in an atmosphere of jollity and good cheer. Later in life he was engaged in the Custom House, and lived in the rooms over the Aldgate. He was therefore moving daily near Langland, the author of 'Piers Plowman,' who then lived on Cornhill; but the paths of the two poets do not appear to have crossed. Their temperament, genius, and fortune were widely different. Chaucer's nature was joyous, and his poetic vision was far-reaching; Langland was earnest and sad, and his genius, though profound, was somewhat narrow. The one poet was the favourite of princes; the other was poor and despised. The vice and hypocrisy which roused the indignation of Langland only excited merry scorn in Chaucer.

The date of the poet's birth is uncertain. The commonly accepted date is 1328, and if this is right he would be seventy-two at his death in 1400, and we find that Gower, in 1392, in the 'Confessio Amantis,' speaks of Chaucer as being 'nowe in his dayes olde.' But there is really no positive evidence for the date 1328, while we find that Chaucer himself, in giving evidence in a lawsuit in 1386, declared that he was forty years and upwards, and that he had borne arms for twenty-

seven years. It is therefore probable that he was born not earlier than 1340.

Chaucer's writings show that he had partaken of the best learning of his times, and it is a pleasant fancy that we have some touches of his own portrait in the description of the Clerk of Oxenford:—

For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes clothed in black and reed
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robes riche, or fiddle or sautrie.

But the first certain information we have of him is in 1357, when he is mentioned more than once in the Household Book of Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel, third son of Edward III., and he was probably a page in the service of the princess and an inmate of the most brilliant court in Europe. Two years later he went with the English army to France, when Edward III. with 100,000 men ravaged once more the towns and fields of that unhappy land. Chaucer was taken prisoner by the French, and after the Treaty of Bretigny, of 1360, he was ransomed by the king.

In 1367 we find Chaucer in receipt of a pension or salary of twenty marks as one of the valets of the king's household, and to this time belongs his earliest original poem, his 'Compleynte to Pit  ,' in which he mourns over the misery of unrequited love:—

With herte soore, and ful of besy peyne
That in this worlde was never wight so woo.

During the ten years 1370–80 Chaucer was several times sent abroad on diplomatic business, and to one of these missions, that of 1373, a special interest is at-

tached. In December 1372 he left London, and returned in November 1373. During the year he transacted the king's business in Genoa and Florence, and it is imagined with much probability that he met the poet Petrarch at Padua. The Clerk of Oxenford, in introducing his tale of the 'Patient Griselda,' says :—

I wil yow telle a tale, which that I
 Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
 As provyd by his wordes and his werk.
 He is now deed, and nayled in his chest,
 I pray to God so give his soule rest.
 Fraunces Petrark, the laureat poete,
 Highte¹ this clerk, whos rethorique swete
 Enlumynd al Ytail of poetrie.

Chaucer's diplomatic business was done, it would seem, to the king's liking, and on April 23, 1374, at the feast of St. George held at Windsor, the poet received a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily to be received in London from the king's butler. Two months later he was appointed Comptroller of the Customs, and at about the same time he received a pension of 10*l.* a year for life from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, for the good service which had been rendered by him and his wife Philippa to the said Duke, his consort, and his mother the queen. This is the earliest mention of a wife of Chaucer, and there is much conjecture as to who the lady was. In 1366 a Philippa Chaucer is named as one of the ladies in waiting upon Queen Philippa, and it is quite possible that she was a cousin of Geoffrey's, and was married to him eight years later. For the next twelve years the poet retained his office in the Customs,

¹ was named.

and lived as a married man in his house at Aldgate, and it is thought that he is describing this period of his life when in 'The Temple of Fame' one addresses him thus :—

When thy labour doon al ys
 And hast ymade rekenynges
 Instid of reste and newe thynges
 Thou goost home to thy house anoon
 And, also dombe as any stoon,
 Thou sittest at another booke,
 Tyl fully dasewyd¹ ys thy looke.

In 1377 Edward III. died, but Chaucer's good fortune suffered no interruption. He was sent next year on a fresh mission to Italy, and he was appointed to an additional office in the Customs. In 1386 he was elected knight of the shire for Kent, but he lost both his offices in the Customs in that year. Changes of the king's ministers were probably the cause of this misfortune, and in 1389 Chaucer was once more in favour, and was appointed clerk of the king's works at the Palace of Westminster, Tower of London, and other royal seats and lodges, but he retained the office for about two years only.

Chaucer was now growing old, and his life had not been free from care. His wife was dead, and had left him a little son, Lewis, for whom he wrote a little prose treatise on the Astrolabe. He addresses him, 'Little Lowis, my sonne, I perceiue well by certain evidences thine abilitie to learne sciences touching numbers and proportions, and also wel consider I thy busie prayer in especiall to learne the Treatise of the Astrolabie.' He

¹ dazed.

also tells him that he writes it in English 'for Latine ne canst thou nat yet but smale, my little sonne.' In his latter years, too, the poet seems to have known poverty. He had found need to dispose of some of his pensions, and in 1398 we find that he borrows small sums of money.

In 1399 Henry IV., the son of Chaucer's old patron the Duke of Lancaster, came to the throne, and the poet sent to him a little poem addressed to his empty purse. The appeal was effective, the poet's pension was doubled, and he took a lease of a house in the garden of St. Mary's Chapel in Westminster, and there he probably spent the last year of his life, for he died in October 1400, and was buried in the Abbey.

Among Chaucer's works there is a little poem which is said to have been 'made by him upon his dethe bedde leying in his grete anguyse.' It breathes a spirit of mild wisdom chastened by adversity.

Fle fro the pres, and duelle with soothfastnesse ;
 Suffice the ¹ thy good, though hit be smale,
 For horde hath hate, and clymbyng tikelnesse ² ;
 Pres hath envye, and wele is blent over alle ;
 Savour no more than the behove shalle ;
 Do well thyself that other folke canst rede, ³
 And trouthe the shal delyver, hit ys no drede.
 That the is sent receyve in buxumnesse ⁴ ;
 The wrasteling of this world asketh a falle ;
 Her ⁵ is no home, her is but wyldyrnesse,
 Forth pilgrime, forth best out of thy stalle,
 Loke up on hye, and thonke God of alle.
 Weyve ⁶ thy lust, and let thy goste ⁷ the lede,
 And trouthe shal the delyver, hit is no drede.

¹ thee.² risk.³ advise.⁴ obedience.⁵ here.⁶ forsake.⁷ spirit.

CHAUCER'S EARLIER POEMS.

'The Romaunt of the Rose.'—This is a translation (unfinished) of the famous '*Roman de la Rose*'—the finest poem of early French literature, and one of the most popular books of the middle ages. It describes a lover seeking and at last, after countless perils, gaining the object of his love, who is described under the allegory of a rose. The poem abounds in graceful descriptions of flowers and birds, of singing and dancing, of fair ladies and noble bachelors; and we may well believe that the lords and ladies of King Edward's court listened with pleasure to Chaucer's translation.

The poet dreams and sees a lovely garden to which he is admitted by a fair maiden called Ydelnesse.

There sprange the vyolet al newe,
 And fresche pervynke ryche of hewe,
 And floures yelowe, white, and rede;
 Suche plenté grewe there never in mede.
 Ful gaye was al the grounde, and queynt,
 And poudred, as men had it peynt,
 With many a freshe and sondrye floure,
 That casten up ful good savoure.

On the lawn there were dancing a noble company,
 Sir Mirthe, the lord of the garden, and Gladnesse, his
 lady, and many others, and among them a beautiful lady
 named Fraunchise.

And next hym dauncede dame Fraunchise,
 Arayed in fulle noble gyse.
 She was not broune ne dunne of hewe,
 But white as snowe falle newe,

With eyen gladde, and browes bente ;
 Hir here doun to hir helis wente.
 And she was symple as dowve¹ of tree,
 Ful debonaire² of herte was she.

‘The Boke of the Duchesse.’—In 1369 Blanche the wife of John of Gaunt died, and Chaucer expressed in this poem his own grief and that of his patron for her loss. The poem is long and the plan is somewhat involved and cumbrous. The poet cannot sleep, and reads a book of romance until a deep sleep falls upon him, and he begins to dream. It is a May morning, the birds are singing, the horns are sounding, and the poet rises to joint the hunt. Then in the depths of the forest he sees a black knight sitting under a huge oak, and bitterly lamenting to himself.

Allas ! Dethe, what ayleth thee
 That thou noldest have taken me
 Whan that thou toke my lady swete ?
 That was so faire, so fresh, so fre,
 So goode, that men may wel se,
 Of al goodenesse sche hadde no mete.

After a while he talks with the poet and describes his first meeting with the lady. She was one of a fair company—

But as the somerys sonne bryghte
 Ys fairer, clerer, and hath more lyghte
 Than any other planete in hevene,
 The moone, or the sterres sevene ;
 For al the worlde, so hadde she
 Surmountede hem al of beauté.

I saugh hir daunce so comelely,
 Carole and synge so swetely,
 Lawghe,³ and pleye so womanly,

¹ dove.

² gentle.

³ laugh.

And loke so debonairly ;
 So goodely speke and so frendly :
 That certes Y trowe that evermore,
 Nas seyne so blysful a tresore.

The knight then tells how hard she was to win and how happy she made him at last.

'Sir,' quod I, 'where is she now ?'
 'Now ?' quod he, and stynte¹ anon ;
 Therewith he waxe as dede as stoon,
 And seyde, 'Allas, that I was bore !'

'The Parlement of Briddes ; or, the Assembly of Foules.'—This pretty poem shows marks of Italian influence, and it was therefore probably written after 1373, though some would date it earlier. The poet again uses his favourite device of a dream as an introduction. He has been reading all day long

Upon a booke was write wyth lettres olde,

namely, Tully's book of 'Scipio's Dream,' and he went to bed weary, and his mind heavy with thought. Then he dreamed, and Scipio led him forth to a park walled round with stone, and over the gate was wrought in large letters an inscription which was in pleasant contrast with the dreadful inscription in Dante's poem :—

Thorgh me men goon into that blysful place,
 Of hertes hele² and dedely woundes cure ;
 Thorgh me men goon unto the welle of grace,
 There³ grene and lusty May shal ever endure ;
 This is the way to al good aventure ;
 Be glad, thou reder, and thy sorwe of caste ;
 Al open am I, passe in and hye the faste.

¹ ceased.

² health.

³ where.

Through the gate they pass and find a garden of delight :—

A gardyn sawh I ful of blossomed bowis
Upon a ryver, in a grene mede,
There as swetnes evermor ynowh is,
With floures white, blew, yellow, and rede,
And colde welle stremes, nothinge dede,
And swymmynge ful of smale fisshes lyghte,
With fynnes rede, and scales sylver bryghte.

Wonders many they saw and heard, and at last they came where the noble goddess Nature, 'the vicar of the almighty Lorde,' is sitting on a hill of flowers, while before her are gathered all the birds of heaven.

For this was on seynt Valentynes day,
Whan every foule cometh there to chese ¹ his make,²
Of every kynde that menne thynke may ;
And that so huge a noyse ganne they make,
That erthe, and see, and tree, and every lake,
So ful was, that unnethe ³ was ther space
For me to stonde, so ful was al the place.

The birds are named and described, and then the poet tells us how—

Nature helde on hir honde
A formel ⁴ egle, of shappe the gentileste
That ever she amonge hir werkes fonde,
The moste benigne, and eke the goodlyeste ;
In hir was every vertu at his rest,
So ferforthe⁵ that Nature hir selfe hadde blysse,
To looke on hir and ofte hir beke to kysse.

For this beautiful bird three eagles, all royal but not of equal degree, make their suit and pledge their vows. Nature then calls upon the assembled birds to be judges in the case, but no conclusion can thus be reached. The

¹ choose. ² mate. ³ scarcely. ⁴ female. ⁵ completely.

formel eagle herself must choose, and she prays to be excused for one year more.

I wolde nocht serven Venus ne Cupide,
Forsoth as yet, by no maner weye.

The prayer is granted, and the parliament broke up with such a huge noise that the poet awoke.

All critics agree that in this poem some royal wedding or courtship is described in allegory, and the most probable explanation seems to be this : Anne of Bohemia, the daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., was betrothed successively to a Bavarian prince and to a Margrave of Meissen, but finally, after negotiations which lasted a twelvemonth, she was wedded to the young King Richard of England. If this interpretation be correct, the poem must be as late as 1381.

Chaucer wrote several other fine poems, such as 'Troilus and Cryseyde,' the 'House of Fame,' and the 'Legende of Goode Women,' which well deserve description, but we must pass on to the work which is the crown and glory of his life.

THE 'CANTERBURY TALES.'

THE plan of the 'Canterbury Tales' appears to have been suggested by the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio, but it is agreed that Chaucer has produced a more lifelike picture than his predecessor. In 1348 the great plague desolated Florence, and Boccaccio describes a party of ten ladies and gentlemen retiring to their pleasant country seats, and there for ten days entertaining each

other with feasting, music and dancing, and the telling of merry tales. Each tells a tale on each day, and at the end of the ten days they return to Florence. As the narrators are friends and equals there is little or no room for any effective contrasts of character, and the plague, the garden and the feasting merely serve as a slight thread on which to string together a hundred pleasant stories.

Chaucer, on the other hand, brings together to an inn a motley but very lifelike group of travellers, and as they journey forth each tells a tale in his own manner. The mixture of high and low, of humorous and pathetic, is very effective, and the whole forms a real drama. 'By choosing a pilgrimage, Chaucer puts us on a plane where all men are equal, with souls to be saved and with another world in view that abolishes all distinction. By this choice and by making the Host of the Tabard always the central figure he has happily united the two most familiar emblems of life—the short journey and the inn.'

The Prologue to the Tales is justly considered to be some of Chaucer's finest work, and its excellences are all his own. In other works he has borrowed much from the French and Italian and other literatures; but this finely-drawn series of pictures is distinctly English.

First there is the Knight—

That from the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loved chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.

Far and wide had be been in Christendom and heathen-esse, and had fought in 'fifteen mortal battles,' yet—

Of his port as meke as is a mayde,
 He nevere yit no vileinye ne sayde
 In all his lyf unto no maner wight,
 He was a verray perfight gentil knight.

Then there was his son the Squire—

A lovyere, and a lusty bachelor,
 With lokkes crulle ¹ as they were layde in presse.

He had not, like his father, journeyed into distant lands, but had served in King Edward's wars 'in Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardie'—

And born him wel, as of so litel space
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
 Embrowded was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of fresshe floures, white and rede,
 Syngynge he was or floytynge,² al the day;
 He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.

Then the Prioress, whom Chaucer describes so lovingly, with her coy demeanour and gentle heart.

Hire grettteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy
 And sche was cleped madame Eglentyne.
 Ful wel sche sang the servise divyne
 Entuned in hire nose ful semely.

Sche was so charitable and so pitous
 Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smale houndes hadde sche, that sche fedde
 With rosted flessch or mylk and wastel breed³;
 But sore wepte sche if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smot it with a yerde⁴ smerte:
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.

The male ecclesiastics of the company were undeserving of respect, and doubtless Chaucer truly described

¹ curly.

² fine cake.

³ blowing a wind instrument.

⁴ rod.

their luxury, their hypocrisy, and impurity. First there was the Monk—

A manly man, to ben an abbot able,
Ful many a deynté hors hadde he in stable;
And whan he rood, men mighte his bridel heere
Gyngle in a whistlyng wynd as cleere
And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle.

His heed was balled that schon as eny glas,
And eek his face as he hadde ben anynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;
His eyen steepe,¹ and rolyng in his heede,
That stemed as a forneys of a leede.²

Next the Begging Friar, whose

Typet was ay farsed³ ful of knyfes
And pyennes for to give fair wyfes.

He was the beste beggere in his hous,
For though a widewe hadde noght oo⁴ schoo,
So pleasant was his *In principio*
Yet wolde he have a ferthing or⁵ he wente.

He knew the taverns well and could sing a jolly song.

And in his harpyng whan that he hadde sunge
His eyghen twynkled in his heed aright,
As don the sterres in the frosty night.

Then there was the Pardoner—

That streyt was comen from the Court of Rome.

His walet lay byforn him in his lappe
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.

He hadde a croys⁶ of latoun⁷ ful of stones
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these reliques whan that he fond
A poore persoun⁸ dwellyng uppon lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the persoun gat in monthes tweye.

In pleasing contrast with these shameless men was

¹ bright.
² ere.

³ kitchen copper.
⁶ cross.

⁷ stuffed.
⁷ brass.

⁴ one.
⁸ parson.

the 'poore Persoun of a toun,' who may have been one of Wyclif's poor priests.

Wyð was his parische, and houses fer asonder
But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thonder
In siknesse nor in mischief to visite
The ferreste in his parissche, moche and lite,¹
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.

A bettre preest, I trowe, ther nowher non is.
He waytede after no pompe and reverence
Ne maked him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.'

Other striking portraits there are : the bold-faced Wife of Bath, wearing a hat 'as brood as is a bokeler or a targe;' the white-bearded Frankeleyn, so fond of good living that 'hit sneweð in his hous of mete and drynke;' and the poor Clerk of Oxenford, mounted on a horse 'as lene as is a rake,' whose soul was given to books and study, and who spoke not one word more than was needful. But we must stay no longer with them.

THE TALES.

CHAUCER in the Prologue gives the number of the travelers as 'nyne and twenty in a compaignye of sondry folk,' and it seems to have been his intention that each should tell a tale on his outward journey and one on his return. But after excluding one or two tales which appear to be spurious, we have only twenty-three left, and the whole plan, therefore, is not half completed. In this

¹ great and small.

respect Chaucer's work is in striking contrast with the symmetry and completeness of Boccaccio's. The tales are of unequal merit, and we can only notice a few of them.

The Knight's Tale, which opens the series, is one of the finest, and it is a translation or adaptation of Boccaccio's long poem, the 'Teseide.' This Italian poem is in twelve books and contains ten thousand lines, while Chaucer's contains not much more than two thousand, and while the later poet omits no material part of the story, he in several respects improves the plan and heightens the beauty of the description.

Two dear friends, Palamon and Arcite, are captives in the tower of the Duke of Athens, and from the window they behold and fall in love with the Duke's beautiful sister, Emelie, who is in the garden.

Emelie, that fairer was to seene
Than is the lilie on hire stalke grene,
And fresscher than the May with floures newe,
For with the rose colour strof hire hewe.

And in the gardyn at the sonne upriste
Sche walketh up and doun, wher as hire liste
Sche gadereth floures, party whyte and reede,
To make a sotil ¹ gerland for hire heede
And as an aungel hevenly sche song.

The two friends are friends no longer, and their peace of mind is gone. Each in course of time gains his liberty, and after many strange accidents the Duke finds them fiercely fighting in a wood. It is then arranged that each shall seek a hundred knights to help him in a great jousting, and the victor shall receive the hand of Emelie.

¹ finely wrought,

To aid Palamon in this combat there came—

Ligurge himself, the grete kyng of Trace ;
 Blak was his berd, and manly was his face.
 The cercles of his eyen in his heed
 They gloweden bytwixe yelwe and reed ;
 And lik a griffoun lokede he aboute,
 With kempe ¹ heres on his browes stowte.
 And as the gyse was in his contré
 Ful heye upon a char of gold stood he.
 A wrethe of gold arm-gret ² and huge of wighte
 Upon his heed, set ful of stoones brighte,
 Of fyne rubies and of dyamauntz.
 About his char ther wenten white alauntz ³
 Twenty and mo, as grete as eny steer,
 To hunt at the lyoun or at the bere.

On Arcite's side there came

The grete Emetreus, the kyng of Ynde,
 Uppon a steede bay, trapped in steel,
 Covered in cloth of gold dyapred wel,
 Cam rydng lyk the god of armes Mars.
 His coote-armure was of cloth of Tars,
 Cowched ⁴ with perles whyte and rounde and grete.
 His sadel was of brend ⁵ gold new ybete,
 A mantelet uppon his schuldre hangyng
 Bret-ful of rubies reede, as fir sparklyng.
 Upon his hond he bar for his delyt
 An egle tame as eny lylie whyt.
 Aboute this kyng ther ran on every part
 Ful many a tame lyoun and leopart.

In the combat Palamon was overcome, but Arcite while ridng forward to receive the prize was thrown from his horse and received a deadly hurt. Great was the sorrow in Athens at his death, and his funeral was splendid. Palamon and Emelie were both present.

¹ shaggy.

² thick as a man's arm.

³ great dogs.

⁴ trimmed.

⁵ burnished.

The oam this woful Theban Palamoun,
 With flotery ¹ berd, and ruggy asschy heeres,
 In clothis blak, y-dropped al with teeres;
 And, passyng othere of wepyng, Emelye,
 The rewfulleste of al the compainye.

After a befitting interval Palamon and Emelie forget their sorrow and are united.

And thus with alle blisse and melodye
 Hath Palamon i-wedded Emelye.
 And God, that all this wyde world hath wrought,
 Sende him his love, that hath it deere i-bought.

The Miller's Tale, which follows the Knight's, is filled with humour, and it appears to be Chaucer's own invention, but the humour is too broad and coarse for the taste of the present day. It contains a pleasant portrait of a carpenter's young wife.

Brighter was the schyning of hir hewe
 Than in the Tour the noble ² i-forged newe.
 But of hir song, it was as lowde and yerne ³
 As eny swalwe chiteryng on a berne.⁴
 Therto sche cowde skippe, and make a game
 As eny kyde or calf folwyng his dame.
 Hir mouth was sweete as bragat ⁵ is or meth
 Or hoord of apples, layd in hay or heth.
 Wynsyng sche was, as is a joly colt,
 Long as a mast and upright as a bolt.

The Wyf. of Bath in her tale pleasantly tells how in the old days the land was filled with fairies, but now they had fled before the monks who swarmed everywhere.

In olde dayes of the kyng Arthour,
 Of which that Britouns speken gret honour
 Al was this lond fulfilled of fayrie,
 The elf-queen, with hir joly compaignye,

¹ waving. ² gold coin. ³ brisk. ⁴ barn. ⁵ a sweet drink.

Dauncede ful oft in many a grene mede.
 This was the old oppynyoun, as I rede ;
 I speke of many hundrid yer ago ;
 But now can no man see noon elves mo.
 For now the grete charité and prayeres
 Of lymytours ¹ and other holy freres,
 That sechen every lond and every streem,
 As thik as motis in the sonne beam,
 Blessyng halles, chambres, kitchenes and boures,
 Citees, burghes, castels hihe and toures,
 Thropes, bernes, shepnes and dayeries,
 That makith that there ben no fayeries
 For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
 Ther walkith noon but the lymytour himself
 In undermeles ² and in morwenynges,
 And saith his matyns and his holy thinges
 As he goth in his lymytatioun.³

The Clerk's Tale of the patient Griselda is an English rendering of Petrarch's Latin version of one of the most pathetic of Boccaccio's stories. Griselda is first described in her poverty.

In gret reverence and charité
 Hir olde pore fader fostered sche ;
 A few scheep spynnyng on the feld sche kepte,
 Sche nolde not ben ydel til sche slepte.
 And when sche hom-ward com she wolde brynge
 Wortis or other herbis tymes ofte,
 The which she schred and seth ⁴ for her lyvyng,
 And made hir bed ful hard and nothing softe.
 And ay sche kept hir fadres lif on lofte,⁵
 With every obeissance and diligence,
 That child may do to fadres reverence.

Then she is chosen to be the wife of a noble marquis, and she becomes the mother of two children, a girl and a boy. Then her husband, though he loved her, made

¹ begging friars.

⁴ boiled.

² afternoons.

⁵ literally 'in the air.'

³ district.

sharp trials of her patience and obedience. Her children were taken from her and at length she herself was sent back to her father's poor cottage. She bears it all in meekness.

Byforn the folk hirselves strippith sche,
And in her smok, with heed and foot al bare
Toward hir fader house forth is sche fare.
The folk hir folwen wepyng in hir weye,
And fortune ay thay cursen as thay goon ;
But sche fro wepyng kept hir eyen dreye,
Ne in this tyme word ne spak sche noon.

At last Griselda's trials are over, she is called back to her high estate, and is happy with her children once more.

The Squire's Tale is a fragment which treats of wonders of magic, and it is apparently of Arabian origin ; and we know that in the twelfth century a great number of Arab books of magic and astrology were translated into Latin. It is of this story that Milton writes :

Call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsife
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride.

The Prioress tells a tale of a Christian child who, as he went through a Jewry singing a hymn of praise to the Virgin, was caught by the Jews and killed. But they could not conceal the murder, for the child, though his throat was cut, still continued to sing.

O grete God, that parformest thi laude
By mouthe of innocentz, lo, here thy might !

This gemme of chastité, this emeraude,
 And eek of martirdom the ruby bright !
 Ther he with throte i-corve lay upright,¹
 He *Alma-redemptoris* gan to synge
 So lowde, that al the place bigan to rynge.

This child with pitous lamentacioun
 Up taken was, syngyng his song alway ;
 And with honour of gret processioun
 They caried him into the next abbay.
 His modir swownyng by the beere lay ;
 Unnethe mighte the people that was there
 This newe Rachel bringe fro the beere.

Chaucer next gives us a portrait of himself, for the host, who in his jovial manner has ordered everything, looks on him and says :

‘ What man art thou ? ’ quod he.
 ‘ Thou lokest as thou woldest fynde an hare,
 For ever upon the ground I se the stare.
 ‘ Approche ner, and loke merily.
 Now ware you, sires, and let this man have space.
 He in the wast is schape as wel as I ;
 This were a popet in an arm to embrace
 For any womman, smal and fair of face ;
 He semeth elvisch by his countenance.’

Chaucer, being called upon, gives the Tale or Rune of Sir Thopas, which was perhaps meant to ridicule the long, feeble and tedious romances which were then in fashion.

His name was Sir Thopas,
 I-bore he was in fer contré
 In Flaundres, al byyonde the se,
 At Poperyng in the place ;
 His fader was a man ful fre,
 And lord he was of that contré
 As it was Goddes grace.
 Sir Thopas wax a doughty swayn ;
 Whyt was his face as payndemayn,²

¹ with face upwards.

² bread made of the finest flour.

His lippes reed as rose ;
 His rode is lik scarlet en grayn
 And I you telle, in good certayn
 He had a semly nose.

After about two hundred lines of this the Host will stand it no longer, and bursts out almost with curses.

No mor of this, for Goddes dignité !
 Myn eeres aken for thy drasty ¹ speche.
 Now such a rym the devel I byteche ² !
 Thou dost nought elles but despendist tyme.
 Sir, at o word, thou schalt no lenger ryme.

Chaucer then says that he can give no better in verse, and he gives a long story in prose, the 'Tale of Melibeus.' Other tales follow, and the Parson closes with a long prose story, or rather sermon.

CONTEMPORARIES AND FOLLOWERS OF CHAUCER.

CHAUCER stands alone and unapproached among the poets of his age, but there are three of his friends and admirers who are worthy of some mention.

John Gower was probably of about an equal age with Chaucer, but he died eight years later, in 1408. He was of good family, had lands in Kent and Essex, was a generous benefactor to the Priory of St. Mary Overie in Southwark, and in the new church which he helped to rebuild he lies buried, the volumes of his three chief works being carved upon his tomb.

These works are: 'Speculum Meditantis,' a French poem, of which no copy now remains; 'Vox Clamantis,' a

¹ trashy.

² assign.

Latin poem, which describes the rising of the Commons in Richard II.'s time; and 'Confessio Amantis,' an English poem, which he tells us was written at the command of the young king. The latter poem is very long, is in eight books, and consists of a dialogue between a lover and his confessor. Every evil affection which would mar the perfection of love is minutely examined, and its evil effects are illustrated with short tales drawn from many sources. Chemistry, the Philosophers' Stone, Aristotle's Philosophy, and such like subjects, are discussed, for Gower was one of the most learned men of the age. Many of the stories which he weaves into his poem are well told, but he lacks the grace and the fire of Chaucer.

One of the stories is of a princess who set love at defiance, and who was warned by a vision.

Whan come was the moneth of Maie
 She wolde walke upon a daie;
 And forth she went prively
 Unto a parke was faste by,
 All softe walkenede on the gras.

There she rested and saw the birds singing and pairing, while bucks and does, harts and hinds darted by. Then she saw riding past a company of fair ladies.

The sadels were of such a pride,
 So riche sighe she never none;
 With perles and golde so wel begone,
 In kirtels and in copes riche
 Thei were clothed all aliche.
 Her bodies weren longe and small,
 The beautee of hir fayre face
 There mai none erthly thing deface;
 Corownes on their heades thei bare,
 As eche of hem a quene were.

After these fair ladies came one dressed in a tattered garment and riding on a wretched horse, while round her waist were more than a hundred halters. From her the princess learns that the hundred ladies when living were faithful votaries of love, but she was a rebel and now was forced to do annual penance.

For I whilom no love had ;
 My horse is now feble and badde,
 And al to torn is myn araie ;
 And everie year this freshe Maie
 These lustie ladies ride aboute,
 And I must nedes sew ¹ her ² route
 In this manner as ye now see,
 And trusse her halters forth with mee,
 And am but her horse knave.

We have several pleasing indications of the friendship which existed between Gower and Chaucer. In Gower's poem the lover in describing his perfect devotion to his lady's will says :

Whan I maie her hand beclip
 With such gladness I daunce and skip
 Methinketh I touch not the floure ;
 The roe which renneth on the moore
 Is than nought so light as I—
 And whan it falleth other gate,³
 So that hir liketh not to daunce,
 But on the dyes to cast a chaunce,
 Or aske of love some demaunde ;
 Or els that her list commaunde
 To rede and here of Troilus.

It is thought that the Troilus is almost certainly Chaucer's poem of 'Troilus and Cressida.'

Again at the end of the poem, Venus is described as

¹ follow.

² their.

³ way.

speaking to Gower, and giving him a message for Chaucer.

And grete well Chaucer when ye mete
As my disciple and my Poete ;
For in the floures of his youthe,
In sondry wyse, as he well couthe,
Of dytees and of songes glade,
The whiche he for my sake made,
The land fulfilled is over all.

On the other hand, Chaucer, at the end of his *Troilus*, says :

O moral Gower this Boke I direct
To the, and to the philosophical Strode,'

and two of his 'Canterbury Tales' are taken from materials supplied by his friend's poem.

Thomas Occleve and **John Lydgate** were young men of about thirty when Chaucer died, and each of them mourned for him as their friend and master. Occleve wrote a number of poems of little merit, but to the longest of them he prefixed a prologue, in which there is an affecting tribute to Chaucer.

O maister dere and fader reverent,
My maister Chaucer, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,¹
O universal fader in science !
Allas that thou thyne excellent prudence
In thy bedde mortalle myghtest not bequethe !
What eyled Dethe ? alas ! why wold he sle the ?

On one of the manuscripts of this poem Occleve painted from memory the portrait of Chaucer with which we are all familiar. 'The downcast eyes, half sly, half meditative, the sensuous mouth, the broad brow drooping with weight of thought, and yet with an inexpugnable youth

¹ intelligence.

shining out of it as from the morning forehead of a boy, are all noticeable, and not less so their harmony of placid tenderness.' ¹

Lydgate was a writer of much sprightlier genius. He was a monk of Bury St. Edmunds, but he had travelled into France and Italy, and was familiar with the literature of these countries. His poems were very numerous and of many kinds, and he enjoyed a great measure of popularity. 'If a disguising was intended by the Company of Goldsmiths, a mask before His Majesty at Eltham, a may-game for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the lord mayor, a procession of pageants from the Creation for the festival of Corpus Christi, or a carol for the coronation, Lydgate was consulted, and gave the poetry.' ²

Lydgate's chief works were the 'Fall of Princes,' the 'Troy Boke,' and the 'Storie of Thebes.' The first of these is a translation of a Latin work of Boccaccio's, and it is a series of pictures or 'tragedies of all such princes as fell from theyr estates through the mutability of fortune since the creacion of Adam.' The work was executed for Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, who was a munificent patron of learning in those days. In the prologue Lydgate refers thus to Chaucer.

My maister Chaucer with his fresh commedies
Is deed, alas ! chefe poete of Bretayne,
That somtyme made full piteous tragedies,
The fall of princes, he did also complayne
As he that was of makynge soverayne,
Whom all this lande of right ought preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-sterre.

¹ Lowell.

² Warton.

The 'Troy Boke' was begun at the command of Henry IV., and was dedicated and presented to Henry V. It is a translation, not of Homer or Virgil, but of a Latin romance of the thirteenth century by Guido di Colonna.

For the 'Storie of Thebes' Lydgate is indebted to the Latin poet Statius and to Boccaccio, and he introduces it as an additional 'Canterbury Tale.' The poet describes himself as a monk riding to St. Thomas' shrine—

In a cope of black, and not of grene,
On a palfray, slender, long, and lene.

Arriving at Canterbury, he chanches upon the very inn where Chaucer's pilgrims are gathered, and the jovial Host of the Tabard greets him.

Dan Dominike, Dan Godfray, or Clement,
Ye be welcome newly into Kent;
Though your bridle have neither boss ne bell,
Beseeching you that you will tell
First of your name.

He is invited to supper, and the good cheer and nut-brown ale will bring colour into his pale cheeks. To-morrow he shall return with them, and must then tell his tale like the rest.

What, looke up, monke ! For by cockes ¹ blood
Thou shalt be mery, who so that say nay;
For to-morrowe, anone as it is day,
And that it ginne in the east to dawe,
Thou shalt be bound to a newe lawe,
Like the custom of this company;
For none so proude that dare me deny,
Knight nor knave, chanon, priest, ne nonne,
To telle a tale plainely as they conne.

¹ God's.

The monk accepts the conditions, spends a merry evening, and on the next day as they are riding homeward he tells his tragical story of Thebes.

Some of Lydgate's minor poems are pleasant reading and give lively pictures of the manners of the day. Among them is one, the 'London Lyckpeny,' which tells of a Kentish man coming to town to get redress from the law, but failing through lack of money.

To London once my steppes I bent,
Where trouth in no wyse should be faynt,
To Westmynster-ward I forthwith went,
To a man of law to make complaynt ;
I sayd, ' For Mary's love, that holy saynt !
Pity the poore that wold proceede ; '
But for lack of mony I cold not speede.

And as I thrust the prese amonge
By froward chaunce my hood was gone ;
Yet for all that I stayd not longe
Tyll to the kynges bench I was come.
Before the judge I kneled anon,
And prayed hym for God's sake take heede ;
But for lack of mony I might not speede.

In Westmynster hall I found out one
Which went in a long gown of Raye ;
I crowched and kneled before hym anon,
For Maryes love, of help I hym praye.
' I wot not what thou meanest,' gan he say ;
To get me thence he dyd me bede ;
For lack of mony I cold not speede.

Then to Westmynster gate I presently went,
When the sonne was at highe pryme ;
Cooke to me they tooke good entente,
And proferred me bread, with ale and wyne,
Rybbes of befe, both fat and ful fyne.
A fayre cloth they gan for to sprede ;
But, wantyng mony, I myght not then speede.

Then went I forth by London stone,
 Thoroughout all Canwyke streete;
 Drapers mutch cloth me offred anone;
 Then met I one, cryed ' Hot shepes feet ';
 One cryde ' Makerell ' ; ' Rysches grene ' an other gan greeke;
 One bad me by ' a hood to cover my head;
 But for want of mony I myght not be sped.

Then into Cornhyll anon I ȝode,²
 Where was mutch stolen gere amonge;
 I saw where honge myne owne hooode,
 That I had lost amonge the thronge;
 To by ' my own hooode I thought it wronge,
 I knew it well as I dyd my crede,
 But for lack of mony I cold not speede.

Then I convayd me into Kent
 For of the law wold I meddle no more;
 Because no man to me tooke entent,
 I dyght³ me to do as I dyd before.
 Now Jesus, that in Bethlem was bore,
 Save London, and send trew lawyers there mede
 For who so wantes mony with them shall not speede!

¹ buy.

² went.

³ set.

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE period of a hundred years which followed the death of Chaucer is one of the most barren in our literature. There were writers, it is true—poets in name, but in name only—whose works are wearisome and spiritless; and the genius of the English appeared to sleep. Hugh Camperden and Thomas Chestre, in the time of Henry VI., translated from the French, poems which have never been printed; and in the reign of Edward IV. John Harding wrote a tedious Chronicle of England, styling himself in the dedication and title the king's 'humble poete laureate,' and this is the first appearance in our literature of that fine title.

Other writers there were who are still more obscure, such as Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of Sopewell, who wrote in rhyme three tracts on Hunting, Hawking, and Heraldry; and Henry Bradshaw, a monk of Chester, who wrote a metrical life of St. Werburgha, his patron saint.

The prose writing of the period is somewhat better, but it does not redeem the age from its obscurity, and the stagnation prevailed, not in England only, but over Europe. 'Of the books then written how few are read! Of the men then famous how few are familiar in our recollection.'¹

Reasons for such a state of intellectual torpor cannot be given with certainty, but two at least have been suggested, and of these the first is the influence of the scholastic philosophy.

¹ Hallam.

During the twelfth century the works of Aristotle, with the commentaries of great Arabian doctors, began to be studied in Western Europe, and the enthusiasm for the new study was wonderful—Abelard, Peter Lombard, Duns Scotus, Thomas Aquinas are only a few of the names of famous teachers who attracted crowds of scholars.

‘At Oxford there were thirty thousand scholars. No building in Paris could contain the crowd of Abelard’s disciples; when he retired to solitude they accompanied him in such a multitude that the desert became a town. These young and valiant minds thought they had found the temple of truth; they rushed at it headlong in legions, breaking in the doors, clambering over the walls, leaping into the interior, and so found themselves at the bottom of a moat. Three centuries of labour at the bottom of this black moat added no single idea to the human mind.’¹

For the studies which had so captured the hearts of men were logic and metaphysics, leading to endless disputations of words, and withdrawing the attention from any true study of nature and mankind.

In the hands of Aristotle these studies had proved a noble instrument for the investigation of truth, but they were now applied to obscure and often frivolous questions of theology which logic could never resolve. At last, in the sixteenth century, this barren philosophy gave way to a nobler one which was really helpful to man, and which gave a healthy stimulus to his intellect instead of striking it with torpor.

¹ Taine.

‘Consider the old Schoolmen, and their pilgrimage towards Truth: the faithfulest endeavour, incessant unwearied motion, often great natural vigour; only no progress: nothing but antic feats of one limb poised against the other; there they balanced, somersetted, and made postures; at best gyrated swiftly with some pleasure, like Spinning Dervishes, and ended where they began.’¹

The second suggested cause for this stagnation was the stern repression of innovations in religion. During the preceding century attempts were made to curb the growing power and pride and luxury of the clergy, and Wyclif and his poor priests gave an example of a purer life and simpler faith. But the new house of Lancaster gained the support of the Church, and in return cruelly persecuted the Lollards. A law for the burning of heretics was passed, and the reign of each of the three Henries was disgraced by these executions. The Reformation was, however, only delayed, and in the next century, in conjunction with several other causes, it produced such an outburst of intellectual vigour as has seldom been seen in the history of the world.

¹ Carlyle.

CAXTON AND THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

THE latter half of the fifteenth century is famous on account of the invention of printing, which so greatly aided the awakening, the *Renaissance* of the next century. The honour of the invention belongs to Guttenberg, of Mentz, who, with his partner Fust, about the year 1455, printed the beautiful Latin Bible called the Mazarin Bible.

'It is a very striking circumstance that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first-fruits to the service of Heaven.'¹

Some twenty years later the new art was brought to this country, and in November 1477 the first book which we certainly know was printed in England, issued from the press in 'the abbey at Westmynstre.' The printer, William Caxton, was born in the Weald of Kent about 1422, and was sent to a good school, as he gratefully records in one of his prefaces: 'I am bounden to pray for my fader and moder's souls, that in my youthe sent me to schoole.' In 1438 he was apprenticed to the rich London mercer, Robert Lange, who became Sheriff and Lord Mayor, and who died in 1441. Caxton soon afterwards, while still an apprentice, went to Bruges, and 'contynued for the space of XXX yere' in the Low Countries. In course of time he became the 'governor'

¹ Hallam.

or representative at Bruges of the Mercers' Company of London, and had many difficult and delicate duties to perform in promoting and regulating the great trade between England and the Low Countries.

In 1463 Margaret, sister of Edward IV., was married to Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and Caxton was brought into friendly intercourse with her, and in 1470 he appears no longer as a merchant, but as one in the household service of the duchess.

About 1469 he began a translation from the French of the 'Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye,' and finished it at Cologne in 1471. The book was much sought after, and it is thought that, in order to multiply copies of it, Caxton set himself to learn the 'mystery' of printing.

Some few years earlier Mentz had been besieged and captured, Fust's press had been broken up and his workmen scattered, and in this way the secret art was spread. From some of these workmen Caxton probably learned the secret, and his book was printed about 1474. No place or date appears on the title-page, but it is thought to have been printed at Bruges; and Caxton's next book, the 'Game and Playe of the Chesse,' was probably printed at the same place.

Then, in 1477, was printed at Westminster 'The Dictes and Notable Wyse Sayenges of the Phylosophers,' a work translated from the French by Earl Rivers, the brother of the queen. Chaucer's 'Cauntyrburye Tales' soon followed, and a second and more correct edition was afterwards printed when Caxton had secured a better copy.

The 'Chronicles of England,' the 'Hestoryes of

Kynge Arthur,' the 'Fables of Esope,' the 'Historye of Reynart the Foxe,' and many another book was printed by him, and during his fourteen years of labour in England he printed more than 18,000 pages, mostly folio, and nearly eighty separate books. He also himself translated twenty-one books, for the most part French romances. He enjoyed the favour of many nobles and of three kings, Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII., and he died in 1491, after a life filled with long and honourable labour.

We notice with some surprise and disappointment that the literature which issued from Caxton's press is of a light and comparatively frivolous character, and that no edition of the Bible is in the list. No doubt Caxton felt bound to study the tastes of his powerful patrons, and we know that Wyclif's translation of the Bible, which many would have welcomed, lay during this time under the interdict of the Church.

'It was in the year 1477 that our first press was established in Westminster Abbey by William Caxton; but in the choice of his authors that liberal and industrious artist was reduced to comply with the vicious taste of his readers; to gratify the nobles with treatises on heraldry, hawking, and the game of chess, and to amuse the popular credulity with romances of fabulous knights and legends of more fabulous saints.'¹

¹ Gibbon.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

THIS is one of the most interesting books that issued from Caxton's press, though it lies open to the reproach which has just been quoted from Gibbon. In the preface Caxton tells us how he came to print it.

After that I had accomplysshed and fynysshed dyvers hystories of grete conquerours and prynces, many noble gentylmen of thys royaume of Englund camen and demaunded me, wherfore that I have not do made and emprynte, the noble hystorie of the saynt greal, and of the moost renommed crysten Kyng Arthur, whyche ought moost to be remembered emonge us Englysshe men to fore al other crysten kynges.

For it is notoyrly knowen thourgh the unyversal world that there been ix worthy and the best that ever were. That is to wete thre paynims, thre Jewes, and thre crysten men. As for the paynims, they were to fore the Incarnacyon of Cryst, which were named, the fyrst Hector of Troye, the second Alysaunder the grete, and the thyrd Julyus Cezar Emperour of Rome. And as for the thre Jewes, the fyrst was Duc Josue, the second Davyd Kyng of Jherusalem, and the thyrd Judas Machabeus.

And sythe the Incarnacyon have ben thre noble crysten men admittyed thourgh the unyversal world into the nombre of the ix beste and worthy, of whome was fyrste the noble Arthur, whos noble actes I purpose to wryte in thys present book. The second was Charlemayn or Charles the grete, and the thyrd and last was Godefray of Boloyn, of whos acts and lyf I made a book unto the excellent prynce and kyng of noble memorye kyng Edward the fourth.

And the sayd noble jentylman instantly requyred me temprynte thystorie of the sayd noble kyng and conquerour kyng Arthur, affermyng that I ouȝt rather temprynte his actes and noble feates than of Godefroye of Boloyn or any of the other eyght, consydering that he was a man borne wythin this royaume and kyng and emperour of the same.

The Arthur legend is very old, but it seems as though it would never lose its freshness. It suggested to Spenser the idea of the 'Faerie Queen,' and in our own days it has afforded material for some of the most charming and perfect English poems. The story has been told and retold by Geoffrey of Monmouth, by Wace and Layamon,

and by many French romance writers. The names of the heroes and of their dwelling-places still cling to the soil in Brittany, in Cornwall, in Wales, and especially in the Border country which Scott loved so well.

In Caxton's time there were many French romances on the subject which were eagerly read, and a translation and compilation was made from these romances by Sir Thomas Malory. Of him little is known, but he speaks of himself as a 'servant of Jesu by night and by day,' and it has been thought that he was a priest. He finished his translation about 1470, and it was printed by Caxton in 1485.

One of the romances which Malory made most use of was that of 'Launcelot of the Lake,' and the following extract describes that famous knight dying of grief and remorse after the death of Arthur and Guenevere.

Than Syr Launcelot never after ete but lytyl mete, ne dranke, but contynually mourned untill he was deed. For evermore daye and nyght he prayed, but nedefully as nature requyred somtyme he slombred a broken slepe, and ever he was lyenge grovelyng on Kynge Arthurs and Quene Gwenevers tombe.

O ye myghty and pompons lordes shynynge in the glory transytory of thys unstable lyf. Beholde, beholde, see now thys myghty conquerour Kyng Arthur whom in humayne lyf all the worlde doubted. See also thys noble quene Guenever that somtyme sate in her chare adourned wyth golde, perles, and precyous stones, now lye ful lowe in obscure fosse or pytte covered wyth cloddes of erth and claye. Beholde also thys myghty champion Launcelot, pyrles of knyghthode: see now how he lyeth grovelyng on the colde moulde, now beyng soo feble and faynt that somtyme was so terrible.

Than Syr Launcelot sent for the bysshop and sayd 'Syr bysshop I praye you geve to me al my ryghtes that longyth to a crysten man. Soo whan he was howselyd and enelyd, and had all that a crysten man ought to have he prayed the bysshop that his felawes myght bere his body to Joyous Garde.

So at a season of the nyght they al went to theyr beddes, for they

alle laye in one chambre. And so after mydnyghte the bysshop as he laye in his bedde asleep he felle on a grete laughter. And therwyth alle the felaushyp awoke and came to the bysshop and asked him what he ayllled. A Jhesu mercy, said the bysshop, why dyd ye awake me? I was never in all my lyf so mery and so wel at ease. Here was Syr Launcelot wyth me with moo aungels thanne ever I sawe men in one daye. And I sawe the aungels heve up Syr Launcelot unto heven, and the gates of heven opened ayenst hym. Goo ye to his bedde and thenne shalle ye preve the sothe. So when they came to his bedde they fonde hym sterke dede, and he laye as he had smyled. And the swetest saveour about hym that ever they felte. Than was there wepyng and wryngyng of hondes, and the grettest doole they made that ever made men.

And on the morne the bysshop dyd his masse of *Requiem*, and after they put Syr Launcelot in the same horse beere, that quene Gwenever was layd in to fore that she was buried. And so they alle togyder wente wyth the body of Syr Launcelot dayly tyll they came to Joyous Garde and ever they had an hondred torches brennyng about hym. And soo wythin xv dayes they came to Joyous Garde. And there they layd hys corps in the body of the quyre and sange and redde many sawters and prayers over hym. And ever his vysage was layed open and naked, that all folkes myghte beholde hym.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

No great English poem was produced in the fifteenth century, but several ballads of great merit and by unknown authors have come down to us from that period. Of these the finest is that of Chevy Chase.

‘The old song of Chevy Chase is the favourite ballad of the common people of England; and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of poetry, says of it: “I never heard the olde song of Percy and Duglas, that I found not my heart mooved more then with a Trumpet: and yet is it sung but by some

blind Crouder, with no rougher voyce, then rude stile."''¹

Earl Percy and Earl Douglas were the wardens of the English and Scottish marches, and were quick to resent the least encroachment from either side. The ballad tells how

The Persè owt of Northombarlande
 And a vowe to God mayd he,
 That he wold hunte in the mountayns,
 Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
 In the mauger² of doughtè Doglas,
 And all that ever with him be
 The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
 He sayd he wold kill, and carry them away;
 Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
 I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.
 Then the Persè owt of Bamborowe cam,
 Wit him a myghtye meany;
 With fifteen hundrith archares bold;
 The³ wear chosen out of shyars thre.

The hunt began, and before noon a hundred harts lay dead. Then news came that the Douglas and his men were coming.

The wear twenty hondrith spearmen good
 Withouten any fayle;
 The³ wear borne along be the watter a Twyde,
 Yth bowndes of Tividale.
 The dougheti Doglas on a stede
 He rode att his men beforne;
 His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede⁴;
 A bolder barne was never born.
 Tell me what men ye are, he says,
 Or whos men that ye be:
 Who gave youe leave to hunt in this
 Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?

¹ Addison.

² in spite of.

³ they.

⁴ burning coal.

The first mane that ever him an answer mayd
Yt was the good lord Persè.
We wyll not tell the what men we ar, he sayd,
Nor whos men that we be ;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays
In the spyte of thyne and of the.

The battle then began, and many fell on both sides.

At last the Doglas and the Persè met
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne,
The swapte togethar tyll the both swat
With swordes, that wear of fyn *myllan*.¹
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprete
As ever dyd heal or rayne.
Holde the, Persè, sayd the Doglas,
And i' feth I shall the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.
Nay then, sayd the lord Persè,
I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born.
With that ther cam an arrowe hastely
Forthe off a mightie wane
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Doglas
In at the brest bane.
Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
The sharp arrowe ys gane
That never after in all hys lyffe days
He spayke mo wordes but ane,
That was, Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may
For my lyff days ben gan.
The Persè leanyde on his brande,
And sawe the Doglas de ;
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
And sayd, Wo ys me for the !

¹ Milan steel.

To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with
 My landes for years thre,
 For a better man of hart nare of hande
 Was not in all the north contrè.

These were the last words of the Percy, for a Scottish knight, when he saw his leader fall, came riding through the press of archers.

He set uppone the lord Persè
 A dynte, that was full soare ;
 With a suar¹ spear of a myghtè tre
 Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore
 Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,
 A large cloth yard and mare :
 Towe better captayns wear nat in Christiantè
 Then that day slain wear ther.
 This battell begane in Chyviat
 An owar befor the none,
 And when even-song bell was rang
 The battell was nat half done.
 Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
 Went away but fifti and thre ;
 Of twenty hondrith spearmen of Skotlonde
 But even five and fifti.
 But all wear slayne Cheviat within ;
 The had no strengthe to stand on hie
 The chylde may rue that ys unborne
 It was the mor pittè.
 Word ys comen to Eddenburrowe
 To Jamy the Skottishe kyng
 That dougheti Doglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,
 He lay sleen Chyviot within.
 His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
 He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me !
 Such another captayn Skotland within,
 He sayd, y-feth shuld never be.
 Worde ys comen to lovly Londone
 Till the fourth Harry our kyng

¹ sure.

That lord Persè lyff-tenant of the Merchis,
 He lay slayne Chyviat within.
 God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry,
 Good lord, yf thy will it be !
 I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde he sayde
 As good as ever was hee :
 But Persè, and I brook my lyffe,
 Thy deth well quyte shall be.

EARLY SCOTTISH POETRY.

BEFORE leaving the fifteenth century we must look over the Scottish border into a land where men of kindred blood and kindred speech were living, but where also the national spirit was strongly excited against England, and not without cause.

The first Scottish poet to be mentioned is John Barbour, who in the time of our Edward III., and while Chaucer was a young man, is said to have come to Oxford as a student. He afterwards became Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and wrote a long epic poem called 'The Bruce,' in which he describes with spirit and genius the perilous adventures and the final triumph of the Scottish hero.

The opening of the poem is simple and to the purpose.

Storyse to rede ar delitabill
 Suppose that thai be nought but fabill
 Than suld storyse that suthfast wer,
 And ¹ thai war said on gud maner,
 Have doubill plesance in heryng.

His book shall be no fable, but the true story of

King Robert off Scotland
 That hardy was of hart and hand
 And gud Schyr James off Douglas

¹ if.

That in hys tyme sa worthy was
 That off hys price and hys bountè
 Into far lands renounyt wase he.

From time to time Barbour breaks the course of his story to give utterance to his feelings of love of his country, as in the following:

A! fredome is a nobill thing,
 Fredome mayse man to haiff liking;
 Fredome all solace to man giffis;
 He levys at ese, that frely levys.
 A noble hart may haiff nane ese
 No ellys nocht that may him plese;
 Gyff fredome failyhe, for fre liking
 Is yharnyt ¹ our ² all othier thing.

In one of the books of the poem Barbour describes Bruce riding on a little palfrey, and ranging his army on the eve of the battle of Bannockburn. Opposite was the English host, and in front of them was Sir Henry de Bohun, who, seeing the king, rode fiercely forward.

He thought that he suld weill lichtly
 Wyn hym and haf hym at hys will
 Sen he hym horsyt saw sa ill.

They met in full career, and the knight missed the king.

And he that in hys sterapys stud
 With the ax that wes hard and gud
 With sa gret mayn raucht hym a dynt
 That nothyr hat na helm mycht stynt
 The hevvy dusche that he hym gave
 That neir the heid till the harnys ³ clave
 The hand ax schaft fruschyt ⁴ in twa
 And he down to the erd gan ga
 All flatlyngs, for hym faillyt mycht
 This wes the fyrst strak off the fycht.

¹ desired.

² over.

³ brains.

⁴ crushed.

The twentieth and final book of the poem tells of the death of Robert Bruce, the wedding of Prince David, and the death of Douglas while fighting against the Saracens in Spain. Barbour finished his poem in 1375 and died in 1395.

In the year that Barbour died there was born another Scottish poet, Prince James, who afterwards reigned as James I. Scotland was then under the weak rule of Robert III., and was full of trouble. The little prince was sent away at the age of ten for education and safety to France, but the ship was captured by the English, and the prince was brought to London. From 1405 to 1424 he remained a captive, but he was kindly treated and carefully educated, and he became a student and imitator of Chaucer.

His chief and perhaps his only poetical work is the 'Kingis Quhair' (King's Book), which was written at Windsor the year before his release. He tells us that he lay one May morning on his bed in Windsor Tower, musing on the ills of fortune and the sorrows of his past life. Then he chanced to go to the window and, like Chaucer's Palamon, he saw a beautiful vision.

And there-with kest I doun myn eye ageyne,
 Quhare as I saw, walkyng under the toure
 Full secretly new cumyn hir to pleyne,¹
 The fairest or the freschest gongë floure
 That ever I sawe, me thocht, before that hour,
 For quhich sodayn abate, anon astert
 The blude of all my body to my hert.
 And though I stude abaisit then a lyte
 No wonder was; for-quhy my wittis all
 Were so overcom with plesance and delyts,

¹ play, amuse oneself.

Onely through latting of myn eyën fall,
 That sudaynly my hert became hir thrall,
 For ever, of free wyll; for of manace
 There was no takyn¹ in hir suetë face.

And in my hede I drewe ryght hastily,
 And eft sonës I lent it forth ageyne,
 And sawe hir walk, that verray womanly,
 With no wight mo, but onely wommen tueyne,
 Than gan I studye in my self and seyne,
 'A! suete, ar ge a warldly creature,
 Or hevinly thing in likenesse of nature?

'Or ar ge god Cupidis owin princesse
 And cumyn are to louse me out of band?
 Or ar ge verray nature the goddesse,
 That have depayntit with gour hevinly hand
 This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand?
 Quhat sall I think, allace! quhat reverence
 Sall I minester to your excellence?'

Then all the birds burst into singing, and the lady also sings, and the prince listens with delight to her sweet voice. Then to his sorrow she departs, and to him the bright May day becomes as night.

And quhen sche walkit had a lytill thrawe²
 Under the suetë grenë bewis³ bent,
 Hir faire fresch face, as quhite as ony snawe,
 Scho turnyt has, and furth hir wayis went;
 Bot then began myn axis and turment,
 To sene hir part, and folowe I na mycht;
 Me thought the day was turnyt into nycht.

This beautiful lady was Joan, the daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and it is pleasant to know that the prince prospered in his wooing. The lovers were married in the following February in St. Mary Overie (Gower's church), returned in triumph to Scotland, and were crowned in May at Scone with great rejoicing.

¹ token.² time.³ boughs.

HAWES AND SKELTON.

THE latter half of the sixteenth century witnessed an extraordinary outburst of English poetry, but its early years gave little promise of this. In the reign of Henry VII. Stephen Hawes wrote a long poem, the 'Passetyme of Pleasure,' which was an echo of Chaucer's early poems and especially of the 'Romaunt of the Rose.'

The hero of the poem, Graunde Amoure, seeks and finds and after many perilous adventures wins La Belle Pucell. He is led by Fame to the Tower of Doctrinè and is entertained by the ladies, Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, and Music. Music plays upon an organ before a solemn assembly, among whom is La Belle Pucell, and with her Graunde Amoure falls instantly in love.

It happened so that in a temple olde,
 By the toure of Musyke at great solemnyte
 La Bell Pucell I dyd ryght well beholde
 Whose beaute clere and great humilite
 To my heart dyd cast the darte of amyte;
 After whyche stroke so harde and farvent
 To her excellence I came incontinent.
 Beholdyng her chere and lovely countenaunce,
 Her garmentes ryche and her propre stature,
 I regestered well in my remembraunce
 That I never sawe so fayre a creature,
 So well favoured create by nature:
 That harde it is for to wryte wyth yncke
 All the beaute, or any hert to thynke.
 Fayrer she was than was quene Elyne,
 Proserpyne, Cresyde, or yet Ypolyta,
 Medea, Dydo, or yonge Polexyne,
 Alcumena, or quene Menelape;
 Or yet dame Rosamunde; in certaynte
 None of all these can have the premynence.

The next day the lovers meet in a delightful garden kept by the portress Courtesy, and there they plight their troth. But before they can be perfectly happy Graunde Amoure has many monsters to meet and quell, and among them is a giant twelve feet high, with three heads styled Falsehood, Imagination, and Perjury. The fight with this giant was fierce and long.

Yet evermore I did thinke amonge
Of La Belle Pucell, whom I shold attayne
After my battayles, to release my payne.

At last with one mighty stroke—

I cut of anone
One of his legges, amidde the thye bone.
Than to the ground he adowne did fall,
And upon me he gan to loure and glum,
Enforcing him so for to ryse withall,
But that I shortly unto him did cum ;
With his thre hedes he spytte all his venum ;
And I with my swerde as fast as coude be,
With all my force cut of his hedes thre.

Soon afterwards Graunde Amoure and La Belle Pucell are married, and live many years of perfect peace and happiness. Then Old Age comes and with his staff gently strikes Graunde Amoure, Death follows and calls him away, Mercy and Charity bury him, and Remembrance writes his epitaph.

It will be seen that the poem is an ideal picture of a perfect knight, and no doubt it furnished delightful reading to the lords and ladies of Henry's court. But the national taste was changing, and these shadowy personifications of the virtues and vices soon ceased to give pleasure.

The poet laureate, John Skelton, wrote in a far

different style. He is described as a 'rude, rayling rimer, using short measures pleasing only to the popular eare.' Most of his works belong to the reign of Henry VIII., when the pride and corruption of the clergy had reached its height; and Skelton, though himself a priest, gave vigorous expression to the popular feeling against the Church. In his 'Boke of Colin Cloute' he speaks of the prelates

Buylding royally
 Their mancyons curiously
 With turrettes and with toures,
 With halles and with boures,
 Stretchyng to the starres;
 With glasse windowes and barres;
 Hangyng about the walles
 Clothes of golde and palles;
 Arras of ryche aray,
 Freshe as floures in May:
 How be it they lett down fall
 Their churches cathedrall.

Skelton also had the courage to attack the pride and insolence of the great Wolsey, in a poem called 'Why come ye nat to Courte?'

Our barons be so bolde
 Into a mouse hole they wolde
 Rynne away and crepe,
 Lyke a mayny¹ of shepe;
 Dare nat loke out at dur
 For drede of the mastyve cur,
 For drede of the bochers dogge
 Wold wyrry them lyke an hogge.
 For all their noble blode
 He pluckes them by the hode,
 And shakes them by the eare,
 And brynges them in suche feare;
 He bayteth them lyke a bere,

¹ flock.

Lyke an oxe or a bull ;
 Theyr wyttes, he saith, are dull ;
 He sayth they have no brayne
 Theyr astate to mayntayne ;
 And maketh them to bow theyr kne
 Before his majeste.

On account of this bold attack the poet was bound to fly for protection to the Sanctuary at Westminster. There the Abbot Islip received him kindly, and he remained in safety till his death in 1529, and was buried in St. Margaret's.

Not all of Skelton's rhymes are rude and railing, and he wrote a pretty poem called 'Phyllyp Sparowe,' which is an elegy on a pet bird belonging to a nun. He thus describes the beauty of the nun :

Her eyen gray and stepe¹
 Causeth myne hert to lepe ;
 With her browes bent
 She may well represent
 Fayre Lucres as I wene
 Or els fayre Polixene,
 Or els Caliope
 Or els Penelope.
 She is the vyolet
 The daysy delectable
 The columbine commendable.
 She florysheth new and new
 In beaute and vertew.

WILLIAM DUNBAR AND GAWEN DOUGLAS.

ONCE more we must turn to Scotland, for it is in that country that in the early part of the sixteenth century we find the worthiest successors of Chaucer.

In May 1503 the marriage was celebrated of James IV.

¹ bright.

of Scotland to Margaret daughter of Henry VII. of England, and this gave occasion for a fine poem, 'The Thistle and the Rose,' by William Dunbar, a native of East Lothian.

The progress of the king and queen from Richmond to Edinburgh was marked by extraordinary magnificence of parade and spectacle, and among the welcomes given to Margaret this poem of Dunbar's would find a place.

The poem opens with stanzas not unworthy of Chaucer:

Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past,

And Appryll had with hir silver shouris

Tane leif at Nature, with ane orient blast,

And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,

Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris,¹

Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,

Quhois harmony to heir it wes delyt.

In bed at morrow sleiping as I lay,

Methocht Aurora, with her cristall ene

In at the window lukit by the day,

And halsit² me with visage pale and grene;

On quhois hand a lark sang, fro the splene,³

'Awak luvaris, out of your slemering,

Se how the lusty morrow dois upspring!'

The poet then rises, and with May passes into a beautiful garden, where Nature (as in Chaucer's 'Parlement of Briddes') is summoning all beasts and birds and flowers to appear and do their accustomed homage on May morning. The lion comes first and is thus described:

This awfull beist full terrible of cheir,

Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,

Ryght strong of corpes, of fassoun fair, but feir,⁴

Lusty of shaip, lycht of deliverance,

Reid of his cullour as the ruby glance,

In field of gold he stude full mychtely

With floure de lucis sirkulit lustely.

¹ orisons.

² hailed.

³ with good will.

⁴ fierce.

This is the red lion of the standard of Scotland, whose figure was encircled with the fleur de luce. Nature crowns the lion with a diadem of precious gems and bids him rule with justice and mercy. She then calls the flowers and selects the Thistle (the symbol of Scotland), crowns him with rubies and bids him guard the rest. Above all she bids him hold the Rose (the symbol of England) in all honour.

Nor hald no udir flour in sic denty¹
 As the fresche Rose, of cullor reid and quhyt;
 For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty,
 Considdering that no flour is so perfyte,
 So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,
 So full of blissfull angelik bewty,
 Imperial birth, honour, and dignite.

Nature then crowns the Rose with clarified gems whose lustre fills the land. The Rose is hailed queen by the assembled flowers, and the universal chorus of birds sing her praise.

Dunbar wrote another poem, 'The Golden Terge,' in the manner of Chaucer, whom he greets as 'Reverend Chaucere, rose of rethoris all,' and a poem called 'The Daunce,' which with its grim humour reminds us of Burns in 'Tam O'Shanter' and the 'Address to the Deil.'

Gawen Douglas was the third son of Archibald the great Earl of Angus. He was born about 1474, and he studied at St. Andrews and at the University of Paris. He then entered the Church, and was made Provost of St. Giles in Edinburgh in 1501. Queen Margaret became his friend and patroness, and strove to give him preferment. She failed to gain for him the Archbishopric of St.

¹ price.

Andrews, but in 1516 he was made Bishop of Dunkeld. But the times were then full of trouble in Scotland, and the bishop having incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Albany, was forced to take refuge in England. He was kindly received by Henry VIII., and lived in London till 1522, when he died of the plague and was buried in the Savoy.

While he was young, Douglas wrote two allegorical poems, the 'Palice of Honour' and 'King Hart,' but his greatest work is the translation of the *Aeneid* of Virgil, whom he hails as 'Maist Reverend Virgill, of Latyn poetis prynce; Gem of engyne¹ and flude of eloquens.' No such work had yet been attempted in English. It is true Caxton had printed 'The Boke of Eneydos, compyled by Vyrgyle,' but this was not so much a translation as a romance founded upon the story of Virgil, and Douglas speaks of it with contempt.

Wiljame Caxtoun of Inglis natioun
In proys² hes prent ane buke of Inglis gros,
Clepan³ it Virgill in Eneados,
Quhilk that he says of Franch he did translait;
It has na thing ado thar with God wait,⁴
Ne na mair lyke than the devill and Sanct Austyne.

The translation of Douglas possesses much beauty and power, and the introductions to the several books are poems in themselves. That which is prefixed to the twelfth book is a long and beautiful description of the coming of May.

The following extract is from the translation of the first book (lines 728-735), where Queen Dido welcomes Aeneas and his companions :

¹ genius.² prose.³ calling.⁴ knows.

The queyn than askis of gold, for the nany
 A wegthy cowp, set all with precyus stany,
 Bad fill it full of the ryche Ypocras
 Into the quhilk gret Belus accustomed was
 To drynk umquhile,¹ and fra hym every kyng
 Discend of hys genology and ofspring.
 And, quhen silens was maid our² all the hall,
 O Jupiter, quod scho,³ on the we call,
 We the beseik, this day be fortunabill
 To us Tyrryany, happy and agreabill,
 To strangearis cummyne fra Troy on thar vayage.

Sir Walter Scott draws a pleasing picture of the poet-bishop in 'Marmion.'

A bishop by the altar stood,
 A noble lord of Douglas blood,
 With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
 Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye
 But little pride of prelacy;
 More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
 He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
 Than that beneath his rule he held
 The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

TWO PROSE WRITERS—BERNERS, TYNDALE.

ABOUT the middle of the reign of Henry VIII. two prose works appeared which exercised a lasting influence on the English language. One was the fine translation of Froissart's Chronicle by Lord Berners, the other the still more noble translation of the New Testament by Tyndale.

Froissart himself lived nearly two hundred years earlier, and he was a favourite with Edward III. and his queen Philippa, and with Richard II. His Chronicle of England, France and Spain is a charming work.

¹ formerly.

² o'er.

³ she.

‘Froissart is the Herodotus of a barbarous age ; had he had but the luck of writing in as good a language he might have been immortal. His locomotive disposition, his simple curiosity, his religious credulity, were much like those of the old Grecian.’¹

Baron Berners, who translated the Chronicle from the French, was born about 1467, and was the son of a noble who fell in the battle of Barnet. In his youth he was a friend and companion of Henry VIII., and went with the king on his expedition to France in 1513, and also to the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

In 1520 he was made governor of Calais, and remained there till his death in 1533.

At the king’s request he translated Froissart, and the work was issued from the press in 1523 and 1525.

In beauty of language the translation often excels the original, as in the following well-known passage, where the visit of Edward III. to the Countess of Salisbury is described :

As sone as the lady knewe of the kynges comyng, she set opyn the gates ² and came out so richly besene, that every man marveyled of her beauty, and coude nat cease to regard her nobleness with her great beauty and the gracyous wordes and countenaunce that she made. When she came to the kyng she knelyd downe to the yerth, thankyng hym of his socours, and so ledde hym into the castell to make hym chere and honour, as she that coude ryght well do it. Every man regarded her marvelously ; the kyng hymselfe coude nat witholde his regardyng of her, for he thought that he never sawe before so noble nor so fayre a lady ; he was stryken therwith to the hert with a spercle of fyne love that endured long after ; he thought no lady in the worlde so worthy to be belovde as she. Thus they entred into the castell hande in hande ; the lady ledde

¹ Gray.

² Of Wark Castle which the Countess defended against the Scots.

hym first into the hall, and after into the chambre nobly aparelled. The kyng regarded so the lady that she was abashed; at last he went to a wyndo to rest hym, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make chere to the lordes and knyghtes that were ther, and comaunded to dresse the hall for dyner.

William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, was the son of a Baron of Tynedale who lost his estates in the north during the Wars of the Roses, and who found shelter and safety in Gloucestershire. Here William was born in 1477, and when he grew up he studied at Oxford and Cambridge, and then entered the Church.

He became chaplain to a knight in Gloucestershire, whose friends he sometimes startled and offended by his outspoken opinions on matters of religion. 'They preferred the giving up of Squire Welch's good cheer, rather than to have the sour sauce of Master Tyndale's company.' To one ignorant and bigoted priest he exclaimed, 'If God give me life, ere many years the ploughboys shall know more of scripture than you do.'

In 1523 he left England, went to Hamburg, thence to Saxony, and at Wittemberg he completed the translation of the New Testament, having as helpers two friends, John Frith and William Roy. The work was issued in 1525, and before 1541 sixteen editions had been published.

The translation was prohibited in 1526 by Tonstall, the bishop of London, and many copies were burnt in 1528. The great Sir Thomas More bitterly attacked Tyndale, and accused him of heresy. 'Our Saviour wyll saye to Tyndale, Thou art accursed Tyndale, the sonne of the devyll, for neyther fleshe nor bloude hath

taught the these heresyas, but thyn owne father the devyll that is in hell.'

In 1528 Tyndale wrote a work called 'Obedience of a Christian Man,' proving the need of a circulation of the scripture in the vulgar tongue. In the preface he says :

'Fynally, that the threatenynge and forbyddyng the lay people to rede the scripture is not for love of your soules (whiche they care for as the foxe doeth for the gese), is evydent and clerer than the sonne, in as moche as they permytte and suffre you to reade Robyn Hode, and Bevyas of Hampton, Hercules, Hector and Troylus, with a thousande hystories and fables of love and wantones as fylthy as harte can thynke, to corrupte the myndes of youth withall, elene contrary to the doctryne of Chryst and of His apostles.'

Tyndale then came to live in Antwerp, and great numbers of copies of the Testament found their way into England. A copy which belonged to Anne Boleyn came into the hands of Henry VIII., who said, 'This book is for me and for all kings to read.'

Many attempts were made by Tyndale's enemies to entice him to England, and at last he was betrayed by a false friend, was imprisoned for two years at Vilvoord, near Brussels, and in September 1536 he was strangled and burnt. His last words were, 'Lord, open the king of England's eyes.'

Tyndale's translation is a very beautiful one, and in the following extracts it will be seen how much the authorised version owes to it.

(MATTHEW ii. 1-6.)

When Jesus was borne in Bethleem a toune of Jury, in the tyme of king Herode. Beholde there cam wyse men from the est to Jerusalem saynge: Where is he that is borne kynge of the Jues? We have sene his starre in the est, and are come to worship hym. Herode the kynge after he hadd herde thys was troubled, and all Jerusalem with hym, and he sent for all

the chefe prestes and scribes off the people, and demaunded off them where Christ shulde be borne. They sayde unto hym: in Bethleem a toune of Jury. For thus it is written be the prophet; and thou Bethleem in the lond of Jury, shalt not be the leest as perteyninge to the princes of Juda. For out of the shall come a captaine, whych shall govern my people Israhel.

(MATTHEW vi. 7-14.)

When ye praye, bable not moche as the gentyls do; for they thincke that they shalbe herde ffor there moche bablynges sake. Be ye not lyke them therefore. For youre father knoweth wherof ye have neade before ye axe off him. After this maner therefore praye ye:

O oure father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyll be fulfilled as well in erth as hit ys in heven. Geve us this daye our dayly breade. And forgeve us oure treaspases even as we forgeve them which treaspas us. Leede us not into temptacion, but delyvre us from yvell. AMEN.

SIR DAVID LYND SAY.

SIR DAVID LYND SAY of the Mount was the most popular of the early Scottish poets. He has been called the Langland of Scotland, and in his hatred of hypocrisy he may well compare with the author of 'Piers Plowman,' but in his merry wit and broad and often coarse humour he more resembles Chaucer. He was born in Fife, about 1490, was educated at St. Andrews, and the next name to his on the college roll is David Beaton, the future cardinal-archbishop.

In 1511 Lyndsay was in service at court, and in receipt of 40*l.* a year, and in the palace accounts there is mention of a payment for a blue and yellow coat for 'David Lyndsay for the play, playit in the king and queen's presence in the abbey of Holyrood.' In 1512

James V. was born, and Lyndsay was appointed chief usher to the young prince. In his poem, 'The Dreame,' Lyndsay reminds James V. of the time when he sang and capered for his amusement.

Quhen thow wes young, I bure thee in myne arme
Full tenderlie, tyll thow begowth ¹ to gang;
And in thy bed oft happit ² thee full warme,
With lute in hand, syne, sweetlie to thee sang;
Sumtyme, in dansing, feiralie ³ I flang;
And sumtyme, playand farsis ⁴ on the flure.

And in a somewhat later poem he says:

As ane chapman beris his pak
I bure thy Grace upon my bak;
And sumtymes, strydlingis on my nek,
Dansand with mony bend and bek.
And ay, quhen thow come frome the scule,
Than I behuffit ⁵ to play the fule.

When James IV. fell at Flodden in 1513, Lyndsay continued in attendance on the young king James V., and in 1522 he married Janet Douglas, who also was in the royal service, and who received 10*l.* a year for 'sewing the Kingis sarkis.'

In 1524 changes took place at court: the Earl of Angus and the Douglasses came into power, and Lyndsay retired to his home, and there wrote his 'Dreame' and some other poems. In 'The Dreame' the poet imagines himself under the guidance of 'Dame Remembrance,' who leads him

Doun throw the Eird, in myddis of the eenter,
Or ever I wyste, in to the lawest Hell.
In to that cairfull cove quhen we did enter,
Yowtyng and yowlyng ⁶ we hard, with mony yell
In flame of fyre, rycht furious and fell,

¹ began. ² wrapped. ³ briskly. ⁴ antics. ⁵ behaved.

⁶ moaning and howling.

Was cryand mony cairfull creature,
 Blasphemand God, and waryand Nature.

Thare sawe we divers Papis and Empriouris,
 Without recover, mony cairfull Kyngis;
 Thare saw we mony wrangous conquerouris,
 Withouttin rycht, reiffaris of utheris ryngis¹;
 The men of Kirk lay boundin into byngis²;
 Thare saw we mony cairfull Cardinall
 And Archebischopis, in thair pontificall.

Thare was the cursit Empriour Nero
 Of everilk vice the horrabyll veschell³;
 Thare was Pharo, with divers Prencis mo,
 Oppressouris of the barnis of Israell;
 Herode, and mony mo than I can tell,
 Ponce Pylat was thare, hangit be the hals,⁴
 With unjuste Jugis, for thair sentence fals.

Not only the punishment of the wicked but also the blessedness of the saints in heaven is described, and Remembrance leads the poet from planet to planet and then back again to earth.

In 1528 the young king banished the Douglasses from court, and Lyndsay returned and was appointed chief herald, with the title of 'Lyon King of Arms,' and that honourable office he retained till his death in 1555.

In 1539 James V. married Mary of Guise, and the next year there was exhibited before the king and queen, at Linlithgow, Lyndsay's remarkable play of the 'Three Estatis.' This is a play of the kind called 'moralities,' in which the vices and virtues appear as persons, and Lyndsay vigorously scourges wrongdoers in Church and State.

A young king appears attended by Solace and Wan-

¹ kingdoms.

² heaps.

³ slave.

⁴ neck.

tonness, and they tell of a beautiful lady Sensuality, and he is eager that she should come :

Commend me to that sweitest thing,
And present hir with this same ring,
And say, I ly in languishing,
Except scho¹ mak remeid.

After Sensuality is welcomed, Good Counsel appears, but is not suffered to come near the king. Then Verity comes bearing the New Testament in her hand, but the bishops charge her with heresy, and till she can be tried she is put in the stocks. Chastity also comes, but she is scouted by monks and nuns, bishops and priests, and is sent to bear Verity company. At length appears Divine Correction, who drives the vices away and counsels the king to rule with righteousness.

Connected with this play there are some amusing interludes, 'The Sowtar and the Taylour and their Wives,' and 'The Poor Man and the Pardoner,' but the humour is very coarse. These interludes were intended for the amusement of the vulgar spectators of the play, while the king and queen and the nobles were taking refreshment between the acts.

In 1542 James V. died broken-hearted at Falkland, and within a few years the Reformation broke out in Scotland. In March 1546 Wishart was burnt at St. Andrews, and in May Cardinal Beaton was murdered. Lyndsay's sympathies were with the reformers, and he wrote a poem called the 'Tragedie of the Cardinall.'

The poet is sitting reading the 'Fall of Princes' of John Bochas, when the murdered cardinal appears and tells his dismal story.

¹ she.

Behald my fatal infylicitie

I beand in my strenth incomparabyll,
That dreidfull dungeoun maid me no supplye,
My gret ryches, nor rentis profitabyll,
My sylver work, jowellis inestimabyll,
My Papall pompe, of golde my ryche thresoure,
My lyfe and all, I loste in half ane hour.

To the pepill wes maid ane spectacle
Of my dede and deformit carioun.
Sum said, it was ane manifeste myracle ;
Sum said it was Divine punitioun
So to be slane, in to my strang dungeoun :
Quhen every man had judgit as hym lyste,
Thay saltit me, syne closit me in ane kyste.¹

In 1553 Lyndsay completed his last and greatest work,
'The Monarchie.' The poet sees in a park an aged man—

Quhose beird wes weill thre quarter lang ;
His hair doun ouer his schulders hang,
The quhilk as ony snaw wes quhyte ;
Quhome to behald I thocht delyte.

The aged man was named Experience, and the two sit down in the shadow of a tree, and in a long dialogue they trace the story of the world from the Creation to the Destruction of Jerusalem. Then the Papal dominion is spoken of, and then death, resurrection and the judgment to come. The sun is now setting and Experience departs.

I sped me home, with heart syching ² full sore,
And enterit in my quyet Oritore.

I tuke paper, and thare began to wryt
This Miserie, as ye have hard afore.
All gentyll Redaris hertlye I implore

For tyll excuse my rurall rude indyte,
Thought Phareseis wyll have at me dispyte,
Quhilkis wald not that thare craftynes wer kend,
Latt God be Juge ! and so I mak ane end.

¹ See Knox's account of the same transaction, page 49.

² sighing.

In the course of this poem Lyndsay makes an appeal for the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue.

The Father of Hevin, quhilk wes and is Eternall,
 To Moyses gaif the Law, on Mont Senay,
 Nocht into Greik nor Latyne, I heir say.
 He wrait the Law in Tablis hard of stone
 In thare awin vulgare language of Hebrew,
 That all the bairns of Israell, every one,
 Mycht knaw the Law and so the same ensew.
 Had he done wryt in Latyne or in Grew,¹
 It had thane bene bot ane sawrles ² jest;
 Ye may weill wytt God wrocht all for the best.

Sir Walter Scott introduces Lyndsay in his poem of 'Marmion,' and he describes him thus :

He was a man of middle age ;
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
 As on King's errand come ;
 But in the glances of his eye,
 A penetrating, keen, and sly
 Expression found its home ;
 The flash of that satiric rage
 Which, bursting on the early stage,
 Branded the vices of the age,
 And broke the keys of Rome.

THE NEW LEARNING—ASCHAM.

In 1453 Constantinople was captured by the Turks, and thereupon many learned Greeks sought refuge in the countries of Western Europe. They awakened in these lands a love for Greek art and Greek literature : the dry logic of Aristotle, known for the most part in Latin translations and compendiums, gave place to the poetical

¹ Greek.

² savourless.

wisdom of Plato, and Sophocles and Euripides were studied with greater eagerness than Plautus and Terence.

Italy first caught the enthusiasm, and two of the Popes, Nicholas V. and Leo X., were special patrons of the new learning. In time England also felt the revival, and in 1511 a new college, St. John's at Cambridge, was founded, which speedily gained great renown. A writer eighty years later speaks of—

that most famous and fortunate nurse of all learning, Saint Johnes in Cambridge, that at that time was as an university within it selfe; shining so farre above all other Houses, Halls, and Hospitalls whatsoever, that no colledge in the towne was able to compare with the tythe of her students; having more candles light in it, every winter morning before fowre of the clocke, than the fowre of clocke bell gave stroakes.

One of the most illustrious pupils of St. John's was Roger Ascham, who entered it in 1530 at the age of fifteen. In the same year two Fellows of the College were chosen, whom Ascham ever afterwards regarded with affectionate reverence.

In St. John's Colledge in my tyme I do know that not so much the good statutes, as two gentlemen of worthy memorie, Syr John Cheke and Doctour Readman, by their onely example of excellency in learnyng did breed up so many learned men in that one Colledge of St. John's, at one time, as, I beleve, the whole University of Louvaine in many yeares was never able to affourd.

Under the teaching of such excellent masters Ascham made rapid progress, and in 1534 became a Fellow, and in 1538 Greek reader to the College.

From his youth he had taken delight in athletic sports, and he now wrote his 'Toxophilus; or, the Schole of Shooting.' In 1545 he presented a copy of the work to Henry VIII., and received as reward a pension of 10*l*. He was soon afterwards introduced to the Princess

Elizabeth, and in 1548 became her private tutor, and read with her Cicero, Livy, Sophocles, and other classical authors. He, however, held the post only for a year, and in 1550 he went abroad as secretary to the ambassador to Charles V.

While on his way to Dover to embark he paid the visit to Lady Jane Grey which he so beautifully describes.

Before I went into Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire to take my leave of that noble Ladie Jane Grey, to whom I was exceding moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and Duches, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke; I founde her, in her chamber, readinge Phaeton Platonis in Greeke, and that with as moch delite as som gentlemen wold read a merie tale in Bocace. After salutation and dewtie done, with som other taulke, I asked hir, whie she wold leefe soch pastime in the Parke? Smiling she answered me; 'I wisse all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadoo to that pleasure that I find in Plato: alas, good folke, they never felt what trewe pleasure ment.'

While Ascham was abroad he visited Louvain and Cologne and other famous seats of learning, but found them inferior to his beloved St. John's. When Mary came to the throne his pension of 10*l.* ceased, but he received a salary of 20*l.* as Latin secretary to the queen, though he was a Protestant.

This salary was continued when Elizabeth became queen, and he once more became her private tutor, and read Greek and played chess with her; and when he died, in 1568, she said she would rather have lost 10,000*l.* than her old tutor.

The leisure of the last few years of his life was spent in planning and writing his most interesting work 'The Scholemaster,' in which he describes his own methods of

teaching and those of his great master Sir John Cheke, and in which he also gives interesting pictures of English life and manners in that age.

The following is his account of the occasion which led to his writing 'The Scholemaster':

When the great page was at London, the yeare 1563, the Quenes Majestie Queene Elizabeth, lay at her Castle of Windsore: where upon the 10th day of December, it fortuneth, that in Sir William Cicell's chamber, hir Highnesse Principall Secretarie, there dined together several personages, of which number the most part were of hir Majestie's most honourable privie counsell, and the rest serving hir in verie good place.

M. Secretarie hath this accustomed maner though his head be never so full of most weightie affaires of the Realme, yet, at diner time he doth seeme to lay them alwaies aside; and findeth ever fitte occasion to taulke pleasantlie of other matters, but most gladlie of some matter of learning; wherein he will curteslie heare the minde of the meanest at his table.

Not long after our sitting doune, I have strange newes brought me, sayth M. Secretarie, this morning, that diverse scholars of Eaton be runne awaie from the schole, for feare of beating. Whereupon M. Secretary tooke occasion to wishe, that some more discretion were in many schole-masters, in using correction, than commonlie there is. Who many times punishe rather the weakenes of nature, than the fault of the scholer. Whereby, many scholars, that might else prove well, be driven to hate learning before they knowe what learning meaneth; and so are made willing to forsake their booke, and be glad to be put to any other kind of living.

ITALIAN INFLUENCE—LORD SURREY.

ASCHAM speaks bitterly in 'The Scholemaster' of the custom prevailing in his day of sending young English gentlemen into Italy to be educated. Not that he disliked or undervalued the Italian language, 'which, next the Greeke and Latin tonge, I like and love above all other,' but because of the evil influences to which young men were exposed in that land.

They have in more reverence the triumphes of Petrarche, than the Genesis of Moses; they make more account of a tale in Bocace, than a storie of the Bible. They count as fables the holie misteries of Christian Religion. . . . I was once in Italie myselfe, but I thanke God my abode there was but ix dayes; and yet I sawe in that little tyme, in one citie, more libertie to sinne, than ever I heard tell of in our noble citie of London in ix yeare.

Petrarch was at that time the favourite poet of Italy, and his songs in praise of his Mistress Laura were the great models of composition, not only in Italy, but also in the brilliant and festive courts of Henry VIII. and Francis I. Henry himself wrote songs, and one has been preserved which was addressed to Anne Boleyn. It begins thus :

The eagles force subdues eche byrde that flyes;
What metal can resyste the flamying fyre?
Doth not the sunne dazle the clearest eyes,
And melt the yce, and make the froste retyre?

In 1557, Tottel the printer published a book of 'Songes and Sonnettes' by various authors, which book became a favourite and was soon reprinted. In the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' Master Slender at sight of 'sweet Anne Page' would give forty shillings to have his 'Book of Songs and Sonnettes' with him. Again, Shakespeare quotes from this book the gravedigger's song in 'Hamlet,' 'In youth when I did love, did love.'

The authors were gentlemen of King Henry's court, and chief among them were Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry Earl of Surrey. Puttenham, a writer in Elizabeth's time, in his 'Arte of English Poesie' says :

In the latter end of King Henry's raigne spronge up a new company of courtly makers of whom Sir Thomas Wyat the elder and Henry earle of Surrey were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian

poesie, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie from that it had been before and for that cause may justly be said the first reformers of our English meeter and stile.

Henry Howard, the young Earl of Surrey, was born about 1516, and in his youth was a companion at Windsor of King Henry's natural son, the young Duke of Richmond. In later years, when Richmond was dead, and when Surrey himself was a prisoner at Windsor, he recalls these happy days of youth.

Proude Windsor! Where I, in lust and joy,
Wyth a kynges sonne my childyshe years did passe,
In greater feastes than Priam's sonnes of Troye.

Where eche swete place returnes a taste full sower,
The large grene courtes where we were wont to hove,¹
Wyth eyes cast up into the mayden's tower,
And easy sighes, such as folke draw in love.

The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe,
The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight,
With wordes and lookes that tygers could but rewe,
Where ech of us dyd pleade the others right.

The secret groves which ofte we made resounde
Of pleasaunt playn, and of our ladies prayse,
Recordyng ofte what grace eche one had found,
What hope of speede, what drede of long delayes.

O place of blisse, renewer of my woes!
Give me accompt, where is my noble fere,²
Whom in thy walles thou didst eche night enclose,
To other leefte,³ but unto me most dere.

From Windsor the youths went together to Oxford and afterwards to France, and continued in the closest friendship and alliance until Richmond's death in 1536.

Surrey's love sonnets are mostly in praise of the 'Fair Geraldine,' who is thus described:

¹ hover, loiter.

² companion.

³ dear.

From Tuskane came my ladies worthy race ;
Faire Florence was sometyme her auncient seate ;
The westerne yle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, furst gave her lively heate ;
Fostred she was with milke of Irishe brest ;
Her sire an earle ; her dame of princes blood ;
From tender yeres in Britain did she rest
With a kinges child, who tasteth ghostly food.
Honsdon did first present her to mine eyen ;
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine
And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.

It appears that this lady was one of the three daughters of the Earl of Kildare, and that she spent her youth at Hunsdon with the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, while Surrey was at Windsor with Richmond. One feels somewhat disappointed to find that Surrey married not her but another.

After making the grand tour of Europe, Surrey returned home 'the most elegant traveller, the most polite lover, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman of his age.' With his father, the Duke of Norfolk, he led an army into Scotland in 1542, and he afterwards led the English army into France, and he was appointed governor of Boulogne in 1545. But he soon incurred the displeasure of the king, was recalled to England, and not long afterwards he was condemned on various frivolous charges, and was executed in 1547.

Not all of Surrey's poetical works were love songs. He made a metrical version of part of the book of Ecclesiastes, and did the same with certain of the Psalms. He also made a spirited translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's Aeneid, and would

probably have finished the whole work had he lived. The following lines describe Dido going to the chase :

At the threshold of her chaumber-dore
The Carthage lords did on the Quene attend ;
The trampling steede, with gold and purple trapt,
Chawing the fomē bit there fiercely stood.
Then issued she, awayted with great train
Clad in a cloke of Tyre embradred riche.
Her quyver hung behinde her back, her tresse
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
Butned with gold. The Troyans of her train
Before her go, with gladsom Iulus.
Aeneas eke the goodliest of the route
Makes one of them, and joyneth close the throng.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was born in 1554, at Penshurst in Kent, of an ancient and honourable family. His grandfather fought at Flodden, and his father was in his youth a friend and companion of Edward VI., and afterwards was for many years Lord Deputy of Ireland.

The pleasant country seat of Penshurst has been charmingly described by Ben Jonson.

Thou hast thy walkes for health as well as sport,
Thy mount, to which the Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade ;
That taller tree which of a nut was set,
At his great birth where all the Muses met.

This tree, planted in honour of Philip's birth, lived for more than two hundred years, and was cut down in 1768. Philip was sent to Shrewsbury School and afterwards to Oxford, gaining golden opinions everywhere. His life-long friend, Fulke Greville, says of him :

‘Though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man, with such staiedness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years.’

In 1572 he was with the English ambassador in Paris, and witnessed the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; then for two more years he travelled through Germany and Italy, and in 1575 he was back again in the English court. He was in the queen’s train at the festivities at Kenilworth, and went with her to Chartley, the seat of the Earl of Essex, and he met there for the first time the earl’s daughter, the Lady Penelope Devereux. The earl admired and loved him, and from his death-bed next year he sent him the message: ‘Tell him I wish him well; so well that, if God do move their hearts, I wish that he might match with my daughter. I call him son; he is so wise, virtuous and godly.’

Unhappily the match was never made, partly through Sidney’s own fault. Some four or five years later the lady was married to Lord Rich, a man utterly unworthy of her, and Sidney was inconsolable, and he gave vent to his sorrow in the famous sonnets of ‘Astrophel and Stella.’ In one of these he recalls the time when from the windows of her father’s house he saw her rowed over the bosom of the Thames.

O happie Teme ! that didst my Stella beare.
I saw thyselfe with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerefull face, Joyes livery wear ;
While those faire planets on thy streames did shine,
The boate, for joy, could not to daunce forbear :
While wanton windes, with beauties so divine
Ravisht, staid not, till in her golden haire
They did themselves (O sweetest prison !) twine.

In another sonnet he plays upon her new name of Rich.

Towards Aurora's court, a nymph doth dwell
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see :
 Beauties so farre from reach of words, that we
 Abuse her praise saying she doth excell ;
Rich in the treasure of deserved renowne ;
Rich in the *riches* of a royall hart ;
Rich in those gifts, which give th' eternall crowne ;
 Who though most *rich* in these and every part,
 Which makes the patents of true worldly blisse,
 Hath no misfortune, but that *Rich* she is.

The following sonnet surpasses any which had yet appeared in English literature, and almost anticipates the beauty of Shakespeare's :

With how sad steps, O Moone ! thou climb'st the skies
 How silently ! and with how wanne a face !
 What may it be that even in heavenly place
 That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries ?
 Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case.
 I reade it in thy lookes. Thy languisht grace
 To me that feeles the like, thy state descries.
 Then even of fellowship, O Moone ! tell me,
 Is constant love deemed there, but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Doe they above love to be loved ; and yet
 Those lovers scorne whom that love doth possesse ?
 Doe they call virtue there, ungratefulnessse ?

But these sonnets belong to a somewhat later time, and we must go back a few years again. In 1577 Elizabeth sent Sidney on a mission to Germany, and in the Netherlands he met William the Silent and Don John of Austria, and he left a lasting impression of himself in the minds of these two illustrious men. In 1578 he was again in England, and wrote the court mask of the ' Lady

of the May.' In 1580 he was in disgrace at court on account of his opposition to the proposed marriage of Elizabeth to the Duke of Anjou. He withdrew to Wilton, the seat of his sister the Countess of Pembroke, and there for her diversion he wrote the famous romance of the 'Arcadia.'

The story is of two dear friends, Musidorus, Prince of Thessaly, and Pyrocles, Prince of Macedon, and of their adventures in the land of Arcadia. The king of that country has two daughters, Pamela and Philoclea, with whom the princes fall in love, and in order to be near them they assume strange names and disguises, Musidorus appearing as the shepherd Dorus, and Pyrocles as an Amazon under the name of Zelmane. The story is long and involved, like all the old prose romances, but the language is melodious, and Sidney has been well described as a 'warbler of poetic prose.'

The following lines are taken from the description of the place where the Arcadian peasantry meet for their rustic games :

It was indeede a place of delight, for through the middest of it there ran a sweet brooke, which did both hold the eie open with her azure streames, and yet seeke to close the eie with the purling noise it made upon the pibble stones it ranne over, the field itselfe being set in some places with roses, and in all the rest constantly preserving a flourishing greene; the roses added such a ruddie shew unto it as though the field were bashfull at his own beantie about it.

The silent growth of love in the heart of Philoclea for the beautiful Amazon is thus described :

First shee would wish that they two might live all their lives together, like two of Diana's nymphes ; but that wish shee thought not sufficient, because she knew there would be more nymphes besides them, who also would have their part in Zelmane. Then would shee wish that shee were

her sister, that such a naturall band might make her more speciall to her ; but against that shee considered that though being her sister, if shee happened to be married, shee should be robbed of her. Then, growne bolder, shee would wish either herselfe or Zelmane a man, that there might succede a blessed mariage betweene them ; but when that wish had once displayed his ensigne in her minde, then followed whole squadrons of longings that so it might be, with a maine battle of mislikings and repinings against their creation that so it was not.

In 1581 Sidney wrote another great work, his 'Apology for Poetrie.' Two years before, Stephen Gosson had written his 'Schoole of Abuse,' an 'invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillers of a Commonwelth,' and he dedicated the work (probably without leave) to Sidney. The 'Apology for Poetrie' is a noble setting forth of the office of the poet, who is not simply the writer of verses, but every writer whose work is the creation of the imagination.

Truely, even Plato, whosoever well considereth shall find that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were Philosophy, the skinne as it were and beaultie, depended most of Poetrie ; for all standeth upon Dialogues wherein he faineth many honest Burgesses of Athens to speake of such matters, that if they had been sette on the racke, they would never have confessed them. Besides, his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well ordering of a banquet, the delicacie of a walke, with enterlacing meere tales, as Giges Ring, and others, which who knoweth not to be flowers of Poetrie, did never walke into Appolo's Garden.

He tells us that the Philosopher, the Historian, and the Poet all strive to incite men to lead noble lives, but the last with most success.

For the Philosopher, setting down with thorny argument the bare rule, is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him, shall wade in him till he be olde, before he shall finde sufficient cause to be honest. On the other side the Historian wanting the precept is so tyed, not to what should be but to what

is, to the particular truth of things and not to the general reason of things, that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a lesse fruitfull doctrine.

Nowe dooth the peerelesse Poet performe both; for whatsoever the Philosopher sayth shoulde be doone, he giveth a perfect picture of it in some one by whom he presupposeth it was done. A perfect picture I say, for he yeeldeth to the powers of the minde, an image of that whereof the Philosopher bestoweth but a woordish description; which dooth neyther strike, pierce, nor possesse the sight of the soule, so much as that other dooth.

In 1582 Sidney's eyes were turned with longing to America, and Elizabeth gave him a grant of land in Virginia, but would not permit him to go there, and in the next year he married the daughter of the queen's faithful minister Walsingham.

In 1584 the Prince of Orange was murdered, and Elizabeth was constrained to aid the Dutch in their struggle for freedom. Troops were sent over under the command of the Earl of Leicester, and Sidney was made Governor of Flushing. In September 1586 he fell sorely wounded in the fight at Zutphen, lingered for twenty-six days, and died in October. In November his body was brought home, and in the following February he was buried with great splendour in St. Paul's.

THE REFORMERS—LATIMER, KNOX.

ENGLISH literature owes much to the Reformation of Religion, which cleared away prejudices, stimulated the spirit of inquiry, and set free the judgment. The direct contributions of the Reformers themselves were not inconsiderable. The noble translation of the Bible

is based upon the labours of Tyndale, and to Cranmer chiefly we owe the simple and beautiful prayers of the Liturgy.

Two of the Reformers, Latimer in England and Knox in Scotland, the first in his sermons, the second in his History, give such graphic pictures of their own times that it may be well to say a few words about each.

Hugh Latimer was born at Thurcaston, in Leicestershire, in 1491.

My father was a Yoman and had no landes of his owne, onlye he had a farme of iii or iv pound by yere at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kepte halfe a dosen men. He had walke for a hundred shepe and my mother mylked xxx kyne. He was able and did find the king a harnesse, with hym selfe and hys horsse, while he came to the place, that he should receyve the kynges wages. I can remembre, that I buckled hys harnes, when he went unto Blackheath felde.

At the age of fourteen he was sent to Cambridge, and ten years later he was professor of Greek in the University. He studied with ardour Duns Scotus, Thomas Aquinas, and other scholastic doctors, and dissuaded his companions from the study of the Bible, till his heart was touched by the words of Bilney, who afterwards suffered as a martyr.

Maister Bilney (or rather Saint Bilney that suffred death for God's worde sake) was the instrument whereby God called me to knowledge. For I was as obstinate a papist as any was in England, in so much that when I should be made Bachelor of Divinitie, my whole oration went agaynst Philip Melancthon and agaynst his opinions. Bilney heard me at that time and perceived that I was zealous without knowledge, and he came to me afterward in my study, and desired me for God's sake to heare his confession and I did so. And to say the trueth, by his confession I learned more than before in many yeares. So from that time forward I began to smell the word of God, and forsooke the Schoole Doctoures and such fooleries.

In 1530 he was called to preach before the king, and he did so again in 1534, and was heard with such favour that next year he was made Bishop of Worcester. This dignity he resigned in 1539, as he did not approve of the king's measures, and for the rest of the reign he was in disgrace and was commanded to silence.

With the accession of Edward VI. Latimer was once more in favour, and had he been willing he would once more have been Bishop of Worcester. 'A pulpit was set up in the King's privie garden at Westminster and therein Doctor Latimer preached before the king, where he mought be heard of more than foure times so manie people as could have stood in the king's chapell.' In this place or at St. Paul's Cross he preached in 1548 and the two following years. Then he went down into Lincolnshire and remained there till Edward died, and twenty-eight of his Lincolnshire sermons have been preserved. When Mary became queen, Latimer was brought to London, cast into the Tower, then was imprisoned at Oxford, and there, in October 1555, he was burnt with Ridley.

The language of Latimer's sermons is vigorous and effective, full of homely wit and racy anecdotes and illustrations. Sometimes he chides the idle bishops who neglect their flocks :

Who is the most diligent bishoppe and prelate in al England, that passeth al the reste in doinge his office, I can tel, for I knowe him, who it is I knowe hym well. But nowe I thynke I se you lysting and hearkening that I shoulde name him. There is one that passeth al the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in al England. And wyl ye knowe who it is? I wyl tel you. It is the Devyl. He is the moste diligent preacher of al other, he is never out of his dioces, he is never

from his cure, ye shal never fynde hym unoccupied, he is ever in his parishe, he keepeth residence at al tymes, ye shal never fynde hym out of the waye, cal for him when you wyl, he is ever at home.

Or he mocks at the loose lives of many of the clergy :

There was a merye moncke in Cambraye in the colledge that I was in, and it chaunced a greate companye of us to be together, entendinge to make good cheare, and to be merye. One of the company brought out thys sentence. *Nil melius quam letari et facere bene*. There is nothyng better than to be mery and to do well. A vengeance of that *Bene* (quod the monke) I would that *Bene* had bene banished beyonde the sea, if that *Bene* were out, it were well. For I coulde be mery, and I coulde do, but I love not to do well, that *Bene* marres altogether.

Or he reproves the wickedness of London :

O London, repent, repente. Thou heareste thy faultes tolde the, amend them, amend them. I thinke if Nebo had had the preachynge that thou haste, they wold have converted. What a do was there made in London at a certein man because he sayd, and indede at that time on a just cause. Burgesses quod he, nay butterflies. Lorde what a do there was for that worde. And yet would God they were no worse then butterflies. Butterflies do but theyre nature, the butterflye is not covetouse, is not gredye of other mens goodes, is not ful of envy and hatred, is not malicious, is not cruel, is not mercillesse. In tymes past men were full of pytie and compassion, but nowe there is no pitie, for in London their brother shal die in the streetes for colde, he shall lye sycke at theyr doore betwene stocke and stocke. Was there any more unmercifulnes in Nebo? I thynke not.

John Knox was born near Haddington in 1505, and it is thought that he studied in the universities both of St. Andrews and Glasgow. Like Latimer he was fond at first of the scholastic philosophy, and as Latimer learned better things from Bilney, so Knox was kindled with enthusiasm for a pure gospel by the example of George Wishart, who was burnt at St. Andrews in March 1546. Swift retribution for this cruel deed fell upon Beaton, the cardinal-archbishop, who thought him-

self safe in his strong castle of St. Andrews, for in the May following a small band of determined men seized the castle.

The Cardinnal wacknit with the schoutis, askit frome his window, Quhat meinit that noyis? It was answerit, that Normond Leslie had taikin his castell: whiche understande, he ran to the posterne, bot perceaving the passage to be keipit without, he returnit quicklie to his chalmer and tuk his two handit sword and garth¹ chalmer chyld cast kistis and uther impediments to the dure. And as the dure was verie stark there was brocht ane chimlay full of burning coallis, quhilk perceavit the Cardinnal or his chalmer chyld oppinit the dure and the Cardinnal sat down in a chayre and cryit, *I ame a priest, I ame a priest, ye will not slay me.* Bot James Melvell a man of nature most gentill and most modest presenting unto him the point of the sword, said *Repent the of thyne former wickit lyif, but especiallie of the schedding of the bluid of that notable instrument of God, Mr. George Wishart, whiche albeit the flame of fyre consumit befoir men, yet cryis it, a vengeance upoun the; and we from God are sent to revenge it.* And so he straik him twys or thryis throw with a stoge sword; and so he fell, nevir word hard out of his mouthe, bot *I ame a priest, I ame a priest, fy, fy, all is gone.*

Now becaus the wedder was hotte, for it was in Maii, and his funerallis culd not suddantlie be prepared, it was thocht best to give him grit salt yneuche, a cope of leid, and a nuck in the bottome of the seytour, a plaice quhair mony of God's children had bein imprisonit befour, to await quhat exequies his brethren the bishopsis wold prepar for him.

These thingis we wrytte merrille, bot we would that the reidar sould observe God's just judgmentis, and how that he can deprehend the warldlie wyis in thair awin wisdome, mak thair tabill to be a snair to trappe thair awin feit, and thair awin presupposit strenth to be thair destruction.

Into this castle of St. Andrews Knox himself with others retired for refuge in the following year, 1547, and there he received a solemn call from the assembled congregation to be their minister.

Quhairat the said Johne abashed, brust furthe in maist abundant tearis, and withdrew himself to his chalmer; his countenance and be-

¹ bid.

haviour from that day, till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the publict plaice of preiching, did sufficientlie declair the greif and trobill of his hairt; for no man saw ony signe of mirth of him, nether yit had he plesour to accompany ony man, monye dayis togithir.

A few months later the castle was taken by the French, and Knox and others were made prisoners and served in the French galleys.

Sone efter thair arryvell at Nances, thair girt *Salve Regina* was sung and a glorious painted ladie was brocht in to be kissit, and amongst utheris was presented to one of the Scottis men then chaineyid. He gentillie said, *Truble me not; suche ane idolle is accursit; and thairfoir I will not tuiche it.* The patrone with two officers said, *Thou sall handle it.* And so they violentlie thrust it to his faice, and pat it betwix his hands, who seing the extremitie tuke the idolle and advysitlie luiking about, he caist it in the Rever, and said, *Lat our Ladie now save hirself; sche is lycht aneuche, lat hir leirne to swyme.*

A little while later the galleys were lying off the coast of Scotland, opposite St. Andrews, and Knox was very sick. A companion asked him if he knew the place, and he answered:

Yis, I know it weil; for I sie the steiple of that plaice quhair God first opinit my mouth in publict to his glorie, and I ame fullie perswadit how waik that evir I now appeir, that I sall not depart this lyif, till that my tounge sall glorifie his godlie name in the same place.

In 1549 Knox was once more at liberty, and he came to England, where he was welcomed by Edward VI., Cranmer, and other reformers. He remained four or five years, was made one of the king's chaplains, was offered a living in London and the bishopric of Rochester, but he refused these preferments. He preached in London, Berwick, Newcastle, and other parts of the country, and there is preserved a portion of a sermon which 'with sorrowful heart and weeping eyes he

preached at Ammersham in Buckinghamshire when news came of Edward's death.'

O England, England, dost thou not consider that thy commonwealth is like a ship sailing on the sea, if thy mariners and governours shall so consume one another shalt thou not suffer shipwrack in short process of time? O England, England, alas! these plagues are poured upon thee, because thou wouldst not know thy most happy time of thy most gentle visitation.

England under Queen Mary and Scotland under the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, were no safe places for Knox, and from 1553 to 1559 he was a wanderer, resting sometimes at Dieppe, sometimes at Frankfort, sometimes at Geneva, and for six or eight months in 1556 he was in Scotland, and in all these places he was an earnest and spirit-stirring preacher of the Gospel.

During this period he wrote his 'First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women,' a book directed against Mary of England and Mary of Scotland, but which also gave deep offence to Queen Elizabeth. Knox greatly regretted giving this offence, and in 1559 he wrote a letter to the queen defending and excusing himself, beginning thus :

As your Graces displeasour against me, most injustly conceived, hes bein, and is to my wretched hairt a burden greavous, and almost intollerable; so is the testimony of a cleir conscience to me a stay and uphald, that in desperatioun I sink not, how vehement that ever the tentationis appeir.

In this year, 1559, Knox was recalled by the Scottish Lords of the Congregation to Scotland, was chosen Minister of Edinburgh, and from that time till his death in 1572 he laboured unweariedly, preaching throughout the length and breadth of the land, writing his 'Historie

of the Reformation,' and through many sorrows and difficulties founding securely the Reformed Church of Scotland.

In 1561 the young Queen Mary returned to Scotland.

The ninetein day of August 1561 yeirs, betwene seven and eight hours befor none, arryved Marie Quene of Scotland, then wedo, with two gallies furth of France. The verie face of the heavin the tyme of hir arryvall did manifestly speik quhat comfort was brocht into this country with her, to wit, sorow, darknes, dolor, and all impiety; for in the memory of man, that day of the yeir was nevir sene a more dolorous face of the heavin, than was at hir arryvall, which two days efter did continew. The sone was not sene to schyne two dayes befor, nor two dayes efter. That fore wairning gave God unto us, bot alace the most pairt were blynd.

The unfortunate queen was judged somewhat harshly, though perhaps justly, by Knox. After one of his conferences with her he says:

Jhone Knox his awn jugement, being by sum of his awn familiars demanded quhat he thoct of the Quene. If thair be not in hir (said he) a proud mynd, a crafty witt, and ane indurat hairt against God and his treuth, my jugement failleth me.

Age and weakness were now coming upon Knox. The murder of the Regent Murray in 1569 greatly distressed him, and one of his last sermons was preached when the news came of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572. He died in November of that year, and at his grave the Regent Morton said:

There lies a man, who in his life never feared the face of a man; who hath been often threatened with dag and dagger; but yet hath ended his days in peace and honour.

EUPHUISM—LYLY.

THE 'Euphues' of John Lyly was a book that enjoyed very great popularity in its day. One edition followed rapidly after another, the first appearing in 1579 and the twelfth and last in 1636, when its power to please was nearly gone. It appeared at a time when Italian literature and Italian manners exerted their greatest influence upon England, and its power ceased when Italian influence gave way before the great French literature of the age of Louis XIV.

The author, John Lyly, was a Kentish man, born about 1553, and he died in 1600. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and from about 1577 he was attached in some capacity to the court of Elizabeth, but he received but meagre maintenance, for in a petition to the queen in 1590 he says :

If your sacred Majestie thinke me unworthy and that after x yeares tempest I must att the Court suffer shypwrack of my tyme, my wittes, my hopes, vouchsafe in your never-erring judgement some Plank, or rather to wafte me into a country where in my sadd and settled devocion I may in every corner of a thatcht cottage write prayers instead of plaies, prayer for your longe and prosprous life and a repentaunce that I have played the foole so longe.

In a second petition three years later he says :

My last will is shorter than myne invencion, but three legacies, patience to my creditors, melancholie without measure to my friends, and beggerie without shame to my familie.

While at court Lyly wrote some six or eight dramas, mythological in character, which we are told were 'often presented and acted before Queene Elizabeth, by the chil-

dren of her Majesties Chappell and the children of Paules.' In the first of these plays occurs the following fine song :

Cupid and my Campaspe playd
 At Cardes for kisses, Cupid payd ;
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mothers doves, and teeme of sparrows,
 Loses them too, then down he throwes
 The corral of his lippe, the rose
 Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)
 With these, the cristal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chinne ;
 All these did my Campaspe winne.
 At last hee set her both his eyes,
 Shee won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love ! has shee done this to thee ?
 What shall (alas !) become of me !

Of Lyly's chief work, the 'Euphues,' the most opposite opinions have been held. Hallam calls it 'a very dull story, full of dry commonplaces,' while Charles Kingsley says it is, 'in spite of occasional tediousness and pedantry, as brave, righteous and pious a book as a man need look into.' In its own day its popularity, we are told, was so great that 'the court ladies had all the phrases by heart,' and, 'that Beautie in Court, which could not parley euphueism, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French.'

The two chief peculiarities of Lyly's style are a perpetual striving after alliteration and verbal antithesis, and a most ingenious stringing together of similes, sometimes far-fetched but often extremely happy. Examples can be met with on every page. Thus in the very opening:

None more wittie than Euphues, yet at the first none more wicked. The freshest colours soonest fade, the keenest rasor soonest tourneth his edge, the finest cloth is soonest eaten with moathes, and the cambricke

sooner stayned then the course canvas ; which appeared well in this Euphues.

Again, a few pages later in the book :

Alas Euphues, by how much the more I see the high clymbing of thy capacitie, by so much the more I feare thy fall. The fine christall is sooner crased then the hard marble ; the greenest beech burneth faster then the dryest oke ; the fairest silke is soonest soyled ; and the sweetest wine tourneth to the sharpest vineger. If therefore thou doe but hearken to the Syrenes, thou wilt be enamoured : if thou haunt their houses and places, thou shalt be enchanted. One droppe of poyson infecteth the whole tunne of wine : one leafe of colloquintida marreth and spoyleth the whole pot of porredge ; one yron mole defaceth the whole peece of lawne.

The poet Michael Drayton, who was no lover of Lyly, describes him as

Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words, and idle similies.

Euphues, the hero of the tale, is a young Athenian gentleman, of whom 'it was doubted whether he were more bound to Nature for the liniaments of his person, or to Fortune for the increase of his possessions.' He came from Athens to Naples, where, after two months' sojourn, he swore eternal friendship with another youth, Philautus.

And after many embracings and protestations one to another, they walked to dinner, wher they wanted neither meat, neither musicke, neither any other pãstime ; and having banqueted, to digest their sweete confections they daunced all that after noone, they used not onely one boorde but one bed, one booke, if so be it they thought not one too many.

Philautus was in love with Lucilla, daughter of the governor, Don Ferardo, a lady so beautiful that she outshone 'all the courtly crew of gentlewomen sojourning in the palace.'

For as the finest ruby staineth the colour of the rest that be in place, or as the sunne dimmeth the moone that she cannot be discerned, so this

gallant girle more faire than fortunate, and yet more fortunate than faithful, eclipsed the beautie of them all and chaunged their colours.

Philautus, fearing no ill, took Euphues with him to visit Lucilla, and they sat down to supper together ;

but Euphues fed of one dish which ever stooode before him, the beautie of Lucilla.

Supper being ended the order was in Naples that the gentlewomen would desire to heare some discourse either concerning love or learning ; and although Philautus was requested, yet he posted it over to Euphues, whome he knewe most fit for that purpose.

The discourse of Euphues so captivated Lucilla that she 'began to frye in the flames of love,' and when all were departed she, in the quiet of her chamber, convinced herself that it would be right to break with Philautus for the sake of Euphues.

For as the bee that gathereth honnye out of the weede, when shee espieth the fayre floure flyeth to the sweetest ; or as the kinde spaniell though he hunt after birds yet forsakes them to retrieve the partridge, or as we commonly feede on beefe hungerly at the first, yet seeing the quaille more daintie, chaunge our dyet, so I although I loved Philautus for his good properties, yet seeing Euphues to excell him, I ought by Nature to lyke him better.

Euphues becomes false to Philautus, and Lucilla is false to both, and forsakes them for 'one Curio, a gentleman of Naples, of little wealth and less wit.' Euphues then bewails his ill-fortune :

I have lost Philautus, I have lost Lucilla, I have lost that which I shall hardlye finde againe, a faithfull friend. Ah foolish Euphues, why diddest thou leave Athens, the nurse of wisdom, to inhabite Naples the nourisher of wantonnesse ? Had it not beene better for thee to have eaten salt with the philosophers in Greece then sugar with the courtiers of Italy ? I will to Athens, there to tosse my bookes, no more in Naples to live with faire lookes. Philosophy, physick, divinitie shal be my study. O the hidden secrets of Nature, the expresse image of morall vertues, the

equal ballance of justice, the medicines to heale al diseases, how they begin to delight me.

The two estranged friends were again reconciled.

After much talke they renewed their old friendship both abandoning Lucilla as most abhominable. Philautus was earnest to have Euphues tarye in Naples, and Euphues desirous to have Philautus to Athens, but the one was so addicted to the court, the other so wedded to the universitie, that each refused the offer of the other, yet this they agreed betweene themselves that though their bodies were by distance of place severed, yet the conjunction of their mindes should neither be seperated by the length of time nor alienated by change of soyle, and so shaking hands they bidde each other farewell.

Lyly wrote a second part, entitled 'Euphues and his England,' and it became equally popular with the first, but time and space forbid us to enter upon this.

HOOKER.

THE prose of Ascham and Latimer, of Lyly and Sidney, meritorious though it be, does not display the majesty and music of which the English language is capable. This was first manifested in the 'Ecclesiastical Polity' of Richard Hooker.

This man indeed deserves the name of an authour; his books will get reverence by age, for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning.

This was the judgment of the Pope when the first book was read to him, and the judgment is felt to be just.

Hooker's life has been charmingly written by old Isaac Walton, the author of the 'Complete Angler.' He was born in or near Exeter, in 1554, of poor parents, and would have been apprenticed to a trade, but his school-master begged that he might be sent to the University,

and by the care of his uncle and the kindness of Bishop Jewel, he was sent at the age of fourteen to Corpus Christi College in Oxford.

On one of his journeys on foot home from college he called at Salisbury and dined with the good bishop, who at parting said :

Richard, I will lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease.' And presently delivered into his hand a walking staff, with which he professed he had walked through many parts of Germany.

At Oxford Hooker gained many friends by the gentleness of his nature and his singular power as a tutor, and at the age of twenty-four he was elected Fellow of his college. In course of time it was his duty to preach at St. Paul's Cross in London, and he lodged at the 'Shunamite's House' in Watling Street, which was kept by a Mrs. Churchman, and she persuaded Hooker that he was a man of a tender constitution, and that it would be best for him to have a wife.

And he, like a true Nathanael fearing no guile because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with, when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac. Now the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions they were too like that wife's, which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house; so that he had no reason to rejoice in the wife of his youth, but rather to say, 'Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell in the tents of Kedar.' And by this means the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his college, from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busie world; into those corroding cares that attend a married priest and a country parsonage.

Hooker's first living was at Drayton-Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, and from thence in 1585, through the

interest of his old pupils, of whom one was the son of the Archbishop of York, he was promoted to the Mastership of the Temple.

The time was a critical one in the history of the Church of England. The Martin Marprelate controversy was soon to burst forth with its floods of scurrility. Brownists and Barrowists were giving endless trouble to the bishops, and both in the Church and in Parliament there was a strong and energetic Puritan party, who were striving to remodel the Church of England after the pattern of Calvin's at Geneva.

A Mr. Walter Travers, who had been ordained not by the bishops but by the Presbytery of Antwerp, was at this time afternoon lecturer at the Temple, and many desired that he should receive the Mastership. With this Mr. Travers, Hooker now most unwillingly found himself forced into controversy, and we are told that 'the pulpit spake pure Canterbury in the morning, and Geneva in the afternoon.'

'In these sermons there was little of bitterness, but each party brought all the reasons he was able to prove his adversary's opinions erroneous.' At last the Archbishop was bound to interfere, and Travers was silenced.

Hooker thereupon determined to write a work which should be a sober exposition and defence of the position occupied by the Church of England, and of the powers claimed by her. 'The foundation of these books was laid in the Temple, but he found it no fit place to finish what he had there designed,' and he therefore begged the Archbishop that he might be removed into some quiet parsonage, 'where I may see God's blessings spring out

of my mother earth, and eat mine own bread in peace and privacy.'

He was thereupon presented in 1591 to the living of Boscum, near Sarum, and there he wrote the first four books of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and they were published in 1594. In the next year he was presented to the living of Bishopsborne, near Canterbury, and there he finished his great work and died in 1600.

Many men (scholars especially) went to see the man whose life and learning were so much admired; and what went they out for to see? a man cloathed in purple and fine linnen? No indeed, but an obscure harmless man, a man in poor cloathes, his loyns usually girt in a course gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out not with age but study and holy mortifications; his face full of heat pimples begat by his unactivity and sedentary life.

The fifth book, which is very long, appeared in 1597, but the last three were not printed till 1662, and it is doubted if they are in the state in which Hooker left them. The first book is 'concerning laws in general,' and it is this book which has the most enduring interest for general readers, and our illustrative extracts will be taken from it.

In the opening he shows how easy it is to find fault with any established order of things, but how difficult to arrive at a true judgment of its nature and worth.

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject, but the secret lets and difficulties which in publike proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgement to consider.

The statelinese of houses, the goodlines of trees when we behold them delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one,

that root which ministreth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosome of the earth concealed ; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary then pleasant both to them which undertake it and for the lookers on. In like maner the use and benefite of good lawes all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first originall causes from whence they have sprong be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the lawes which they should obey are corrupt and vitious, for better examination of their qualitie, it behooveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountaine of them to be discovered.

The friends and defenders of the Church of England are challenged, and he accepts the challenge :

The lawes of the Church whereby for so many ages together we have beene guided in the exercise of Christian religion and the service of the true God, our rites, customes, and orders of ecclesiasticall government are called in question. We are accused as men that will not have Christ Jesus to rule over them ; but have wilfully cast his statutes behinde their backs, hating to be reformed and made subject to the scepter of his discipline. Behold therefore we offer the lawes whereby we live unto the generall tryal and judgement of the whole world ; hartely beseeching Almighty God, whom wee desire to serve according to his owne will, that both we and others (all kinde of partiall affection being cleane laid aside) may have eyes to see and harts to embrace the things that in his sight are most acceptable.

He treats first, with the deepest reverence, the eternal law which rules the operations of God :

Dangerous it were for the feeble braine of man to wade farre into the doings of the most High ; whome although to knowe be life, and joy to make mention of his name ; yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him ; and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confesse without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatnes above our capacitie and reach. He is above and we upon earth ; therefore it behoveth our wordes to be wary and fewe.

In the last section of the book he sums up the kinds of law of which he has treated :

Thus farre therefore we have endeavoured in part to open, of what

nature and force lawes are, according unto their severall kindes; the lawe which God with himselfe hath eternally set downe to follow in his owne workes; the law which he hath made for his creatures to keepe; the law of naturall and necessarie agents; the law which angels in heaven obey; the lawe whereunto by the light of reason, men finde themselves bound, in that they are men; the lawe which they make by composition for multitudes and politique societies of men to be guided by; the lawe which belongeth unto each nation; the lawe that concerneth the fellowship of all; and lastly the lawe which God himselfe hath supernaturally revealed.

He closes the first book with this magnificent sentence :

Wherefore that here we may briefly end : of lawe there can be no lesse acknowledged then that her seate is the bosome of God, her voyce the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth doe her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels, and men, and creatures of what condition soever though each in different sort and maner, yet all with uniforme consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER, the poet whom all succeeding poets have loved and learned from, was, like his great predecessor Chaucer, a Londoner. In one of his latest poems he speaks of

Merry London, my most kindly nurse
That to me gave this life's first native source
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of ancient fame.

Of his family little or nothing is known, but he was in some way related to the noble family of the Spencers. 'The nobility of the Spencers,' says Gibbon, 'has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the "Fairy Queen" as the most precious jewell of their coronet.'

Spenser was born about 1552, and was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, and he afterwards went to Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he remained from 1569 to 1576. During these years his great contemporary Hooker was pursuing his happy course of study at Oxford, while Shakspeare was still at the Stratford Grammar School, and watching with delight the players at Kenilworth or Coventry.

While at Cambridge Spenser formed a warm and lasting friendship with Gabriel Harvey, a pedantical literary man of some note in Elizabeth's reign. Harvey, with other literary men, was very desirous that English poetry should be written in classical metres, and he made many experiments of this kind, and persuaded Spenser to do the like. But the poet felt that the genius of the English language was unsuited for such metres, and he gently ridiculed verses which seemed 'like a lame gosling that draweth one leg after her.'

After leaving Cambridge Spenser spent some time in the North of England, and there he wrote 'The Shepherds Calender,' a work which gained for him immediate and hearty recognition as 'the new poet,' the first real successor to old Chaucer. The 'Calender' is a pastoral poem in twelve eclogues, one for each month in the year. Theocritus among the Greeks and Virgil among the Latins were the models in this kind of writing, and Tasso had recently written a beautiful pastoral poem, 'Aminta.'

The joys and sorrows of shepherd swains are the subjects of Spenser's poem, but real persons and real conditions of society are veiled under a transparent

allegory. Elizabeth is the 'Queen of shepheards all,' and her father, Henry VIII., is Pan, the god of shepherds. The praises of the queen are thus celebrated :

Ye daynty Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
 Doe bathe your brest,
 Forsake your watrie bowres, and hether looke
 At my request :
 And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
 Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
 Help me to blaze
 Her worthy praise
 Which in her sexe doth all excell
 See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
 (O seemely sight !)
 Yelad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
 And ermines white :
 Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
 With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set ;
 Bay leaves betweene,
 And primroses greene
 Embellish the sweete Violet.

In another eclogue the luxurious idle clergy are described as false shepherds :

Their sheepe han crustes, and they the bread ;
 The chippes, and they the chere :
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
 (O, seely sheepe the while !)
 The corne is theyrs, let other thresh,
 Their handes they may not file.
 They han great stores and thriftye stockes,
 Great freendes and feeble foes ;
 What need hem caren for their flocks,
 Their boyes can looke to those.

Spenser himself appears as Colin Clout, a shepherd lad in love with Rosalinde, a shepherdess who rejects his suit :

I love thilke lasse, (alas ! why doe I love ?)
And am forlorne, (alas ! why am I lorne ?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rural musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake
And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

The 'Shepheards Calender' appeared in 1579, without the author's name, and with a dedication to Philip Sidney.

Goe, little booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of chevalree.

Through the interest and friendship of Sidney, Spenser was introduced at court, and in 1580 he went as secretary with Lord Grey of Wilton to Ireland, and in that country he spent the rest of his life, except a few brief intervals, and there he wrote his greatest work, the 'Faerie Queene.' Lord Grey was recalled in 1582, and he left behind him a terrible name for pitiless severity, but Spenser years afterwards, in an interesting paper discussing the insoluble Irish question, writes of him as

The good Lord Grey, most gentle, affable, loving, and temperate; always known to be a most just, sincere, godly, and right noble man, far from sternness, far from unrighteousness.

The poet received a share in the forfeited lands of rebels, and in 1586 he settled at Kilcolman Castle in Cork, under the Galtee Hills, close to the river Awbeg, which he celebrates as the Mulla. In one of the sonnets prefixed to the 'Faerie Queene,' Spenser speaks of his work as

A simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl hath bred ;
Which being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd.

And nowhere so well as in Ireland could the poet see the trackless forests through which his knights errant wandered.

‘The curse of God was so great [says a contemporary], and the land so barren of man and beast, that whosoever did travel from one end to the other of all Munster should not meet man, woman, or child, saving in cities or towns, nor yet see any beast, save foxes, wolves, or other ravening beasts. This is the desolation through which Spenser’s knights pursue their solitary way or join company as they can. To read of Raleigh’s adventures with the Irish chieftains, his challenges and single combats, his escapes at fords and woods is like reading bits of the Faery Queen in prose.’¹

Spenser had been brought in Ireland into close connection with Raleigh, and, prefixed to the ‘Faerie Queene,’ there is a letter addressed to him in which the scope and intention of the poem are described :

The generall end of the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. And as Homere in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis, so I labour to pourtraict in Arthure before he was king, the image of a brave knight perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised. In the Faerie Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene and her kingdome in Faery land. So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue is the perfection of all the rest and containeth in it them

¹ Church.

all. But of the xii other vertues I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history ; of which these three books contain three. The first of the knight of the Red Crosse, in whome I expresse Holynes ; the seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forthe Temperaunce ; the third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity.

The 'Faerie Queene,' to be enjoyed, must be read in whole passages, for short extracts give a very imperfect idea of its manifold beauties. Two pictures may, however, be given, both from the first book.

The Lady Una, the type of the true Church, has been bereft by enchantment of her protecting knight, and she wanders forlorn.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight ;
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight :
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.
 It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have att once devourd her tender corse
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.
 In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
 As he her wronged innocence did weest.
 O, how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion ;
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

Meanwhile the beguiled Redcross knight has been led by Duessa (the false Church) to the palace of Pride, and this goddess comes forth.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
 Adornèd all with gold and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime ;
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
 Great Junoes golden chayre ; the which, they say,
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To Joves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
 Drawne of fayre Pecoocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.
 But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde
 Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde :
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin ;
 Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monck, the service to^hbegin.
 And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne.
 His belly was upblowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne ;
 And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,
 With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne :
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In 1589 the first three books were finished, and in the summer of that year Raleigh came to Kilcolman, read the new poem, recognised its splendid merit, and persuaded Spenser to come with him to London. There he read parts of his poem to the queen, who was so pleased with the glowing pictures which the poet had drawn of her as Belphebe, or Gloriana, or Cynthia, that

she gave him a pension of 50*l.* a year. In 1590 the book was published, and was received with a chorus of praise.

In 1591 Spenser was back again at Kilcolman, and in his poem of 'Colin Clouts come home again' he tells under a very transparent allegory the story of his visit to court with Raleigh the 'Shepherd of the Ocean.'

In 1594 the poet was married, and he celebrated the event with his 'Epithalamium,' a poem of over four hundred lines and the most magnificent marriage ode in any language.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimson dyde in grayne:
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seemes more fayre,
The more they on it stare.

Two sons were born to him, and their names, Sylvanus and Peregrine, seem to show that Spenser in Ireland still regarded himself as an exile from home.

The next three books of the 'Faerie Queene' were published in 1596, but though they contain many beauties they are not equal in interest to the first three books.

After the poet's death a fragment of a seventh book was published, and in it there is the charming picture of the procession of the seasons and the months.

In 1598 another and more terrible Irish rebellion broke out, and Spenser was overwhelmed by it. Kilkolman was burnt, and the poet and his wife scarcely escaped with their lives, while an infant perished in the flames. He came to London a broken, ruined man, and in January 1599 he died broken-hearted in King Street.

Spenser has been called the poet of poets. Milton owes much to him ; Cowley and Dryden call him master ; Thomson copied his stanza, and his influence is seen in Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats. All men praise the delicious harmony of his verses.

‘ Spenser is the poet of our waking dreams ; and he has invented not only a language, but a music of his own for them. The undulations are infinite, like those of the waves of the sea ; but the effect is still the same, lulling the senses into a deep oblivion of the jarring noises of the world from which we have no wish to be ever recalled.’ ¹

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA.

As we are now approaching the period of Shakspeare’s appearance in English literature it may be well to glance at the condition of the English stage and drama before his time. As early as the eleventh century we hear of the life of St. Catharine being exhibited in the Abbey of Dunstable, and plays of the Passion were performed in Coventry and other monasteries. The players were the monks and choristers, and the times chosen were those of the great festivals of the Church.

¹ Hazlitt.

At a later date these miracle or mystery plays were also performed by the guilds of various cities. Thus we find—

The playes of Chester called the Whitson playes weare the worke of one Rondell, a moncke of the abbaye of Sainte Warburghe in Chester, who redused the whole historye of the bible into Englishe storyes in metter in the Engishe tounge. Then the firste mayor of Chester he caused the same to be played: the manner of which playes was thus:—they weare divided into 24 pagiantes according to the companyes of the cittie; and every companye broughte forth the theire pagiant, which was the cariage or place which they played in. These pagiantes or carige was a hyghe place made like a howse with 2 rowmes beinge open on the tope; in the lower rowme theie apparrelled and dressed themselves and in the higher rowme theie played, and theie stode upon VI wheeles.

So at Coventry as late as 1591, at the Feast of Corpus Christi, the bible story was exhibited with much magnificence by the guilds, and the whole series of forty-three plays has been preserved. The men and women of Coventry had also from very early times performed annually their 'storial play' of Hock Tuesday, in commemoration of the overthrow of the Danes on St. Brice's Day in 1002. When Elizabeth visited Kenilworth in 1575 the people of Coventry begged to be allowed to perform their play before her, and the queen gave them leave. Kenilworth is not far from Stratford, and Shakspeare was then in his twelfth year, and it is quite possible that he was there to hear and to enjoy. The Coventry folks also annually exhibited the pageant of the 'Nine Worthies,' and Shakspeare has lovingly commemorated it in the pageant exhibited by the parson, schoolmaster, and pedant to please the lords and ladies in 'Love's Labour's Lost.'

There were also companies of professional players

who were retainers of some nobleman, and who under the protection of his name travelled through the country and gave their entertainments. Thus we find that while Shakspeare was still a boy, Stratford was visited by the 'Queen's players,' the 'Earl of Worcester's players,' and 'my lord of Leicester's players.' A writer who was born in the same year with Shakspeare says :

In the city of Gloucester the manner is when players come to town, they first attend the mayor to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their public playing; and if the mayor likes the actors he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common council of the city, and that is called the mayor's play. At such a play my father took me with him, and made me stand between his legs as he sat upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called the 'Cradle of Security,' wherein was personated a king with his courtiers of several kinds, amongst which three ladies were in special grace with him, and they keeping him in delights and pleasures drew him from hearing of sermons and listening to good council, that in the end they got him to lie down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies joining in a sweet song rocked him asleep that he snorted again. Then came forth of another door two old men, the one in blue with a mace on his shoulder, the other in red with a drawn sword in his hand, and so they two went along in a soft pace till at last they came to the cradle, and then the foremost old man with his mace struck a fearful blow upon the cradle, whereat the courtiers with the three ladies all vanished; and the desolate prince starting up made a lamentable complaint and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate the wicked of the world; the three ladies, pride, covetousness and luxury; and the two old men, the end of the world and the last judgment.

In London the chief players were the choir 'Children of Paules' and the 'Children of the Chapel-royal.' The former body were of ancient standing, but the latter had only recently been formed into a company of players under the leadership of Richard Edwards, a poet, player, and singer of much note in his day. Some of his poems

are preserved in a miscellaneous collection called 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices, and Shakspeare has made use of one of his verses in 'Romeo and Juliet.'

When griping griefes the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then musicke, with her silver sound,
With speedy helpe doth lend redresse.

When Elizabeth visited Oxford in 1566, Edwards with his choir attended her and he composed the play of 'Palamon and Arcite,' for which he gained great praise. He also wrote the play of 'Damon and Pythias,' and probably many others which are now lost. Edwards died in this same year 1566, and the poet Turbervile wrote his epitaph.

Ye learned Muses nine,
And sacred sisters all;
Now lay your cheerful cithrons downe
And to lamenting fall.
For he that led the daunce,
The chiefest of your traine—
I mean the man that Edwards height—¹
By cruel death is slaine.

Before the erection of established theatres in London plays were acted in the yards of inns, such as the Bell Savage on Ludgate Hill, the Cross Keys in Gracechurch Street, and the Bull in Bishopsgate Street. But the feelings of the Puritans were strong against the stage, and in 1575 players were expelled from the City, and then theatres were built beyond the 'liberties.' The changes in religion had doubtless unsettled the faith of many people, and we are told that 'many now were wholly departed from the communion of the Church, and came no more to hear Divine service in their parish churches.'

¹ is named.

For such people the playhouses stood open on the Sundays, and they crowded to them, leaving the churches deserted.

A preacher at St. Paul's Cross in 1578 says—

Wyll not a fylthye playe, wyth the blast of a trumpette, sooner call thyther a thousande, than an houres tolling of a bell bring to the sermon a hundred? Nay, even heere in the Citie, without it be at this place and some other certaine ordinarie audience, where shall you finde a reasonable company? Whereas, if you resort to the Theatre, the Curtayne and other places, you shall on the Lord's day have these places with many others that I can not reckon, so full as possible they can throng.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

A LITTLE band of talented men—Lyly, Greene, Lodge, Nash, Peele, and Marlowe—were the immediate predecessors of Shakspeare, and they laid the foundations of the romantic drama, which the great master was to enrich with his wonderful creations. They were all men of learning, University wits, but they cast away the trammels of the unities of place and time, which belonged to the classical drama; and by so doing they grieved men of fine taste like Sidney, who wished that English dramas should be written on the model of Seneca.

Where the stage should always represent but one place and one day, here is both many dayes and many places unartificially imagined. You shal have Asia of the one side and Affrick of the other and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player when he commeth in, must ever begin with telling where he is; or els the tale will not be conceived. Now ye shal have three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then ye must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, and then wee are to blame, if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the backe of that comes out a hidious monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bounde to take it

for a Cave. While in the meantime two armies flye in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what harde heart will not receive it for a pitched felde ? ¹

Of these writers Marlowe was by far the greatest, and he is probably the only one to whom Shakspeare is greatly indebted. His blank verse, which Ben Jonson describes as 'Marlowe's mighty line,' is regarded as a distinct creation, and Shakspeare himself has not excelled his finest passages.

Marlowe was born at Canterbury in the same year (1564) with Shakspeare, but a few months earlier. His father was a shoemaker, but the boy was sent to the King's School in Canterbury, and from thence to Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1583. Of the next few years of his life nothing certain is known, and some think that he came to London and was an actor, others that he went with Sidney to the wars in the Netherlands.

But in 1588 his first great drama of 'Tamburlaine the Great' was performed by the 'Players of the Earl of Worcester,' and the hero's part was taken by the famous actor Alleyn, who afterwards founded Dulwich College.

This play of the young poet is very extravagant both in plot and language, and Nash speaks of its 'swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse,' but it is filled with magnificent passages and became immensely popular.

The hero himself is thus described :

His loftie browes in foldes do figure death
And in their smoothnesse amitie and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber haire,
Wrappèd in curles, as fierce Achilles' was,

¹ *Apology for Poetrie.*

On which the breath of Heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majestie.

And he thus expresses confidence in his own fortunes :

I hold the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,
And with my hand turne Fortune's wheel about :
And sooner shall the sun fall from his spheare,
Than Tamburlaine be slaine or overcome.

After one of his early triumphs he exultingly cries :

' And ride in triumph through Persepolis ! '
Is it not brave to bee a king, Techelles ?
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
' And ride in triumph through Persepolis ' ?

In the following fine passage Marlowe seems to be expressing in the person of his hero his own boundless desires :

Nature, that framed us of foure elements
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspyring minds :
Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And alwaies moving as the restles spheares,
Will us to weare ourselves and never rest
Untill we reach the ripest fruite of all.

Tamburlaine has taken as his wife Zenocrate, the daughter of the Soldan of Damascus, who himself will not submit to the conqueror. Zenocrate loves Tamburlaine, but she grieves for her father and for the ruin which threatens him, and the hero is drawn by the conflicting feelings of love for his wife and for dominion.

Ah, faire Zenocrate ! divine Zenocrate !
Faire is too foule an epithete for thee,
That in thy passion for thy countries love,
And feare to see thy kingly father's harm,

With haire discheveld wipst thy watery cheeks ;
And, like to Flora in her mornings pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the aire,
Rainst on the earth resolvèd pearle in showers
And sprinklest sapphyrs on thy shining face.

When at last she dies he thus addresses her dead body :

Where'ere her soule be, thou shalt stay with me,
Embalmed with cassia, ambergris, and myrre,
Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interred.
Then in as rich a tombe as Mausolus'
We both will rest and have an epitaph
Writ in as many severall languages
As I have conquered kingdomes with my sword.
This cursèd towne will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereaved me of my love ;
The houses, burnt, will looke as if they mourned ;
And here will I set up her statue,
And march about it with my mourning campe
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.

Soon after 'Tamburlaine' appeared 'The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus,' a play which Goethe greatly admired and which he had thoughts of translating. It is marked by the same beauties and extravagances as Marlowe's earlier play. Faustus thus speaks of what he will do by the powers of magic :

Shal I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Performe what desperate enterprise I will ?
I'll have them flye to India for gold,
Ransacke the ocean for orient pearle,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruites and princely delicates ;
I'll have them reade mee strange philosophie
And tell the secrets of all forraine kings ;
I'll have them wall all Jermamy with brass,

And make swift Rhine circle faire Wertemberge;
 I'll have them fill the publike schooles with silk,
 Wherewith the students shal be bravely clad;
 I'll levy soldiers with the coyne they bring
 And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
 And raigne sole king of all our provinces.

In a later scene Helen of Troy is called up at Faustus' desire.

Was this the face that lancht a thousand shippes
 And burnt the toplesse towres of Ilium?
 Sweete Helen, make me immortall with a kisse.
 Her lips sucke forth my soule; see where it flies!
 Come, Helen, come, give mee my soule againe.
 Here wil I dwel, for Heaven is in these lips
 And all is drosse that is not Helena.
 Oh! thou art fairer then the evening aire
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres!
 Brighter art thou then flaming Jupiter
 When he appeard to haplesse Semele:
 More lovely then the monarke of the skie
 In wanton Arethusa's azurde arms!

Marlowe wrote two other fine plays, 'The Jew of Malta' and 'Edward II.,' besides fragments of one or two others. He is believed to be the author of portions of the 'Henry VI.' and possibly of some other of Shakspeare's earliest plays. He also wrote a fine poem, 'Hero and Leander,' from which Shakspeare quotes one line in 'As you like it.'

Dead Shepheard! now I find thy saw of might.
 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

Izaak Walton also claims the following pretty song as Marlowe's, though it is commonly attributed to Shakspeare.

Come live with me and be my love
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields
 And all the craggy mountaines yields.

There will we sit upon the rockes
And see the shepheards feede their flocks,
By shallow rivers by whose falles
Melodious birds sing madrigales.
There will I make a bed of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle ;
A gowne made of the finest wooll
Which from our pretty lambes we pull,
Faire lined slippers for the cold
With buckles of the purest gold ;
A belt of straw and ivie buds,
With corral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Marlowe was a man of wild, reckless life, and he has been accused, though on very insufficient evidence, of holding atheistical and blasphemous opinions. In May of 1593 he was stabbed by a serving man in a tavern brawl in Deptford, and to him, thus miserably cut off in the still opening flower of his life, we may apply the words of his own chorus :

Cut is the branch that might have growne ful straight
And burnèd is Apolloes laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone !

SHAKSPERE.

Shakspere's youth.—William Shakspere was born in April 1564, in the pleasant old country town of Stratford-on-Avon. His father, John Shakspere, was bailiff, or chief magistrate, of Stratford in 1568, and his mother, Mary Arden, belonged to one of the oldest War-

wickshire families, and she brought to her husband a tiny estate of arable and pasture land and a house. John Shakspeare had land of his own, and rented more, and he cultivated the land and sold the produce, and the stories of his being a butcher, or wool merchant, or glover, may be dismissed as worthless.

The boy William was sent to the Free Grammar School in Stratford, and when he was a man he was less learned than his brother authors in London, many of whom were University men. 'He had small Latine and lesse Greeke,' says Ben Jonson. But he was receiving from Nature a higher teaching than any he could gain from books. The neighbourhood of Stratford is a smiling, pleasant country through which the Avon flows peacefully—

Making sweet musicke with the enameld stones,
Giving a gentle kisse to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.¹

Pretty hamlets—Wilmcote, Binton, Shotttery, Charlcote, and many others—lie within easy distance, and we may be sure he knew them all. 'Images of mead and grove, of dale and upland, of forest depths, of quiet walks by gentle rivers, spread themselves without an effort over all his writings. The sports, the festivals of the secluded hamlet are presented by him with all the charms of an Arcadian age, but with a truthfulness that is not found in Arcadia. He wreaths all the flowers of the field in his delicate chaplets.'

O Proserpina,
For the flowres now, that, frightened, thou lettst fall
From Dysses waggon! daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take

¹ *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

The windes of March with beauty ; violets, dim
 But sweeter then the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath.¹

In 1578, when William was fourteen years old, his father appears to have become greatly reduced in circumstances, for he mortgaged his wife's land, and he was unable to meet certain claims made upon him. There were then living five children, of whom William was the eldest boy, and probably for some years to come he worked with his father on the farm. There is also a tradition that he was engaged in a notary's office ; and it is noticed that in his writings he makes use of many technical legal terms and expressions, and always with the nicest accuracy.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I *summon* up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new waile my deare times' waste.

Again in another sonnet :

Oh that you were yourselfe ! but, love, you are
 No longer yours than you yourself here live :
 Against this comming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in *lease*
 Find no *determination* ; then you were
 Yourselfe again, after yourselves decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweete forme should bear.

But too much stress must not be laid upon this argument, for there is no art or profession which Shakspeare has not laid under contribution for his beautiful and expressive similes.

In November 1582, while still a youth of eighteen, William married Anne Hathaway, from the village of

¹ *Winter's Tale.*

Shottery, and a daughter, Susannah, was born to them the next year. His wife was seven years his senior, and there are reasons for thinking that Shakspeare regretted this hasty and apparently ill-assorted match.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herselfe ; so weares she to him,
So swayes she leuell in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddie and infirme,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worne,
Then women's are.¹

In 1585 two more children, twins, a boy and girl, Hamnet and Judeth, were born to Shakspeare, and some time afterwards—perhaps the next year—he went to seek his fortune in London, leaving his wife and children with his father and mother in Stratford.

Shakspeare in London.—A very old tradition states, ‘This William, being naturally inclined to poetry and acting, came to London—I guess about eighteen—and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well.’ A later tradition runs, ‘He was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London,’ connecting his leaving with a story of deer-stealing at Charlcote. We know that three companies of players visited Stratford in 1584, and we may well believe that the young Shakspeare felt moved to follow their example. In 1587 the ‘Queen’s Players’ visited Stratford, and perhaps Shakspeare was already enrolled among them, and in 1589 his name appears in a list of sixteen who are described as ‘Her Majesty’s poor players, and all of

¹ *Twelfth Night.*

them sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse.' Of the sixteen, two, Richard Burbadge and William Kempe, were the Garrick and Grimaldi of that age, and two others, Thomas Greene and George Peele, were dramatic writers of some note.

This company of the 'Queen's Players,' which was known at first as the 'Servants of the Earl of Leicester,' received royal letters patent in 1574, and in 1576 they erected the Blackfriars Theatre, just outside the city walls, and here Shakspeare's earliest plays, his 'Henry VI.,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and others, were exhibited.

We may be sure that Shakspeare's success was not welcome to all of his fellow-poets, and one of them speaks thus of him :

There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tygers heart wrapt in a players hide*,¹ supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of us, and is in his owne conceit the onely *Shake-scene* in a country.

Robert Greene, the writer of these lines, was a man of genius but of most wild life, a Master of Arts of both Universities, and a writer of plays and pretty prose romances in the style of Lyly's 'Euphues.' He died in 1592 in poverty and misery, and it is thought Shakspeare dropt a tear to his memory in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' :

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning late deceased in beggary.

Greene's prose romances were, in their way, beautiful, and were very popular, and Shakspeare has closely followed the plot of one of them in creating his 'Winter's Tale.'

¹ 'Oh, tygers heart wrapt in a woman's hide.' (*Henry VI.*, Pt. iii.)

In 1591 one greater than Greene, the poet Spenser, in his poem of the 'Tears of the Muses,' speaks thus :

*He, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock herselfe and truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late,
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is also deaded and in dolour drent.*

Instead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie
And scornful Follie, with Contempt, is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie,
Without regard or due decorum kept ;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learned's taske upon him take.

*But that same gentle spirit from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.*

There are difficulties about accepting this as a picture of Shakspeare at so early a date, but it seems impossible to refer these beautiful lines to anyone else. In the period 1589-90 the Martin Marprelate controversy was raging, and the opposing parties attacked each other bitterly with plays and pamphlets, and Shakspeare may have felt that the time was unpropitious for the reception of any new works of his.

In 1594 a second or summer theatre, the Globe on Bankside, was built for the 'Queen's Players,' and in the same year Shakspeare dedicated his poem of 'Lucrece' to the young Earl of Southampton. In the previous year he dedicated his 'Venus and Adonis' to the same patron, who is reported to have given him 'a thousand pounds

to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to.'

While Shakspeare was thus prospering we are told that he went every year to Stratford, and in 1597 he bought a house there called New Place, and in 1602 he made a purchase of land, and was looking forward to the time when he should retire and end his days in peace there.

In 1598 a writer, Francis Meres, bears witness to the growing fame of Shakspeare.

As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for Comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love labours wonne*, his *Midsummers night dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for Tragedy *Richard the 2*, *Richard the 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

In the same year, too, began his intimate friendship with Ben Jonson, whose play of 'Every Man in his Humour' was brought out by the 'Queen's Players,' Shakspeare taking a part. From this time must date the wit contests of which Fuller speaks.

Many were the wit contests betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man of war: Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow, in his performances. Shakespeare with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention.

The closing years of Elizabeth's reign were times of trouble for Shakspeare's friend and patron the Earl of Southampton, and the poet was doubtless saddened thereby. He had also his own domestic griefs; his only son had died, and in 1601 his father was taken from him. The works that probably belong to this period, the

'Hamlet,' 'Measure for Measure,' 'Timon,' 'As you like it,' 'Lear,' and others, are marked by an air of sadness and weariness of the world.

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now
That beare a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present.¹

The accession of the new king, James I., brought new fame and dignity to Shakspeare. Southampton was released from prison; the 'King's Players' were frequently called to the Court, and Shakspeare's plays were those most frequently performed. But the poet himself probably soon afterwards retired from London, though we do not know the exact year.

In 1607 his daughter Susannah was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician of Stratford, and in 1608 a daughter, Elizabeth, was born to them. In this year Mary Shakspeare, the poet's mother, died, having lived to see and enjoy her son's great fame. After a few quiet, uneventful years, spent with his wife and children among the scenes of his childhood, the great poet died on April 23, 1616, a day which is thought to be his birthday. His wife outlived him and died in 1623.

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

So little is certainly known of Shakspeare's life, and so completely does he withdraw himself from view in his wonderful creations, that his sonnets are regarded with peculiar interest, for they seem to refer to real incidents

¹ *Henry VIII.*

in the poet's life, and to reveal some of his own personal joys and sorrows.

Scorn not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours ; *with this key*
*Shakespeare unlocked his heart.*¹

But these sonnets are shrouded in mystery. Their extreme beauty is apparent to all, but the order in which they should be arranged and the person or persons to whom they refer are quite unknown.

In 1598 Francis Meres wrote :

As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare ; witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, *his sugared sonnets among his private friends.*

In 1609 the sonnets, one hundred and fifty-four in number, were published, but apparently without Shakspeare's sanction or assistance, and the publisher probably gathered and arranged them as best he could. They are dedicated 'To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H.,' whom many believe to be William Herbert, the young Earl of Pembroke, the nephew of Philip Sidney. Others believe that W. H. is a disguise for H. W., that is, Henry Wriothsley, the young Earl of Southampton, Shakspeare's noble friend and patron, to whom he dedicated the 'Venus and Adonis' and the 'Lucrece.'

It appears almost certain that a considerable number of the sonnets are addressed to some high-born and beautiful youth in whose society Shakspeare took delight, finding in it a welcome relief from the base and degrading surroundings of his calling.

¹ Wordsworth.

O, for my sake doe you with Fortune chide,
 The guiltie goddesses of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
Than publick meanes, which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it workes in, like the dyer's hand :
 Pitty me then, and wish I were renewed ;
 Pitty me then, deare friend, and I assure yee,
 Even that your pittie is enough to cure me.

In one of the sonnets he celebrates the beauty of his friend with an excess of praise, which was in the manner of the time and which seems due to Italian influence.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beautie making beautifull old rime,
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beautie as you master now
 So all their prayses are but prophesies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
 And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
 For we, which now behold these present dayes,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

In another sonnet he says that the charms of spring and summer have no power to please while his friend is absent.

From you I have beene absent in the spring,
 When proud-pide Aprile, drest in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything ;
 That heavie Saturn laught and leapt with him.
 Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in hew,

Could make me any sommer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew,
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shaddow I with these did play.

In another he says that the thought of his absent friend can charm away sorrow.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new waille my deare times' waste.
 Then can I drowne an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's datelesse night,
 And weepe afresh love's long-since canceld woe,
 And moane th' expense of many a vanisht sight.
 But if the while I thinke on thee, deare friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrowes end.

In several of the sonnets he playfully urges his friend to marry.

When fortie winters shall besiege thy brow,
 And digge deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youthes proud livery, so gazed on now,
 Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held :
 Then, being askt where all thy beautie lies,
 Where all the treasure of the lusty dayes ;
 To say, within thine owne deepe-sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.
 How much more praise deserved thy beauties use,
 If thou couldst answer—' This faire child of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,'
 Prooving his beautie by succession thine !
 This were to be new-made, when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warme when thou feelst it cold.

In a sonnet of great beauty the poet describes plaintively the approach of age which is stealing upon him.

That time of yeare thou maist in mee behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few doe hang
 Upon those boughes which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
 Death's second selfe, that seales up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SHAKSPERE'S EARLIER PLAYS.

THE true chronology of Shakspeare's plays cannot now be determined exactly. Had the poet's life been spared a few years longer he would perhaps have prepared a full and authoritative edition of his works. As it is, the first edition of his collected plays appeared seven years after his death, and in the burning of the Globe Theatre in 1613 probably many of his original manuscripts perished.

It is true a considerable number of single plays were published during Shakspeare's lifetime, but probably without his sanction or assistance, for the editors of the first folio edition of 1623 say, 'Before, you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them.'

One of Shakspeare's very earliest plays is thought to be the 'Henry VI.,' of which there are now Parts I., II., and III. The second and third parts are recastings of two older plays, 'The First Part of the Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster,' and 'The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York,' and it is thought that Greene,

Marlowe, and Shakspeare were the joint authors of these old plays, and that a year or two later Shakspeare, aided perhaps by Marlowe, revised them, omitting and altering many lines of the old plays, and adding nearly three thousand new lines.

Some have thought that Shakspeare had no hand in the composition of the old plays, but the humorous scenes in which Jack Cade appears bear Shakspeare's stamp, and they appear in the older plays, though not in so full a form as in the later ones.

FIRST PART OF THE 'CONTENTION.'

Thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar school to infect the youth of the realme; and against the king's crowne and dignity thou hast built up a paper mill; nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keepst men in thy house that daily read of bookes with red letters, and talk of a noun and verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it. And besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up; only for which cause they were most worthy to live.

'HENRY VI.' PART II.

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realme in erecting a grammar schoole; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other bookes but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and contrary to the king his crowne and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee, that usually talke of a noun and a verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poore men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not reade, thou hast hanged them; when indeede onely for that cause they have beene most worthy to live.

It is thought Shakspeare soon afterwards, and while still under the influence of Marlowe's companionship,

wrote his 'Richard III.,' for the fierce energy and unbridled wickedness of Richard is in the manner of the author of 'Tamburlaine' and 'Faustus.'

'Richard II.' is a less powerful work than 'Richard III.,' but in it Shakspeare entered on a path more natural to his own genius, with more of beauty and less of violence, and before the close of the century he had completed with 'Henry IV.' and 'Henry V.' his fine series of English chronicle plays. 'Henry VIII.' belongs to a later time, and is only in part the work of Shakspeare.

These plays among their many great beauties contain fine passages which breathe a noble spirit of patriotism, as in the dying speech of Gaunt.

This royall throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy-paradise ;
This fortresse, built by Nature for herselfe,
Against infection and the hand of warre ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moate defensive to a house,
Against the envy of lesse happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realme, this England,
This nurse, this teeming wombe of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as farre from home
(For Christian service, and true chivalrie)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jury
Of the world's ransome, blessed Maries Sonne ;
This land of such deere soules, this deere, deere land
Is now leased out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farme.

Meanwhile Shakspeare had been writing a series of beautiful comedies, beginning probably with 'Love's

Labour's Lost' and the 'Comedy of Errors,' and leading up through the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and the 'Merchant of Venice' to 'Much Ado about Nothing' and 'Twelfth Night.' The tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet' also belongs to this early period, and in some of these plays there is an outpouring of beautiful fancies so great as to be almost a defect, and we account the plays 'poetical rather than dramatic, because the indescribable profusion of imaginative poetry overpowers our senses till we can hardly observe anything else.'¹

The 'Midsummer Night's Dream' above all abounds with such passages, but we have space for one only. Oberon is sending Puck to bring a flower which has magical properties, and he uses language which seems to have been meant by the poet as a compliment to the virgin queen Elizabeth.

I saw,
Flying betweene the cold moone and the earth,
Cupid all armed ; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire vestall, throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beames of the watery moone ;
And the imperiall votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little westerne flower,—
Before, milke white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idlenesse.
Fetch me that flower.

¹ Hallam.

SHAKSPERE'S LATER PLAYS.

THE plays which Shakspeare wrote from about 1600 onward, though not less beautiful than the earlier ones, are filled with a deeper and sadder meaning. 'There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience. The memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worsen nature—these as they sank down into the depths of his great mind seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of *Lear* and *Timon*, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of *Jaques* (in 'As you like it') gazing with an undiminished serenity on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled duke of the same play, and next, one rather more severe in the duke of 'Measure for Measure.'¹

The mild and saddened wisdom of 'As you like it' is shown in the duke's address to his companions.

Now, my coe-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
 Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
 More free from perill then the envious court?
 Heere feel we not the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference,—as the icie fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's winde,
 Which when it bites and blowes upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 This is no flattery,—these are counsellors
 That feelingly perswade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversitie,
 Which like the toade, ugly and venomous,

¹ Hallam.

Weares yet a precious jewell in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from publike haunt,
 Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

From 'Measure for Measure' we may extract, as illustrating the poet's dissatisfaction with the world and man, Isabella's speech.

Could great men thunder
 As Jove himselfe does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
 For every pelting, petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder.
 Mercifull heaven !
 Thou rather, with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt,
 Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oke,
 Than the soft myrtle : but man, proud man !
 Dresst in a little briefe authoritie,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
 His glassie essence,—like an angry ape,
 Plaies such fantastique tricks before high heaven,
 As make the angels weepe.

And also the sweet but sad little song :

Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworne ;
 And those eyes, the breake of day,
 Lights that doe mislead the morne :
 But my kisses bring againe,
 bring againe,
 Seales of love, but sealed in vaine,
 sealed in vaine.

To this period of Shakspeare's life belong the noble series of plays on Roman history—'Julius Cæsar,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and 'Coriolanus'; and also the four great tragedies—'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Lear,' and 'Macbeth'—which are undoubtedly the master-pieces of Shakspeare's wonderful genius.

This period of unrest and mental struggle seems to

have passed away, and in 'The Winter's Tale' and 'The Tempest,' which are perhaps his latest works, the poet seems to return to his earlier manner and to delight in depicting scenes of romantic beauty. Shakspeare was now retired to Stratford, and the village festivals of 'The Winter's Tale' were such as he saw around him and such as he took part in when he was young.

'The Tempest' contains Caliban, one of the most wonderful of Shakspeare's creations, a being so brutish and yet with such touches of imagination.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the lesse,
That burne by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and fertil;
Cursed be I that did so! All the charmes
Of Sycorax, toades, beetles, batts light on you!

And again poor Caliban says:

The isle is full of noyses,
Sounds and sweet aires, that give delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine eares; and sometimes voices
That if I then had waked after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe; and then in dreaming
The clouds methought would open and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked
I cride to dreame againe.

Prospero, the gentle magician who wields such vast powers but uses them for such kindly purposes, may well be taken to symbolise Shakspeare himself, and one or two of his speeches read like the poet's farewell to the world.

Our revels now are ended : these our actors
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into ayre, into thin ayre ;
 And, like the baselesse fabricke of this vision,
 The clowd capt towres, the gorgeous pallaces,
 The solemne temples, the great globe itselfe,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And like this unsubstantiall pageant faded,
 Leave not a racke behinde. We are such stuffe
 As dreames are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleepe.

RALEIGH.

AMONG the band of remarkable men who adorned the court of Elizabeth Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the foremost, but he was famed rather for what he did than for what he wrote. His writings are either graceful poetical trifles, or narratives of travel and adventure dashed off in his intervals of rest, or laborious historical studies with which he sought to relieve the terrible monotony of imprisonment.

He was born in 1552 in Devon, the county of Jewell and Hooker and Drake and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the last of whom was Raleigh's half-brother. Raleigh was at Oxford with Sir Philip Sidney, and it is thought that he then served as volunteer with the Hugonots in France. In 1580 he went with Lord Grey and the poet Spenser to Ireland and took a leading part in the terrible slaughter at Smerwick Bay. He gained much renown in Ireland for valour and judgment, and when he returned to the English court in 1582 he was graciously received by the queen and was her chief favourite for years to come. The story of his spreading

his cloak for her to walk over is well known, and it is said that he wrote on a pane of glass which would catch the queen's eye :

Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall ;

and that she wrote under it :

If thy heart fail thee, then climb not at all.

Riches flowed fast upon him from the queen's bounty, estates both in England and Ireland, grants of the duties upon wine and wool, and much of these riches was expended in expeditions to colonise America.

In the great year 1588 Raleigh helped to beat off the Armada, and he thus speaks of it in a work written a few years later :

It is no marvell that the Spaniard should seeke by false and slanderous pamphlets, advisoers and letters to cover their own losse and to derogate from others their due honours ; seeing they were not ashamed in the yeare 1588 when they perposed the invasion of this land to publish in sundrie languages in print, great victories in wordes which they pleaded to have obtained against this realme. When shortly after it was happily manifested in verie deed to all nations, how their navy which they termed invincible consisting of 240 saile of ships, not onely of their own kingdom but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugall caractes, Florentines and huge hulkes of other countries ; were by thirtie of her Majesties owne shippes of warre and a few of our own merchants beaten and shuffeled together even from the Lizard in Cornwall ; first to Portland where they shamefully left *Don Pedro de Valdes* with his mighty shippe ; from Portland to Cales where they lost *Hugo de Moncado*, and from Cales driven with squibs from their anchors ; were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation they did not in all their sailing rounde about England so much as sink or take one ship barke, pinnes, or cockbote of ours ; or even burnt so much as one sheep cote of this land.

In 1589 Raleigh was in Ireland, and he visited Spenser at Kilcolman, read the early books of the 'Faerie Queene' and persuaded the poet to bring them

to London and lay them before Elizabeth. In the following year the poem was published, and Raleigh prefixed to it the following fine, though somewhat extravagant, sonnet :—

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestal flame
 Was wonte to burne ; and passing by that way,
 To see that burned dust of living fame,
 Whose tumbe faire love, and fairer vertue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene:
 At whose approach the soule of Petrarke wepte,
 And from thenceforth those graces were not seene ;
 For they this queene attended ; in whose steed
 Oblivion laid him downe on Luras herse,
 Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
 And grones of buried ghostes the heavens did perse ;
 Where Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
 And curst th' accesse of that celestially thiefe.

Here also it may be mentioned that the answer to Marlowe's fine song 'Come live with me and be my Love' is said by Izaak Walton to have been written by Raleigh. The last three verses are—

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
 Soon breake, soon wither, soon forgotten
 In folly ripe in reason rotten.
 Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,
 Thy corell clasps and amber studs,
 All these in me no meanes can move
 To come to thee and be thy love.
 But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joyes no date, nor age no neede,
 Then these delights my minde might move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

In 1591 Raleigh wrote a report of the last fight of the 'Revenge' in which his kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville, fell fighting against a host of Spaniards. The ex-

tract referring to the Armada which has been already given is taken from this account, but one other may also be taken.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt; the mastes all beaten over board, all her tackle cut a sunder, her upper worke altogether rased, and in effect evened shes was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence. Syr Richard finding himself in this distresse and unable anie longer to make resistance, having endured in this fiftene houres fight, the assault of fiftene severall Armadoes, all by tournes aboorde him, and that himselfe and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemie who were now all cast in a ring round about him: commanded the master gunner whom he knew to be a most resolute man to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards.

In 1592 Raleigh lost the queen's favour on account of his marriage, and he was excluded from her presence till 1596. In 1595 he went to Guiana to seek the famous city of El Dorado, and on his return he wrote a most interesting account of his voyage and adventures.

He sailed up one of the mouths of the Orinoco and he thus describes the river banks :

On the banks of these rivers were divers sortes of fruits good to eat, flowers and trees of that variety as were sufficient to make tenne volumes of herbals. We relieved ourselves many times with the fruits of the countrey and sometimes with fowle and fish. Wee saw birds of all colours, some carnation, some crimson, orange tawny, purple, watchet, and of all other sorts both simple and mixt, as it was unto us a great good passing of the time to beholde them, besides the reliefe we found by killing some store of them with our fowling pieces, without which, having little or no bread and lesse drink, but onely the thicke and troubled water of the river, we had beene in a very hard case.

And he thus describes one of the women of the country :

A cassique that was a stranger had his wife staying at the port where wee anckered and in all my life I have seldome seene a better favoured

woman ; shee was of good stature, with blacke eyes, fat of body, of an excellent countenance, her haire almost as long as herselfe, tied up againe in pretie knots and it seemed shee stood not in that awe of her husband as the rest ; for shee spake and discoursed and dranke among the gentlemen and captaines, and was very pleasant, knowing her owne comelinesse, and taking great pride therein. I have seene a lady in England so like her, as but for the difference of colour I would have sworne might have been the same.

The following account of the drinking customs of El Dorado is from hearsay only :

Those Guianians and also the borderers and all others in that tract which I have seene are marvellous great drunkards, in which vice I thinke no nation can compare with them, and at the times of their solemne feasts when the Emperor carowseth with his captaines, tributaries and governors the maner is thus. All those that pledge him are first stripped naked and their bodies anointed all over with a kind of white balsamm. When they are anointed all over, certeine servants of the Emperor having prepared golde made into fine powder blow it thorow hollow canes upon their naked bodies untill they be all shining from the foot to the head ; and in this sort they sit drinking by twenties and hundreds, and continue in drunkennesse sometimes six or seven dayes together.

When Queen Elizabeth died Raleigh's good fortune was gone. King James received him roughly : ' On my soul, man, I have heard but *rawly* of thee,' and rightly or wrongly he was implicated with Cobham and others in a plot against the king and was condemned to die. His life was spared, but he remained a prisoner in the Tower for twelve years, from December 1603 to January 1616. These weary years he spent in making experiments in chemistry, in distilling cordials, in poring over ancient records, and especially in writing his ' History of the World.' One folio volume only was written, but four were intended, and the history comes down only as far as the wars of the Romans with Antiochus. It is a wearisome book now to read, but its monotony is relieved by

bursts of eloquence of which one of the finest is the invocation to death with which the work closes.

It is death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tels the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant ; makes them crie, complaine, and repent ; yea, even to hate their fore-passed happinesse. He takes the account of the rich and proves him a beggar ; a naked beggar which hath interest in nothing but in the gravell that flls his mouth. He holds a glasse before the eyes of the most beautifull, and makes them see therein their deformitie and rottennesse ; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent just and mightie death ! Whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded ; what none have dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised ; thou hast drawne together all the farre stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words *Hic jacet*.

Raleigh was released from the Tower to go on his last expedition to Guiana, an expedition which went all to ruin, and then came the sad final scene of his life.

‘Raleigh was beheaded in Old Palace yard ; he appeared on the scaffold there about eight o’clock that morning ; an immense crowd, all London and in a sense all England looking on. He had failed of finding Eldorados in the Indies lately ; he had failed, and also succeeded in many things in his time ; he returned home “with his brain and his heart broken” as he said ; and the Spaniards who found King James willing, now wished that he should die. A very tragic scene. Such a man with his head grown gray ; with his strong heart breaking—still strength enough in it to break with dignity. Somewhat proudly he laid his old gray head on the block, as if saying, in better than words, “There then ! ” ’¹

¹ Carlyle.

The following quaint poem was written by Raleigh
'after his condemnation the day before his death':

Give me my Scallop-shell of Quiet,
My staff of Faith to walk upon ;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of Salvation.
My gown of Glory, (Hope's true gage)
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milky hill.
Then the blessed parts we'll travel,
Strow'd with rubies thick as gravel.
Cielings of diamonds, saphire flowers,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heavens bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,
No forg'd accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferr'd, no vain spent journey,
For there Christ is the Kings attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels but no fees.

BACON.

FRANCIS BACON, the greatest intellect save one of the great age of Elizabeth, was born in 1561 at York House in the Strand. His father Sir Nicholas Bacon was the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and the boy Francis was often in the queen's presence and

She delighted much to confer with him and to prove him with questions. Unto whom he delivered himself with that gravity and maturity above his years, that Her Majesty would often term him, 'The

young Lord Keeper.' Being asked by the Queen 'How old he was?' He answered with much discretion, being then but a boy, 'That he was two years younger than Her Majesty's happy reign.' With which answer the Queen was much taken.¹

At the age of twelve he was sent to Cambridge and at sixteen he was admitted an 'Ancient' of Gray's Inn, and he then spent a few years in France. When he was nineteen his father died and his hopes of advancement which appeared so flourishing were blighted, and for years we have a miserable record of efforts to gain the queen's favour baffled again and again. Lord Burleigh and his son Robert Cecil, though they were near kinsmen of Bacon, seemed to distrust him, and he was steadily kept in the background. He had been an earnest student of the law, and he did at last rise to be Lord Chancellor, but it was many years before he mounted the lowest step leading to that great elevation. His originality and the vastness of his intellectual aims may probably have caused practical men of the world to distrust him because they could not understand him, as in our own age appointments requiring the exercise of only moderate powers were refused to Thomas Carlyle.

In an earnest appeal to Lord Burleigh in 1591 Bacon speaks of himself as 'waxing now somewhat ancient; one and thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour glass.' It was not a vulgar ambition that incited him, no mere desire of official advancement, but he rather wished a post that would enable him to produce some work worthy of the queen's acceptance. 'I confess I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends; *for I have taken all knowledge to be my province.*'

¹ Dr. Rawley.

He found one warm friend at Court, the Earl of Essex, but even he could not obtain for Bacon the Attorney-generalship, which was given instead to Edward Coke. Bacon was sorely disappointed, and to comfort him and to relieve his straitened condition Essex gave him an estate worth £1,800. Some half-dozen years later Essex made mad shipwreck of his own fortunes, and one is pained to find Bacon appear as one of the 'Queen's Counsel' against him at his trial. Bacon may have hoped in some degree to have shielded the earl, but it would have been better for his own fame to have appeared for Essex or not at all.

Meanwhile his pen had not been idle and in 1597 appeared the first edition of his famous essays, a kind of writing almost new to English literature. In 1580 the great Frenchman Montaigne had published his celebrated 'Essais,' a work which went through many editions, and which spread at once into all parts of Europe. Antony Bacon, the elder brother of Francis, in 1582 came into personal communication with Montaigne at Bordeaux, and no doubt Francis at an early date read and admired these famous 'Essais.'

Bacon's own essays though suggested by Montaigne's are of a different type, and he has himself described them as

Certaine breif notes, sett down rather significantly then curiously, which I have called *Essaies*. The word is late, but the thing is auncient. For Senecaes Epistles to Lucilius, yf one marke them well, are but *Essaies*. That is dispersed Meditacions, thoughte conveyed in the forme of Epistles.

In this first edition there are but ten of the essays and their order is not the same as in the later editions.

It opens with the fine essay on 'Studies' from which the following are extracts, and the improvements and enlargements of the final edition of 1625 are shown in italics.

Studies serve for pastimes, for ornaments and for abilities. Their chiefe use for pastime is in privatenes and retiring; for ornamente is in discourse and for ability is in judgement. *For expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the generall counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affaires come best from those that are learned.* To spend too much time in *Studies* is slouth, to use them too much for ornament is affectation, to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholler.

They perfect nature and are perfected by experience. *For naturall abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study, and studies themselves doe give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.*

Some bookes are to bee tasted, others to bee swallowed, and some few to bee chewed and digested: that is some bookes are to be read only in partes; others to be read, but cursorily, and some few to bee read wholly and with diligence and attention.

Some bookes also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be onely in the lesse important arguments, and the meaner sort of bookes, else distilled bookes are like common distilled waters; flashy things.

In the same volume with the essays there were joined twelve short Latin pieces of a religious nature called 'Meditationes Sacrae,' and in the second edition, which came forth next year, they were translated under the title of 'Religious Meditations.' The first is 'Of the works of God and man.'

God beheld all things which his hands had made, and lo they were all passing good. But when man turned him about, and tooke a view of the works which his hands had made he found all to be vanitie and vexation of spirit; wherefore if thou shalt worke in the workes of God thy sweat shall bee as an ointment of odours, and thy rest as the Sabbath of God. Thou shalt travaile in the sweate of a good conscience and shalt keepe holyday in the quietnesse and libertie of the sweetest con-

templations. But if thou shalt aspire after the glorious actes of men, thy working shall bee accompanied with compunction and strife, and thy remembrance followed with distaste and upbraidings, and justly doeth it come to pass towards thee (O man) that since thou which art Gods worke doest him no reason in yeelding him well pleasing service, even thine owne workes also should rewarde thee with the like fruit of bitterness.

With the accession of James I. Bacon's fortunes brightened. He was knighted by the king, and though for a few years his advancement was slow it soon grew rapid. In the House of Commons he was a foremost member and in conferences with the Lords or the king he was often chosen to represent the House. Ben Jonson's description of him as an orator is very fine.

There hapn'd in my time, one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. No man ever spoke more neatly, more presly, more weightily, or suffer'd lesse emptinesse lesse idlenesse, in what he utter'd. His hearers could not cough, or looke aside from him, without losse. Hee commanded where hee spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affection more in his power. The feare of every man that heard him was lest hee should make an end.

Bacon now hoped to realise his great scheme of re-ordering and extending the realm of universal knowledge, and in 1605 he presented to the king his two books on 'The Advancement of Learning.' In the introduction he pays a magnificent but extravagant compliment to the king.

I have been touched yea, and possessed with an extreame woonder at those your vertues and faculties, which the philosophers call intellectuall ; the largenesse of your capacitie, the faithfulnessse of your memorie, the swiftnesse of your apprehension, the penetration of your judgement, and the facilitie and order of your elocution ; and I have often thought, that of all the persons living that I have knowne, your Majestie were the best instance to make a man of Platoes opinion that all knowledge is but remembrance, and that the minde of man by nature knoweth all things,

and hath but her owne native and originall notions (which by the strangenesse and darkenesse of this tabernacle of the bodie are sequestered) againe revived and restored; such a light of nature I have observed in your Majestie, and such a readinesse to take flame, and blaze from the least occasion presented or the least sparke of another's knowledge delivered.

He deals in the course of the work with the objection urged against learning and science that it is dangerous.

It is an assured truth and a conclusion of experience, that a little or superficial knowledge of philosophie may encline the minde of man to atheisme, but a further proceeding therein doth bring the mind backe againe to religion; for in the entrance of philosophie when the second causes which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the minde of man, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause; but when a man passeth on further, and seeth the dependance of causes, and the workes of providence; then according to the allegorie of the poets, he will easily beleieve that the highest linke of nature's chaine must needes be tyed to the foote of Jupiter's chaire.

He describes and rejoices in the Revival of Learning of Luther's time, but regrets the undue attention that had been given to the cultivation of mere niceties of language.

Men began to hunt more after wordes than matter; and more after the choisenesse of the phrase, and the round and cleane composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their workes with tropes and figures, than after the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundnesse of argument, life of invention, or depth of judgment.

Then grew the flowing and watrie vein of Osorius the Portugall bishop to be in price. Then did Car of Cambridge, and Ascham with their lectures and writings, almost deifie Cicero and Demosthenes and allure all young men that were studious unto that delicate and polished kinde of learning.

In the second book Bacon made a survey of all the provinces of learning, and in so masterly a manner that the Provost of King's College Cambridge affirmed, 'that when he had read the book "Of the Advancement of

Learning," he found himself in a case to begin his studies anew, and that he had lost all the time of his studying before.'

In later years Bacon rewrote and enlarged this work in Latin, which he called the 'universal language,' and which he regarded as nobler and more certain to last than English. The 'Advancement' in this its Latin form as the 'De Augmentis Scientiarum' is the first part of the 'Instauratio Magna,' and the second part is the famous 'Novum Organum,' of which King James said in jest it was 'like the peace of God which passeth understanding.'

In 1612 a new edition of the Essays was published in a greatly extended form. There were not ten only, but thirty-eight, and the additional ones were in general longer, and with less of the pointed brevity of the early ones.

The following extract is from the essay on 'Marriage and Single Life.'

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impedimentes to great enterprizes either of vertue or of mischief. Certainly the best workes and of greatest merit for the publike, have proceeded from the unmarried or childlesse men which have sought eternitie in memory and not in posteritye, and which both in affection and meanes have marryed and endowed the publike.

Unmarried men are best friendes, best servauntes, not alwaies best subjectes, for they are light to run away and almost all fugitives are of that condicion. A single life is proper for Church men; for Charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a poole. For souldiers I finde the generalls commonlye in their hortatives putt men in minde of their wives and children, and I thinke the despising of Marriage amongst the Turkes maketh the vulgar souldior more base.

In 1616 Bacon became Lord Chancellor, with the title of Baron Verulam, and four years later he fell, being accused and on his own confession convicted of accepting bribes in the administration of justice. Yet it would seem that he had only followed the corrupt practice of that age, and it was never charged against him that he had given unjust judgments. 'I was,' he says, 'the justest judge that was in England these fifty years. But it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years.'

His public life was now over, and he could give himself up more entirely to the fulfilment of his literary and scientific projects. In the very year of his fall he wrote his '*History of Henry VII.*,' a work filled with passages of grave and pleasant irony, and showing as might be expected a deep insight into men and things. On the outbreak of the Symnel rebellion, the Queen Dowager Elizabeth, the widow of Edward, was forced to take refuge in Bermondsey Abbey, and her estates were seized by the king. Hereupon Bacon remarks :

This lady was amongst the examples of great varietie of fortune. Shee had first from a distressed suitor and desolate widdow beene taken in marriage by a batchelour king the goodliest personage of his time; and even in his raigne she had endured a strange eclipse by the king's flight and temporarie depriving from the crowne. Shee was also very happie in that she had by him faire issue and continued his nuptiall love to the very end. After her husband's death she was matter of tragedie, having lived to see her brother beheaded, and her two sonnes deposed from the crowne and cruelly murdered. All this while nevertheless, shee enjoyed her libertie state and fortunes. But afterwards againe upon the rise of the wheele, when she had a king to her sonne in law and was made grandmother to a grandchild of the best sexe; yet was she (upon darke and unknowne reasons, and no lesse strange pretences) precipitated and

banished the world into a nunnerie where it was almost thought dangerous to visit her or see her ; and where not long after she ended her life.

The treatment of the pretender himself after the outbreak was quelled is thus described :

For *Lambert* the king would not take his life, both out of magnanimitie taking him but as an image of wax that others had tempered and moulded ; and likewise out of wisdome thinking that if he suffered death, he would be forgotten too soone ; but being kept alive he would be a continuall spectacle, and a kind of remedie against the like enchantments of people in time to come. For which cause he was taken into service in his court to a base office in his kitchin, so that hee turned a brooch that had worne a crowne. Whereas Fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedie or farce after a tragedy. As to the priest, he was committed close prisoner, and heard of no more ; *the king loving to seale up his owne dangers.*

The more serious rebellion of Perkin Warbeck is thus introduced :

At this time the king began againe to be haunted with sprites by the magicke and curious artes of the Lady Margaret, who raysed up the ghost of Richard Duke of Yorke second sonne to King Edward IV to walke and vex the king. This was a finer counterfeit stone than Lambert Symnell better done, and worne upon greater hands, beeing graced after with the wearing of a king of France and a king of Scotland, not of a Duchesse of Burgundie onely. And for Simnell there was not much in him more than that hee was a handsome boy and did not shame his robes. But this youth was such a Mercuriall as the like hath seldome been knowne, and could make his owne part if at any time hee chanced to bee out.

In 1625 a final and enlarged edition of the essays was issued, and they now numbered fifty-eight. Some of the additional essays are very fine, and one of the finest is that on 'Truth,' from which the following is extracted :

The first creature of God in the workes of the dayes was the light of

the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath worke ever since is the illumination of his spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferiour to the rest, saith yet excellently well; *It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tost upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battaile and the adventures thereof below. But no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth,* (a hill not to be commanded and where the ayre is alwaies cleare and serene) *and to see the errours and wandrings and mists and tempests in the vale below.* So alwaies that this prospect be with pitty and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a mans mind move in Charity, rest in providence and turn upon the poles of truth.

In April of the next year, 1626, Bacon died in Lord Arundel's house in Highgate from the effect of a cold caught while questioning nature according to his wont and testing the power of snow to arrest putrefaction in meat. He was turned sixty-five, but he was still strong and healthy, and looked forward to some years of life to complete the great design which he had sketched.

Old Aubrey in his gossiping account of Bacon says 'His Lordship was a good poet,' but the only poem of his which we possess is one of four verses, of which the first runs thus:

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
 lesse than a span,
 In his conception wretched, from the wombe,
 so to the tombe;
 Curst from the cradle, and brought up to yeares,
 with cares and feares.
 Who then to fraile mortality shall trust,
 But limmes the water, or but writes in dust.

Aubrey also gives the following personal characteristics of Bacon which are interesting :

His Lordship would many times have music in the next roome where he meditated. Every meale, according to the season of the yeare, he had his table strewed with sweet herbes and flowers, which he sayd did refresh his spirits and memorie. He would often drinke a good draught of strong beer to-bed-wards, to lay his working fancy asleep ; which otherwise would keepe him from sleeping great part of the night. He had a delicate, lively hazel eie ; Dr. Harvey told me it was like the eie of a viper.

BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON was born in 1573, and was therefore nine years younger than Shakspeare, to whom he stood nearest of all his fellows in poetical genius, though still so unlike him and so inferior.

He was born in London, but his father and grandfather were men of Annandale, the region which Thomas Carlyle's name has ennobled. The little Benjamin was sent to Westminster School, where Camden, the famous antiquary, was one of the masters, and the poet gratefully makes mention of him—

Camden ! most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know ;

and this is no slight praise, for not more than one or two English poets have been equally learned with Jonson, or have made equally good use of their learning.

From school he went, as some think, to Cambridge for a short time ; but this is very doubtful. Others think that he helped his stepfather (Ben's own father died a

month before the boy was born), who was a bricklayer or builder living in St. Martin's Lane. But it is certain that he soon afterwards enlisted as a soldier and went to the wars in the Netherlands, and in after years he boasted of the deeds of valour he performed there.

At the age of nineteen or twenty he was again in London, and married, and, like Shakspeare, he became an actor, and a writer of plays, or perhaps at first only a mender of old plays. His chief paymaster was Henslowe, who, with Edward Alleyn, was proprietor of the 'Fortune,' the 'Rose,' and other theatres.

In 1598 Jonson quarrelled with a fellow-actor and killed him in a duel in Hoxton Fields, and narrowly escaped hanging in consequence. Henslowe in anger cast him off, but he was kindly received by the Lord Chamberlain's men, and his first great play, 'Every Man in His Humour,' was brought out at the 'Blackfriars' or the 'Globe,' and Shakspeare himself was one of the actors.

This incident affords a pleasing example of Shakspeare's genial and generous nature, for the plan of the new play was not such as he could himself approve. The romantic drama, with its disregard of the unities, with its rapid transitions to distant times and places, was condemned by Jonson, and in each of his chief plays the time of the action is limited to a few hours, and there is but slight change of scene.

In the prologue to 'Every Man in His Humour' Jonson does not hesitate to say that his own plan is the best. He will not, even to gain the applause of the audience,

Make a child, now swadled, to proceede
 Man, and then shoote up, in one beard, and weede
 Past three-score yeeres : or, with three rustie swords,
 And helpe of some few foot-and-halfe foote words
 Fight over Yorke and Lancasters long jarres ;
 And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scarres.
 He rather prayes you will be pleased to see
 One such, to-day, as other playes should be.
 Where neither chorus wates you ore the seas ;
 Nor creaking throne comes downe, the boyes to please ;
 Nor nimble squibbe is seene, to make afear'd
 The gentlewomen ; nor roul'd bullet heard
 To say it thunders ; nor tempestuous drumme
 Rumbles, to tell you when the storme doth come ;
 But deedes, and language, such as men doe use ;
 And persons, such as Comœdie would chuse,
 When she would shew an image of the times,
 And sport with humane follies, not with crimes.

The characters in the play are well drawn, and together they form a very amusing company. There is Edward Knowell the elder, a grave and worthy gentleman living at Hoxton, busied in gardening, and proud of his apricots, but feeling over-anxious about his son, the young Edward, who, with Wellbred, another wild youth, is too fond of a frolic in the taverns of the Old Jewry.

Then there is Master Stephen, a country gull or simpleton, a cousin of Knowell's, who is taken to task by the old gentleman for his foolish behaviour : ' What would you ha' me do ? ' says poor empty-headed Stephen—

What would I have you doe ? I'll tell you, kinsman :
 Learne to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
 That would I have you doe ; and not to spend
 Your coyne on every bable, that you phansie,
 Or every foolish braine, that humors you.
 I would not have you to invade each place,
 Nor thrust yourselve on all societies,

Till men's affections, or your owne desert,
 Should worthily invite you to youre ranke.
 Nor would I, you should melt away your selfe
 In flashing brav'rie, least while you affect
 To make a blaze of gentrie to the world,
 A little puffe of scorne extinguish it,
 And you be left, like an unsav'rie snuffe,
 Whose propertie is only to offend.
 Nor stand so much on your gentilitie,
 Which is an aërie, and meere borrow'd thing
 From dead men's dust and bones, and none of yours
 Except you make or hold it.

The most amusing character in the play is Captain Bobadill, a needy braggart whose mouth is full of strange oaths—'By the foot of Pharaoh!' and the like—and who is greatly admired by Master Stephen, the country gull, and by Master Matthew, the town gull. Master Matthew seeks out the Captain in his dingy lodging, and after some talk the hero says :

Come put on your cloke, and wee'll goe to some private place, where you are acquainted—some taverne or so—and have a bit. What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew ?

Matt. Faith I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least ; but, come. We will have a bunch of redish, and salt to tast our wine ; and a pipe of tabacco to close the orifice of the stomach.

Then when they have reached the 'Wind-mill' tavern, and his heart is warmed with wine, his bragging is wonderful—

O Lord, sir, by St. George, I was the first man that entred the breach : and had I not effected it with resolution, I had beene slaine if I had had a million of lives. They had planted mee three demi-culverings just in the mouth of the breach ; now, sir (as wee were to goe on), their master gunner (a man of no meane skille and marke, you must think) confronts mee with his linstock, readie to give fire : I spying his intendment, discharg'd my petrionel in his bosome, and with these

single armes, my poore rapier, ranne violently upon the Moores that guarded the ordnance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

Bobadill is a great consumer of tobacco.

Body o' me! here's the remainder of seven pounds since yesterday was seven night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado*: did you never take any, Master Stephen?

Stephen. No, truly, sir; but I'll learne to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bobadill. Sir, beleve mee, upon my relation for what I tell you, the world shal not reprove. I have been in the Indies where this herb growes, where neither myselfe, nor a dozen gentlemen more (of my knowledge), have received the tast of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twentie weekes but the fume of this simple onely; therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine.

Later in the play, while walking through the Moorfields, the Captain boasts of his skill in fencing, and of the fierce envy and hatred which he has excited in the breasts of less skilful swordsmen—

They have assaulted me some three, foure, five, six of them together, as I have walkt alone in divers skirts i' the towne as *Turnebull*, *White-chapell*, *Shoreditch*, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the *Exchange*, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie; where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, beleve me.

Then he explains how he might serve the nation if only the Queen knew his worth—

Were I knowne to her Majestie and the Lords—observe me—I would undertake, upon this poore head and life, for the publike benefit of the State, not only to spare the intire lives of her subjects in generall, but to save the one halfe, nay, three parts of her yeerely charge in holding warre, and against what enemy soever. And how would I doe it, think you?

Knowell. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bobadill. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteene more to myselfe, throughout the land; gentlemen they should bee of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character

that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the speciall rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reverso*, your *Staccata*, your *Imbriccato*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto*; till they could all play very neare, or altogether as well as myselfe. This done, say the enemie were fortie thousand strong, we twentie would come into the field the tenth of *March* or thereabouts; and wee would challenge twentie of the enemie; they could not in their honour refuse us: Well we would kill them; challenge twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twentie a day, that's twentie score; twentie score, that's two hundreth; two hundreth a day, five dayes a thousand; fortie thousand; fortie times five, five times fortie, two hundreth dayes kills them all up by computation.

Just in the nick of time, while Bobadill is bragging so gloriously, there comes upon the scene Squire Downright, whom the Captain has insulted earlier in the day, and who now drubs him soundly. After Downright has gone Bobadill murmurs disconsolately:

I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven! sure I was strooke with a planet, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

In 'Every Man in His Humour,' as in most of Jonson's other plays, the characters are intended to exemplify some one peculiarity or humour which by its excess becomes a vice—

When some one peculiar quality
Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confusions, all to runne one way,
This may be truly said to be a Humour.¹

And the poet felt it to be his mission to chastise these pestilent humours—

My strict hand
Was made to ceaze on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongie souls
As licke up every idle vanitie.¹

¹ Prologue to *Every Man out of His Humour*.

Between 1598 and 1614 Jonson wrote a series of nine or ten plays, and four of these—‘The Alchemist,’ ‘Volpone,’ or ‘The Fox,’ ‘The Silent Woman,’ and ‘Bartholomew Fair’—are justly regarded as masterpieces. The ‘Alchemist’ is a powerfully drawn picture of roguery and folly as they existed in the London of Elizabeth’s time. Two cunning rascals, Subtle and Face, one in the character of a magician or astrologer, the other in that of a fine gentleman, delude and fleece a number of dupes. A third companion, Dol Common, appears as a fine lady, or as the Queen of Fairies, or in some such disguise. The play opens with these confederates quarrelling fiercely with each other and making use of the foulest terms of abuse, but they are at peace before the dupes appear.

The first of these is a lawyer’s clerk, who is

The heire to fortie markes a yeere,
Consorts with the small poets of the time,
Is the sole hope of his old grandmother;
That knowes the law, and writes you sixe faire hands,
Is a fine clarke, and has his cyphring perfect,
Will take his oath o’ the Greeke Xenophon,
If need be, in his pocket.

He wishes to receive a charm to aid him in gambling, and they persuade him (after taking from him five angels—all the money he has) that the Queen of Fairies is his aunt, that she kissed him in his cradle, and that after certain solemn ceremonies she will appear to him—

Sir, against one o’clock prepare yourselfe;
Till when you must be fasting, onely take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
Two at your mouth, and one at either eare;
Then bath your finger endes and wash your eyes,
To sharpen your five senses, and cry *hum*
Thrise, and then *buz* as often; and then come.

The next dupe to appear is Abel Drugger, a tobacco-seller—

An't please your worship ;
 I am a yong beginner, and am building
 Of a new shop, an't please your worship, just
 At corner of a street :—Here is the plot on't—
 And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,
 Which way I should make my dore, by *necromancie*,
 And where my shelves ; and which should be for boxes,
 And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir.

And he speedily receives the desired directions—

Make me your dore, then, south ; your broad side, west ;
 And on the east side of your shop aloft,
 Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Barborat* ;
 Upon the north part, *Rael*, *Veel*, *Thiel*.
 They are the names of those *Mercurial* spirits,
 That do fright flies from boxes. And
 Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone
 To draw in gallants that weare spurres.

But now a grander prize comes in sight, Sir Epicure Mammon, who has given great supplies of money to Subtle, and who is to receive this very day the philosopher's stone which will turn all baser metals to gold. He approaches with a companion, and is eagerly explaining to him his good-fortune—

Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore
 In *Novo Orbe* ; here's the rich Peru :
 And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
 Great Salomon's *Ophir* ! he was sayling to 't
 Three yeeres, but we have reached it in ten months,
 This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
 I will pronounce the happy words *Be rich*.

This night I'll change

All that is mettall, in my house, to gold :
 And early in the morning, will I send

To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to *Lothbury*
For all the copper.

His imagination revels in the luxury which he intends to enjoy—

My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps, dormice and camel's heeles,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolved pearle,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsie;
And I will eat these broathes with spoones of amber,
Headed with diamant and carbuncle.

'Bartholomew Fair' is a lively picture of the hurly-burly and rough, roaring merriment of a fair. But the play is chiefly interesting for the amusing but over-drawn sketch of Zeal-of-the-land Busy, the Puritan preacher, who is represented as one so fond of feasting that 'he breaks his buttons and cracks seams at every saying he sobs out,' and he is

found fast by the teeth in the cold turkey-pie in the cupboard with a great white loaf on his left hand, and a glass of malmsey on his right.

This worthy is called upon to decide if it is lawful to eat roast pig in Bartholomew Fair, for young Mrs. Littlewit has a great longing for that pleasure, and her anxious mother fears to cross her inclination. Zeal-of-the-land decides that this may be done without sin, and he determines to accompany them—

In the way of comfort to the weake, I will go and eat. I will eate exceedingly and prophesie; there may be a good use made of it too, now I thinke on't: by the publike eating of Swine's flesh, to professe our hate and loathing of *Judaisme* whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eate exceedingly.

When he has eaten and drunk his fill in the fair he is ready to prophesy, and he lifts up his voice against a seller of toys—

Peace, with thy Apocryphall wares, thou prophane Publican; thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobie's Dogges*. Thy Hobby horse is an Idoll, a very Idoll, a fierce and rancke Idoll; and thou the *Nabuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nabuchadnezzar* of the *Faire*, that sett'st it up, for children to fall downe to, and worship. I was moved in spirit to bee here this day, in this *Faire*, this wicked and foule *Faire*; and fitter may it be called a Foule then a *Faire*; to protest against the abuses of it, the foule abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted *Saintes*, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandise of *Babylon* againe, and the peeping of *Poperie* upon the stalls here, here, in the high places. See you not *Goldyllocks*, the purple strumpet there in her yellow gowne and greene sleeves? the prophane pipes, the tinkling timbrels? a shop of reliques? And this Idolatrous Grove of Images, this flasket of Idols which I will pull downe. (*Overthrows the gingerbread basket.*)

Even after he is safely secured in the stocks he continues to prophesy—

I am one that rejoiceth in his affliction and sitteth here to prophesie the destruction of *Faires* and *May games*, *Wakes* and *Whitsun ales*, and doth sigh and groane for the reformation of these abuses.

'Bartholomew Fair' was brought out in 1614, and during the remaining twenty-three years of his life Jonson produced no other great play. Some six or eight more were written, but they show declining powers, and one of them, 'The New Inn,' was so ill received that the poet relieved his feelings in an indignant ode addressed to himself—

Come leave the loathèd stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!

Indicting and arraigning every day,
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.
Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink and swill;
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

During all these years Jonson also wrote a number of masques for Court festivals. This species of entertainment was brought from Italy in King Henry's time, but King James took special delight in them, and large sums of money were lavished in providing the magnificent dresses and decorations, and the King and Queen, the princes and the great nobles took part in the stately dances and in the simple action of the drama.

These masques of Jonson's are now rather wearisome reading, but they contain many bright sparkling songs. The following verses are part of a description of Cupid:

He doth beare a golden Bow,
And a Quiver, hanging low,
Full of Arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other
With that first he strikes his mother.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet;

All his practice is deceit;
 Every gift it is a bait;
 Not a kisse but poyson beares;
 And most treason in his teares.

While Jonson provided the literary part of the masques, the scenery and the mechanical devices were the work of the architect Inigo Jones, and there was the bitterest rivalry between the two artists—Jonson told Prince Charles ‘that when he wanted words to express the greatest villain in the world he would call him an Inigo.’

In the summer of 1618 Jonson undertook a journey on foot to Scotland, and returned the next year. He purposed writing an account of his journey, but he did not do so, and the only memorial we have of the visit is a meagre account of his conversations with Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, at whose house near Edinburgh he stayed for a little while.

In 1623 the folio edition of Shakspeare’s plays was published, and prefixed to it there is Jonson’s noble tribute of praise—

Soule of the Age!

The applause! delight, the wonder of our Stage!
 My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
 A little further, to make thee a roome;
 Thou art a Monument without a tombe,
 And art alive still while thy Booke doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warme
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
 Nature her selfe was proud of her designes,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!

Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.

During the greater part of his life Jonson lived on terms of intimacy with the noblest and best in the land. King James and King Charles gave him special marks of their favour ; Shakspeare, Bacon, Selden, Camden, and others like them were his friends. At Penshurst he appears to have been a welcome guest, and Lord Pembroke, we are told, sent him every New Year's Day 20*l*. to buy books.

In the London taverns, which were then the gathering-places of the poets and wits, he reigned supreme. The poet Herrick, who was one of his admirers, celebrates these meetings thus :

Ah, Ben,
Say how or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tunne ?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meate, outdid the frolick wine.

The poet Beaumont also finely describes these gatherings—

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

But Jonson's life was a careless and reckless one, and from time to time he was in want. All his life, too, in spite of his sturdy build, he was unhealthy, and in his later years he grew to an enormous bulk. He was troubled, too, with strange fancies. He told Drummond of Hawthornden that he had 'consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he had seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians fight in his imagination.' Towards the end of his life he was afflicted with palsy and dropsy, and he died in 1637.

A small part only of Jonson's work deserves to live with Shakspeare's. Even his most elaborate and powerfully drawn characters, such as Sir Epicure Mammon or Volpone, appear unreal and superficial when compared with Shakspeare's lifelike pictures. Jonson hampered himself by his strict adherence to the unities, and thus prevented himself from tracing the growth and development of a passion, as we see it in *Macbeth*, or *Lear*, or *Othello*. It is noticeable also that he has scarcely one well-drawn female figure, nothing to place near *Desdemona*, or *Imogen*, or *Miranda*. He has 'no passion, no rapture,' says one critic, and this is surely a great want in a poet.

A few of Jonson's lyric poems are excellent, and will perhaps be best remembered of all his works. Such is the following song from '*Cynthia's Revels*' :

Quéene and huntresse chaste and faire,
 Now the Sunne is laid to sleepe,
 Seated in thy silver chaire,
 State in wonted manner keepe,
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearle apart
 And thy crystall shining quiver ;
 Give unto the flying Hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Such also is the little song in ' The Silent Woman '—

Give me a look, give me a face
 That makes simplicity a grace ;
 Robes loosely flowing, hayre as free :
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Than all the adulteries of Art ;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

His epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke is thought to be one of the finest ever written.

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
 Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
 Learned, and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

THE MINOR DRAMATISTS OF SHAKSPERE'S AGE.

'The whole period from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the close of the reign of Charles I. comprises a space of little more than half a century, within which time nearly all that we have of excellence in serious dramatic composition was produced, if we except the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton.'¹

In this period Shakspeare and Jonson by their peculiar excellences stand alone ; but there is a crowd of other

¹ Charles Lamb.

writers whose works show wonderful power and beauty, and some account must be given of a few of these.

Thomas Dekker was born in 1570, and died about 1637, and during this time he wrote many plays, of which 'Old Fortunatus' is perhaps the best. His name often occurs in 'Henslowe's Diary,' and from it we learn that he was more than once in prison, and his life was probably an alternation of want and merriment. In 1631 he plaintively says: 'I have been a priest in Apollo's Temple many years, my voice is decaying with my age, yet yours, being clear and above mine, shall much honour me, if you but listen to my old tunes.'

Dekker's 'Shoemaker's Holiday' is a very pleasant picture of London life, in which is portrayed the brave Simon Eyre, the shoemaker who entertained the king, and built Leadenhall, and finally became Lord Mayor of London. Dekker also wrote plays in conjunction with other authors. Some of the best parts of Massinger's 'Virgin Martyr' are his, and he sketched the female characters of Wenifrede and Susan in Ford's 'Witch of Edmonton.' Charles Lamb says of Dekker, with rather reckless praise, that 'he had poetry enough for anything.'

In the story of 'Old Fortunatus' with the purse and wishing-cap, Dekker's poetical powers are shown at their best. Fortunatus falls asleep in a wood in Cyprus, and on awaking he sees Fortune, who bids him make choice of 'wisedome, strength, health, beautie, long life, or riches'—

Staie, Fortunatus, once more heare me speake;
If thou kisse Wisedome's cheeke and make her thine,

She'lle breath into thy lips divinitie,
 And thou like Phebus shalt speake oracle,
 Thy Heaven-inspired soule, on Wisedome's wings,
 Shall flie up to the Parliament of Jove,
 And read the statutes of eternitie,
 And see what's past and learne what is to come.
 If thou lay claime to strength, armies shall quake
 To see thee frowne: as kings at mine do lie,
 So shall thy feete trample on emperie.
 Make health thine object, thou shalt be strong prooffe
 'Gainst the deepe searching darts of surfetting,
 Be ever merrie, ever revelling.
 Wish but for beautie, and within thine eyes
 Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
 And on thy cheekes I'll mixe such white and red
 That Jove shall turne away young Ganimede,
 And with immortall arms shall circle thee.
 Are thy desires long life? thy vitall thread
 Shall be stretcht out, thou shalt behold the chaunge
 Of monarchies, and see those children die,
 Whose great great graundsires now in cradles lie.
 If through golde's sacred hunger thou dost pine,
 Those gilded wantons which in swarmes doe runne
 To warm their tender bodies in the sunne
 Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
 Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feete,
 As those are, so shall these be infinite.

The old man chooses wealth, and, returning home, delights
 his two sons with the news—

Goe lads, be gallant;
 Shine in the streetes of Cyprus like two starres
 And make them bow their knees that once did spurne you
 For to effect such wonders, gold can turne you.
 Brave it in Famagosta, or elsewhere;
 Ile travell to the Turkish Emperour.
 And then Ile revell it with Prester John
 Or banquet with great Cham of Tartarie.
 And trie what frolicke court the Souldan keepes.
 Ile leave you presently. Teare off these rags;

Glitter, my boyes, like Angels, that the world
 May, whilst our life in pleasure's circle romes,
 Wonder at Fortunatus and his sons.

It need hardly be said that in the end the riches bring ruin and death upon Fortunatus and his sons.

Thomas Heywood was a University man and a Fellow of Peterhouse College, but the date of neither his birth nor death is known. He began play-writing at least as early as 1596, and he was a most prolific writer, for in 1633 he tells us that 'amongst two hundred and twenty plays I have had either an entire hand or at the least a main finger.' Charles Lamb speaks of him as 'a sort of prose Shakspeare,' and says that 'his characters of country gentlemen &c. are exactly what we see in life.'

Of Heywood's many plays only about two dozen have been preserved, and of these 'A Woman Killed with Kindness' is considered his masterpiece. 'The English Traveller' and 'The Fair Maid of the West' are also very fine, and from the former of these we make one extract.

Lionel, a gay young prodigal, is making free with his father's money, and is feasting with his wild companions, but in some fear and trembling, for the old gentleman is expected home from sea- -

In the height of their carowsing, all their braines
 Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offered
 Of ships and stormes at sea ; when suddenly
 Out of his giddy wildnesse, one conceives
 The roome wherein they quafft to be a pinnace,
 Mooving and floating ; and the confused noise
 To be the murmuring windes, gustes, marriners ;
 That their unstedfast footing did proceed
 From rocking of the vessel : this conceiv'd,

Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
 And to look out for safety. 'Flie,' saith one,
 'Up to the maintop and discover;' hee
 Climbes by the bed post to the teastor, there
 Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards,
 And wills them if they'le save their ship and lives,
 Tó cast their lading overboard; at this
 All fall to worke, and hoyste into the street,
 As to the sea, what next comes to their hand,
 Stooles, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteds, cups,
 Pots, plate, and glasses; heere a fellow whistles,
 They take him for the boatswaine; one lyes struggling
 Upon the floore as if he swome for life;
 A third takes the base-violl for the cock-boate,
 Sits on the belly on't, labours and rowes,
 His oare the sticke with which the fiddler plaid:
 A fourth bestrides his fellowes, thinking to 'scape
 As did Arion on the dolphin's backe,
 Still fumbling on a gitterne.

Of the life of **John Webster** scarcely anything is known, not even the year of his birth or his death; and yet in some respects he came nearer than all his fellows to Shakspeare. 'There are only two poets of that age who make us feel that the words assigned to the creatures of their genius are the very words they must have said, the only words they could have said, the actual words they assuredly did say. The crowning gift of imagination, the power to make us realise that thus and not otherwise it was, that thus and not otherwise it must have been, was given to none of the poets of the time but only to Shakspeare and Webster.'

Webster was writing for the stage as early as 1601, and in 1624 he composed for the Merchant Taylors the pageant for the City for that year. Eight of his plays

¹ Swinburne,

have been preserved, but some of these were written only in part by him. His fame chiefly rests on two great tragedies, 'Vittoria Corombona' and the 'Duchess of Malfi,' both taken from Italian history, and both giving vivid pictures of the horrible depravity of Italian society in the fifteenth century. In the former play, Vittoria is false to her husband and connives at his murder; her lover, the Duke Brachiano, poisons his own wife, and in the end is poisoned by her brother and avenger; while Vittoria's brother, Flaminio, is a perfect villain, who is the instrument of many crimes, and who in the end meets with his sister the death he so well merits.

Among the pathetic scenes of the play is one where Brachiano's little son Giovanni is lamenting for his dead mother—

Giovanni. What do the dead do, uncle? do they eate,
Heare musicke, goe a hunting, and bee merrie
As wee that live?

Francisco. No, cose; they sleepe.

Giovanni. Lord, Lord, that I were dead!

I have not slept these sixe nights. When doe they wake?

Francisco. When God shall please.

Giovanni. Good God, let her sleepe ever!

For I have knowne her wake an hundreth nights,

When all the pillow where shee laid her head

Was brine wet with her teares. I am to complaine to
you, sir;

Ile tell you how they have used her now shee's dead.

They wrapped her in a cruell fould of lead,

And would not let mee kisse her.

In another part of the play Cornelia, the poor distracted mother of Vittoria, mourns thus over the body of her son slain by his brother:

This rosemarie is wither'd; pray, get fresh.

I would have these herbes grow up in his grave,

When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes,
 He tye a garland heere about his head,
 'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This sheet
 I have kept this twentie yere, and everie daie
 Hallow'd it with my praiers; I did not thinke
 Hee should have wore it.

Then she sings a doleful song which her grandmother used to sing when the funeral bell tolled—

Call for the robin-red-brest and the wren,
 Since ore shadie groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowres doe cover
 The friendlesse bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funerall dole
 The ante, the field mouse, and the mole,
 To reare him hillockes that shall keepe him warm
 And (when gay tombes are robbed) sustaine no harme,
 But keepe the wolfe far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nailes he'll dig them up agen.

On this Charles Lamb remarks: 'I never saw anything like this dirge except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the "Tempest." As that is of the water, watery, so this is of the earth, earthy.'

The 'Duchess of Malfi' is a play equally filled with horrors, and at the close the stage is strewn with the bodies of slain men, as in Shakspeare's 'Hamlet.' The duchess herself is a loving gentlewoman, who, by her marriage with one who is far below her in rank, incurs the fierce anger and vengeance of her two proud and implacable brothers, a duke and a cardinal. The wife and husband think it will be prudent to part for a time, and the departure of Antonio is feelingly described—

Duchess. I had a very strange dreame to-night.

Antonio. What was't?

Duchess. Methought I wore my Coronet of State

And on a sudaine all the Diamonds
Were changed to Pearles.

Antonio. My Interpretation
Is, you'll weepe shortly; for to me, the pearles
Doe signifie your teares.

Duchess. The birds that live i' the field
On the wilde benefit of Nature live
Happier than we; for they may choose their Mates,
And carroll their sweet pleasures to the Spring.

Antonio. Doe not weepe.
Heaven fashioned us of nothing, and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing; farewell, Cariola,
And thy sweet arme full. If I doe never see thee more,
Be a good Mother to your little ones,
And save them from the Tiger; fare you well.

Duchess. Let me looke upon you once more, for that speech
Came from a dying father; your kisse is colder
Then I have seene an holy Anchorite
Give to a dead man's skull.

Antonio. My heart is turnde to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger; fare you well.

Duchess. My Laurell is all withered.

Philip Massinger was born at Salisbury in 1583. His father was a servant in some honourable capacity to the Herbert family, and it is possible that Philip may have been page at Wilton to Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and that he thus gained the knowledge of courtly manners which his writings manifest.

He went to Oxford in 1602, and William Herbert, the young Earl of Pembroke (the W. H. of Shakspeare's sonnets), was his patron and supporter. He left Oxford in 1606 without taking a degree, and it has been supposed that he had become a Roman Catholic and had lost Pembroke's help and countenance. The tone and subject-matter of several of his plays, especially of the 'Virgin Martyr,' render it probable that he had been thus converted.

Massinger appears then to have come to London and to have taken to play-writing, but there is no mention of his name till 1621, when one of his plays was acted at court.

Little more is known of Massinger's life, and in 1638 he died in his house on the Bankside and was buried in St. Saviour's, in the same grave, so it is said, with John Fletcher, his fellow-dramatist and co-worker.

Massinger wrote many plays which have been lost ; but eighteen have been preserved, and of these the best are 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' 'The Great Duke of Florence,' and 'The Virgin Martyr.'

In the first of these plays Massinger draws his most powerful character, that of Sir Giles Overreach, a grasping tyrannical man who plots the ruin of his neighbours in order to gain their estates. He himself describes his method of devouring a victim—

Ile therefore buy some cottage neare his mannour,
Which done, Ile make my men breake ope his fences,
Ride ore his standing corne, and in the night
Set fire on his farmes, or breake his cattells' legges ;
These trespasses draw on suites, and suites expences
Which I can spare, but will soone begger him.
When I have harmed him thus two or three yeare,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behindhand.
Then with the favour of my man of Law,
I will pretend some title ; want will force him
To put it to arbitrement ; then if he sell
For halfe the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possesse his land.

When one remonstrates with him—

Are you not frightened with the imprecations
And curses of whole families made wretched
By your sinister practices ?—

he answers shamelessly :

Yes, as rocks are
When foamie billowes split themselves against
Their flinty ribbes ; or as the moone is mov'd
When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howle at her brightnesse.

When they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant or intruder
On my poore neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use ;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widdowes cries,
And undone orphants wash with teares my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honorable ; and 'tis a powerfull charme
Makes me insensible of remorse or pitty,
Or the least sting of conscience.

His daughter Margaret is as gentle and delightful as
her father is odious—

If ever
The Queene of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may inferre
There's such disparitie in their conditions,
Betweene the goddessse of my soule, the daughter,
And the base churle her father.

Sir Giles hopes to gain Lord Lovell for a son-in-law,
and spares no cost for his entertainment—

Let no plate be seene but what's pure gold
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of ; let my choicest linnen
Perfume the roome, and, when we wash, the water
With pretious powders mix'd, so please my Lord
That he may with envy wish to bath so ever.

His daughter, too, must dress in her best—

Ha ! this is a neate dressing !
These orient pearles and diamonds well plac'd too !
The gowne affects me not, it should have beene
Embroider'd o're and o're with flowers of gold ;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion helpe it.
And how below ? since oft the wanton eye,

The face observd, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportioned as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art.

In the end Margaret weds not Lord Lovell, but her own true lover Allworth ; the title-deeds which Sir Giles has wickedly obtained are found to be invalid, and he himself goes mad with disappointment and rage.

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.—Of all the followers of Shakspeare, perhaps the greatest were the pair whose names will now be for ever united. Literary partnership among the dramatists of that age was no uncommon thing, but the union of Beaumont and Fletcher was very close and tender. ‘They lived,’ says an old writer, ‘together on the Bankside not far from the playhouse, were both bachelors, lay together, and had but one servant in the house.’ And this was not from poverty but choice ; for, unlike their fellow-dramatists, they belonged to the higher ranks of society ; Beaumont’s father being a judge, while Fletcher was son of the Bishop of London.

They were therefore thoroughly familiar with the manners and language of the court, and Dryden considered that in some respects they excelled even Shakspeare. ‘They understood and imitated the conversation of gentleman much better, whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet can ever paint as they have done. I am apt to believe that the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection ; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than necessary.’

Beaumont was the younger of the two, being born in 1584, while Fletcher was born in 1579. Beaumont died young in 1616, within a month or two of Shakspeare, while Fletcher lived on till 1625.

In the joint works of the two poets it is difficult, if not impossible, to separate the parts belonging to each; but it is thought that the characters which display the greatest depth of imagination are the work of Beaumont, while the many light and graceful scenes were contributed by Fletcher. We are told that Beaumont was held in high esteem by Ben Jonson, who 'while he lived submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting if not in contriving all his plots.'¹ On the other hand, Fletcher had the honour of being fellow-worker with Shakspeare. The fine play of 'The two Noble Kinsmen,' in which Chaucer's story of 'Palæmon and Arcite' is again set forth, is stated to be the work of 'the admirable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare.' Later critics agree, too, that a considerable portion of Henry VIII. is the work of Fletcher.

One of the earliest of the joint plays of Beaumont and Fletcher is 'Philaster,' which has been called 'the loveliest though not the loftiest of tragic plays that we owe to the companions or the successors of Shakespeare.'² Philaster is a prince, and the true heir to the crown of Sicily, but is kept from his rights by the King of Calabria, who would imprison and even kill him if he dared, but—
the city was in armes not to bee charm'd downe by any state-order or
proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streetes please

¹ Dryden.

² Swinburne.

and without a guard ; at which they threw their hats and their armes from them, some to make bonfires, some to drinke, all for his deliverance.

Then the king invites Pharamond, the Prince of Spain, to marry his daughter Arethusa, intending thus to ally his country with a mighty foreign kingdom. But Philaster defies Pharamond even in the king's presence—

I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, looke I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes ; for, heare me, Pharamond,
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave
Into her hidden bowells ; prince, it shall ;
By Nemesis it shall !

‘ Sura hee’s possesst,’ says the king, and the prince answers :

Yes, with my father’s spirit. It’s here, O King,
A dangerous spirit ! now he tells me, King,
I was a King’s Heire, bids me be a King,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
’Tis strange he will not let me sleepe, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneele and doe me service, cry me King.

Philaster and Arethusa meet and confess their mutual love, and the prince arranges that his page Bellario shall enter her service, and shall carry their messages of love. Bellario, like Shakspeare’s Viola, is a maiden in disguise, and in one of the finest passages of the play Philaster describes how he first met with her—

I have a boy
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seene in the Court. Hunting the bucke,

I found him sitting by a fountaine's side,
 Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
 And payd the Nymph againe as much in teares.
 A garland lay him by, made by himselfe
 Of many severall flowers bred in the vale,
 Stucke in that misticke order that the rarenesse
 Delighted me; but ever when he turn'd
 His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weepe,
 As if he meant to make 'em grow againe.
 Seeing such pretty helpelesse innocence
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
 He told me that his parents gentle dyed,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him rootes; and of the christall springs,
 Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yeelded him his light.
 Then took he up his garland, and did shew
 What every flower, as country people hold,
 Did signifie, and how all, ordered thus,
 Expresses his grieve; and, to my thoughts, did reade
 The prettiest lecture of his country art
 That could be wisht; so that methought I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd
 Him, who was glad to follow; and have got
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
 That ever maister kept. Him will I send
 To waite on you, and beare our hidden love.

After a time Philaster is led to believe that Arethusa and Bellario are false to him, and he retreats to the woods in despair--

Oh, that I had beene nourish'd in these woods
 With milke of goates and akrons, and not knowne
 The right of crownes nor the dissembling traines
 Of women's lookes; but digged myself a cave,
 Where I, my fire, my cattell, and my bed,
 Might have beene shut together in one shed;
 And then had taken me some mountaine girle,
 Beaten with winds, chaste as the hard'ned rocks
 Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed

With leaves and reedes, and with the skins of beasts
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue ! This had beene a life
Free from vexation.

In the end misunderstandings are removed, Philaster and Arethusa are happily united, and the unworthy Prince Pharamond returns to his own land.

There are more than fifty plays which bear the names of the two poets, but it is thought that thirteen only of them are really their joint work. The rest were written by Fletcher either alone or in conjunction with Massinger or other dramatists. Next to 'Philaster,' the best plays of the two friends are perhaps 'The Maid's Tragedy' and 'A King and no King.' Among those written by Fletcher alone, the best are perhaps 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife' and 'The Faithful Shepherdess.' The latter is one of three beautiful pastoral poems which English literature possesses, the other two being Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd' and Milton's 'Comus.'

These names do not exhaust the list of authors. There is Chapman, the burly translator of Homer, who was also great at a play or a masque; Middleton, whose play of 'The Witch' has curious points of resemblance to 'Macbeth'; Ford and Tourneur, whose tragedies, like those of Webster, are tales of terror; and Shirley, with whom this great period of the drama declines and ends. 'After the pallid moonrise of Shirley, the glory had passed away from our drama to alight upon that summit of epic song whence Milton held communion with darkness and the stars.'¹

¹ Swinburne.

Great as many of these writers are, their highest efforts of imagination only bring out into greater relief the incomparable grace and majesty of Shakspeare. Charles Lamb says of one of them: 'His scenes are to the full as natural and affecting as Shakspeare's. But we miss *the poet*—that which in Shakspeare always appears out and above the surface of *the nature*. Shakspeare makes us believe while we are among his lovely creations that they are nothing but what we are familiar with, as in dreams new things seem old, but we awake and sigh for the difference.'

Perhaps in nothing is the superiority of Shakspeare more strikingly shown than in his sobriety both in the choice and the treatment of his subjects. Many of the subjects chosen by the lesser dramatists are stories of wild and unnatural crimes, and the very titles of some of them are offensive to modern ears. We do not wonder that the stern Puritans frowned upon the drama, and in their day of power the theatres were closed in 1642, and more decisively in 1648.

TWO BROTHERS: EDWARD AND GEORGE HERBERT.

THE 'Life of George Herbert' is one of the pleasant little biographies written by Izaak Walton. The poet was born, we are told, in 1593, in Montgomery Castle, 'a place of state and strength which had been successively happy in the family of Herberts, who had long possessed it; and with it a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours.'

George was the fifth of seven brothers, and Edward who became Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was the eldest. The father died when George was four years old, but the mother was a wise and accomplished woman, and she reared her children well. She was a patroness of men of letters, and among them of the poet Donne, and Walton tells us that he 'saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was then Dean of St. Paul's) weep and preach her funeral sermon in the parish church of Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave.'

George was sent at an early age to Westminster School, 'where the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age that he seemed to be marked out for piety.'

At the age of fifteen he went to Cambridge, and at twenty-two he was Master of Arts and Senior Fellow of his college. A few years later he was chosen Orator of the University, and held the office for eight years with great approbation. The scholarly King James said 'that he took him to be the jewel of that University,' and Sir Francis Bacon and Launcelot, Bishop of Winchester, are mentioned as two of his most devoted friends.

Herbert was looking forward to some preferment at court, but when King James died his court hopes were over, and 'at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar.'

His first church was at Layton Ecclesia, near Spalding, in Huntingdonshire, where the church was in ruins; but Herbert did not rest till it was re-edified and made beautiful, 'being, for the workmanship, a costly mosaic.

for the form an exact cross, and for the decency and beauty the most remarkable parish church that this nation afforded.'

Herbert's dearest friend at this time was Nicholas Ferrar, who was at the head of a Protestant monastery which was much talked of then, at Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire. Here, with his mother and brother and nieces and servants, a company in all of about thirty persons, Ferrar maintained almost without intermission, by day and by night, a reading of the psalms and church prayers, and portions of the Scripture.

In 1629 Herbert was seized with ague, and was compelled to remove to different air, and the next year he became rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury. He was now married, and he spent three happy years in Bemerton. Music had always been one of his greatest pleasures, and 'he went usually twice every week on certain appointed days to the cathedral church in Salisbury; and at his return would say "that his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth."'

Herbert died in 1633, and on his death-bed he said to a friend who stood by, 'I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar. Desire him to read it, and then if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.'

This was the famous little book 'The Temple, or Sacred Poems, and Private Ejaculations,' of which three editions were issued in that first year, 1633, and many

an edition since. The book contains about 150 little poems, all breathing a spirit of piety and purity ; but they are not all of equal excellence. Perhaps the most perfect is the following :

VERTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie :
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses.
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
And though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The poem on ' Sunday ' is also beautiful, and the following are two of the finest stanzas :

Sundaies the pillares are,
On which heavens palace archèd lies ;
The other dayes fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitfull beds and borderes
In Gods rich garden ; that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundaies of mans life,
Thredded together on times string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful then hope.

The poem beginning 'Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell?' is also very beautiful, but it is too long to be extracted. Some of Herbert's poems are very quaint and fanciful, as the following:

Jesu is in my heart, his sacred name
Is deeply carved there; but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner, where was J,
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is *Jesu*.

Such, too, is the following:

PARADISE.

I blesse thee, Lord, because I *grow*
Among thy trees, which in a *row*
To thee both fruit and order *ow*.
What open force, or hidden *charm*
Can blast my fruit, or bring me *harm*,
While the inclosure is thine *arm*?
Inclose me still for fear I *start*,
Be to me rather sharp and *tart*
Than let me want thy hand and *art*.
When thou dost greater judgements *spare*,
And with thy knife but prune and *pare*,
Ev'n fruitfull trees more fruitfull *are*.
Such sharpnes shows the sweetest *friend*,
Such cuttings rather heal then *rend*,
And such beginnings touch their *end*.

The elder brother, Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was a very different man. He died in 1648, thus outliving George by fifteen years. He wrote and published in 1624 a Latin work, 'De Veritate,' on the subject of natural as opposed to revealed religion, and he was thus one of the

earliest as he was also one of the ablest of English free-thinkers.

He also wrote a 'History of Henry VIII.' after the model of Bacon's 'History of Henry VII.'; but the work by which he is best known is his autobiography, which lay in manuscript for a century after his death, and was first published by Horace Walpole.

This work is in many respects most interesting, but some little suspicion of its truthfulness is aroused by the tone of self-satisfaction which fills it. No one so valiant, so sagacious, so successful as Lord Herbert himself.

The following description of an ancestor is a keynote to the book :

My great-grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook, was that incomparable hero who twice past through a great army of Northern men alone, with his pole-ax in his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt, which is more than is famed of Amadis de Gall, or the Knight of the Sun.

The writer pays an affectionate tribute to the memory of his brother George—

My brother George was so excellent a scholar that he was made the publick Orator of the University in Cambridge, some of whose English works are extant, which tho they be rare in their kind, yet are far short of expressing those perfections he had in the Greek and Latin Tongue, and all divine and human literature. His life was most holy and exemplary, insomuch that about Salisbury, where he lived beneficed for many years, he was little less than sainted.

At school Lord Herbert was sometimes punished for fighting, but never for lying—

I remember in that time I was corrected sometimes for going to cuffs with two schoolfellows, being both elder than myself, but never for telling a lye or any other fault; and I can affirm to all the world truly, that from my first infancy to this hour I told not willingly anything that was false, my soul naturally having an antipathy to lying and deceit.

He proved himself also a most nimble learner—

I did without any master or teacher attain the knowledge of the French, Italian and Spanish Languages by the help of some books in Latin or English; I attained also to sing my part at first sight in Music, and to play on the Lute with very little or almost no teaching. My intention in learning Languages being to make myself a Citizen of the World as far as it were possible, and my learning of Music was for this end, that I might entertain myself at home, and together refresh my mind after my studies.

Lord Herbert regarded the study of medicine as a most proper one for a gentleman and a soldier, and he gives several marvellous instances of his skill in prescription.

About 1600 he came to London and to the court—

I was likewise upon my knee in the Presence Chamber, when the queen passed by to the Chapell at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me, she stopt, and swearing her usual Oath demanded, 'Who is this?' Everybody there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, until Sir James Croft, a Pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary Oath, said it was a pity he was married so young, and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek.

A little while later he went to France, and he won the friendship of the great Duke of Montmorency, and he gives a beautiful description of the duke's castle at Chantilly, where he was both now and in later years a welcome guest.

Lord Herbert gives an account of several duels in which his opponents failed to appear, and he describes a terrible combat with Sir John Ayres in Scotland Yard, in which he remained the victor, though fighting against terrible odds.

Once while living in London his house was attacked by robbers at midnight—

Taking a Sword in one hand and a little Target in the other, I did in my shirt run down the Stairs, open the Doors suddainly and charged ten or twelve of them with that fury that they ran away, some throwing away their Halberts, others hurting their fellows to make them go faster in a narrow way they were to pass; in which disordered manner I drove them to the middle of the Street by the Exchange, where, finding my bare feet hurt by the stones I trod on, I thought fit to return home, and leave them to their flight.

He was sent as ambassador to France, and he gives a curious little picture of King Louis XIII.—

His words were never many, as being so extream a Stutterer, that he wou'd sometimes hold his Tongue out of his Mouth a good while, before he cou'd speak so much as one word; he had, besides, a double row of Teeth, and was observed seldom or never to spit, or blow his Nose, or to sweat much, tho he were very laborious, and almost indifati-gable in his Exercises of Hunting and Hawking to which he was much addicted.

When Lord Herbert had finished his book 'De Veritate' he doubted whether it would be expedient to publish it, and he appealed to heaven for guidance—

Being thus doubtfull in my Chamber, one fair day in the Summer, my Casement being opened towards the South, the Sun shining clear, and no Wind stirring, I took my book 'De Veritate' in my hand, and, kneeling on my Knees, devoutly said these words:—'O Thou Eternal God, Author of the Light which now shines upon me, and Giver of all inward Illuminations, I do beseech Thee of Thy infinite Goodness, to pardon a greater Request than a Sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book 'De Veritate.' If it be for Thy Glory, I beseech Thee give me some Sign from Heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.'

I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud tho yet gentle Noise came from the Heavens (for it was like nothing on Earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my Petition as granted, and that I had the Sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my Book.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THERE are some five or six names—Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, Berkeley, Butler, Wilson—the great ornaments of the Church of England, of whom some account must be given. Of these Hooker is perhaps the greatest, but Jeremy Taylor excels all the others in the richness of his overflowing imagination and in the music and charm of his language.

He is a prose poet of the age which followed Shakespeare, and in his finest passages he reminds us of the great poet. ‘Metaphors multiply one above the other, jumbled, blocking each other’s path as in Shakspeare. We think to follow one, and a second begins, then a third cutting into the second, and so on, flower after flower, firework after firework, so that the brightness becomes misty with sparks and the sight ends in a haze.’¹

A fine example of this exuberance of fancy may be taken from his sermon on ‘The Return of Prayers.’ He is describing how anger, even righteous anger, prevents our prayers from ascending to heaven—

For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grasse, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climbe above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern winde, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, then it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned musick and motion from an Angell as he passed sometimes through the aire about his ministries here below: so are the prayers of a good man when his affairs have required businesse, and his busi-

¹ Taine.

ness was matter of discipline, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God till it returns like the usefull Bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

Taylor was born in 1613 in Cambridge, where his father was a barber. He became a sizar, or poor scholar, of Caius College, and he was elected Fellow in 1631. He came to London as a preacher, and gained the notice and friendship of Laud, who sent him to Oxford to continue his studies, and who afterwards chose him as one of his chaplains. He was made rector of Uppingham in Huntingdonshire in 1638; but he lost the living when the civil war broke out, and he was one of those who joined King Charles at Oxford.

We have no full and exact account of his life during the years of trouble that followed, but we know that he suffered fine and imprisonment more than once, and in the Dedication prefixed to 'Holy Living and Dying' he makes pathetic allusion to the troubles of the time—

I have lived to see Religion painted upon banners and thrust out of Churches; and the Temple turned into a Tabernacle made ambulatory, and covered with skins of beasts and torn curtains; and God to be worshipped, not as he is, 'the Father of our Lord Jesus' (an afflicted Prince, the King of sufferings), nor as the 'God of peace' (which two appellatives God newly took upon him in the New Testament, and glories in for ever), but he is owned now rather as 'the Lord of Hosts' which title he was pleased to lay aside, when the kingdom of the Gospel was preached by the Prince of Peace.

In the dedication prefixed to another work he tells how his fortune had carried him into Wales, and in that country he remained for some years—

In this great Storm which hath dasht the Vessell of the Church all in pieces, I have been cast upon the Coast of Wales, and in a little Boat thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietnesse which in England in a greater I could not hope for. And now since I have come ashoar I have been gathering a few sticks to warm me, a few books to entertain my thoughts, and divert them from the perpetuall Meditation of my private troubles, and the public dyscrasy.

In company with some other dispossessed clergymen, he opened a school at Newton Hall in Caermarthenshire, and he gained a warm friend and patron in the Earl of Carberry, who lived in the neighbourhood; and we possess a full year's course of beautiful sermons which Taylor preached in the Earl's mansion of Golden Grove.

It was in this retreat that Taylor composed his 'Liberty of Prophesying,' which some consider his chief work, and which was published in 1647. It is a noble plea for toleration of difference of opinion in matters of religion. The mind of man being what it is, uniformity of opinion is impossible, and holiness of life is of far greater importance.

Although the Spirit of God did rest upon us in divided tongues, yet so long as those tongues were of fire, not to kindle strife, but to warme our affections and inflame our charities, we should finde that this variety of opinions in severall persons would be look't upon as an argument only of diversity of operations while the Spirit is the same.

He maintains that persecution on account of error in religion is not warranted by the example of the early Church, and he quotes with approbation the saying of Chrysostom :

We ought to reprove and condemn impieties and heretical *doctrines*, but to spare the *men*, and to pray for their salvation.

He closes this learned and eloquent work with a beautiful parable—

I end with a story which I find in the Jews' books. When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, 'I thrust him away because he did not worship thee.' God answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me, and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?' Upon which, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. 'Go thou and do likewise,' and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

A little while later appeared the work by which Jeremy Taylor will be best remembered—his 'Holy Living and Dying,' which he composed at the request of the Countess of Carberry. We have room but for a short specimen of the eloquence and imagination with which this work is filled. In the section on the 'Presence of God' he says:

God is everywhere present by his power. He rous the orbs of Heaven with his hand; he fixes the Earth with his foot; he guides all the Creatures with his eye, and refreshes them with his influence; He makes the powers of Hell to shake with his terrors, and binds the Devils with his word, and throws them out with his command; and sends the Angels on embassies with his decrees. He it is that assists at

the numerous productions of fishes ; and there is not one hollowness at the bottom of the sea, but he shewes himself to be Lord of it, by sustaining there the Creatures that come to dwell in it; and in the wilderness the bittern and the stork, the dragon and the satyr, the unicorn and the elk, live upon his provisions and revere his power, and feel the force of his Almightyness.

Other works were composed by Taylor, and for some expressions in one of these, so it is thought, he suffered a short imprisonment during Cromwell's Protectorate. In 1658, on the invitation of the Duke of Ormond, he settled at Lisburne in the North of Ireland, living in a pleasant retreat on the shores of Lough Neagh.

When Charles II. became king, Taylor was made Bishop of Down and Connor and Dromore, and also Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. He had much trouble with the sturdy Scotch Presbyterian ministers of Ulster, but all men revered his gentleness and piety. He died in 1667, and was buried in Dromore. He was twice married, and his sermons on 'The Marriage Ring' are among the most beautiful of those which he preached at Golden Grove.

TWO PROSE WRITERS—BURTON, BROWNE.

BURTON's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is one of the strangest books in English literature. At first sight it appears to be little more than a medley of quotations from the classics, and from the books of science of the early and middle ages. But it is really a work which displays judgment and imagination, and it has proved a fascinating book to thinkers. Dr. Johnson said it was

the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.

The writer, Robert Burton, was born in Leicestershire in 1576, was educated at Oxford, and in 1599 was elected Student of Christ Church College. In 1616 he was made rector of St. Thomas in Oxford, and the rectory of Segrave, in his native county, was also given him. He lived chiefly at Oxford in the congenial society of University men, and the writing of the 'Anatomy' was the great work of his life.

Wood, the antiquarian, says of him that he was an exact mathematician, a curious calculator of nativities, a general read scholar, and a thorough-paced philologist. As he was by many accounted a severe student, a devourer of authors, a melancholy and humorous person; so by others who knew him well, a person of great honesty, plain-dealing and charity.

Another writer tells us that

he composed his book with a view of relieving his own melancholy, but increased it to such a degree that nothing could make him laugh but going to the bridge-foot, and hearing the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter.

He died in January 1640, at about the time calculated and predicted by himself, and

several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves that rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck.

The author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy' styles himself Democritus Junior, and in a long address to the reader he compares himself to the ancient philosopher Democritus of Abdera, whom he thus describes :

Democritus was a little wearyish olde man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter times, and much given to

solitarinesse, a famous Philosopher in his age, cosevus with Socrates, wholly addicted to his studies at the last, and to a private life. He knewe the natures, differences of all beasts, plants, fishes, birds ; and as some say, could understand the tunes and voices of them. A man of an excellent wit, profound conceit, and to attaine knowledge the better in his younger years, he travelled to Egypt and Athens to confer with learned men, admired of some, despised of others. After a wandring life hee settled at Abdera, a towne in Thrace, and was sent for thither to be their law maker, Recorder, or Towne Clearke as some will ; or as others he was there bred and borne. There hee lived at last in a garden in the suburbs, wholly betaking him to his studies and a private life, saving that sometimes hee would walke downe to the haven, and laugh hartely at such variety of ridiculous objects which there he saw.

Then the author describes himself—

I have liv'd a silent, sedentary, solitary private life in the University, as long almost as Xenocrates in Athens to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study. I have been brought up a student in the most flourishing college in Europe ; for thirty years I have continued a scholar, and would be therefore loth, either by living as a drone, to be an unprofitable or unworthy member of so noble and learned a society, or to write that which should be in any way dishonourable to such a royal and ample foundation.

I have confusedly tumbled over divers authors in our libraries with small profit for want of art, order, memory, judgement. I never travelled but in map or card, in which my unconfined thoughts have freely expatiated as having ever beene especially delighted with the study of Cosmography.

I live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life sequestered from those tumults and troubles of the world, and in some high place above you all, I hear and see what is done abroad, how others run, ride, turmoil and macerate themselves in court and country. I laugh at all, only secure lest my suit go amiss, my ships perish, corn and cattle miscarry, trade decay, I have no wife nor children good or bad to provide for.

He thinks that he may well be melancholy since the whole world is mad—

Charon was conducted by Mercury to a place where hee might see all the world at once ; after hee had sufficiently vewed and looked about,

Mercury would needs know of him what he had observed. Hee told him that hee saw a vast multitude and a promiscuous, their habitations like mole-hills, the men as emmets; hee could discern cities like so many hives of bees, wherein every Bee had a sting, and they did naught else but sting one another, some domineering like Hornets bigger then the rest, some like filching Wasps, others as Drones. Over their heads were hovering a confused company of perturbations, hope, feare, anger, avarice, ignorance, and a multitude of diseases hanging which they still pulled on their heads. In conclusion he condemned them all for madmen, fooles, idiots, asses. O fooles! O madmen! he exclaimes. Mad indeavours, mad actions, mad, mad, mad, a giddy-headed age.

Heraclitus the Philosopher out of a serious meditation of men's lives fell a weeping, and with continuall teares bewailed their miseries, madnesse and folly. Democritus on the other side burst out a laughing, their whole life seemed to him so ridiculous, and hee was so far carried with this ironical passion that the citizens of Abdera took him to be mad, and sent therefore Embassadors to Hippocrates the physician that he would exercise his skill upon him.

In the body of his work Burton gives a minute but fanciful description of the organs of the human body. He speaks thus of the heart:

The sonne of our body, the king and sole commander of it, the seat and organe of all passions and affections. *Primum vivens ultimum moriens*, it lives first and dies last in all creatures. Of a paramidicall forme and not much unlike to a Pineapple; a part worthy of admiration, that can yeeld such variety of affections, by whose motion he is dilated or contracted, to stirre and command the humours in the body. As in sorrow, melancholy; in anger, choler; in joy, to send the blood outwardly; in sorrowe to call it in; mooving the humours as horses doe a chariot.

Among the many causes of melancholy, Burton considers devils to be perhaps the most potent, and he lavishes his stores of learning in describing their nature and habits:

Concerning the first beginning of them the Thalmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lilis, before he married Eve, and of her hee begat nothing but divels. Not so much as an haire breadth empty in heaven,

earth or waters, above or under*the earth. The earth is not so full of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible Divels. Aeriall divels are such as keepe quarter most part in the ayre, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare Okes, fire Steeples, Houses, strike Men and Beasts, make it rain stones, as in Livy's time, wool, frogges, etc. They cause whirlwinds on a sudden, and tempestuous storms; which though our meteorologists generally refer to natural causes, yet I am of Bodine's mind they are more often caused by those aeriall divels.

Terrestriall divels are those Lares, Genii, Faunes, Satyrs, Wood-nymphs, Foliots, Fairies, Robin Goodfellows, Trulli, etc., which as they are most conversant with men so they doe them most harme. These are they that dance on heaths and greenes, and leave that green circle which we commonly find in plain fields, which others hold to proceed from a meteor falling, or some accidental rankness of the ground, so nature sports herself; they are sometimes seene by old women and children.

Another kinde there are which frequent forlorne houses; they will make strange noyses in the night, howl sometimes pitifully, and then laugh again, cause great flame and sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chaines, shave men, open doors and shut them, fling downe platters, stooles, chests, sometimes appeare in the likenesse of hares, crows, black dogges, etc.

Burton has prefixed to his work several short poems, and one of these, in its alternate stanzas of praise and dispraise of melancholy, appears to have suggested to Milton the idea of his twin poems of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso.' We have room but for one pair of stanzas—

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there; the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my fantasy

Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men and apes,
Doleful outcries, and fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damned as melancholy.

Sir Thomas Browne had many points of resemblance to Burton. They were both among the most learned men of the time, both took a pleasure in pursuing abstruse and out-of-the-way trains of thought, and the language of both is quaint, and is lit with gleams of fancy and imagination.

Sir Thomas Browne was born in London in 1605, was educated at Winchester School, and afterwards at Oxford, and when his college course was finished he gave himself up to the study and practice of medicine. He travelled into France, Italy and the Netherlands, and received a doctor's degree at Leyden about 1633. He then returned to England, and in retirement in Yorkshire he wrote his first and best work, the '*Religio Medici*.' He tells us it was a work composed at leisure hours for his private exercise and satisfaction, and only by accident did it get abroad some half a dozen years later, in 1642. It then became quickly famous—was translated into Latin, Italian, and German; and no less than eleven English editions were published during the author's lifetime.

The design of the work is to show that a philosopher and man of science may yet be a pious Christian—

For my Religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the World I have none at all—as the general scandal of my Profession, the natural course of my Studies, the indifferency of my behaviour and discourse in matters of Religion (neither violently defend-

ing one nor with that common ardour and contention opposing another), yet in despite hereof I dare without usurpation assume the honourable style of a Christian.

Not that I meerly owe this title to the font, my education, or the clime wherein I was born; but that having, in my riper years and confirmed judgement, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged by the principles of grace, and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this; neither doth herein my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, Infidels, and (what is more) Jews; rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy style, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

The mysteries of religion, which have staggered the faith of some, present no difficulties to him—

Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in Religion for an active faith; the deepest Mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained by syllogism and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery; to pursue my reason to an *O Altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, Incarnation, and Resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian—*Certum est quia impossibile est.* I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion.

Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre; and when they have seen the Red Sea doubt not of the miracle. Now contrarily I bless myself and am thankful that I live not in the days of miracles; that I never saw Christ nor his disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea; nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders: then had my faith been thrust upon me; nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. 'Tis an easy and necessary belief to credit what our eye and sense hath examined. I believe he was dead and buried, and rose again; and desire to see him in his glory rather than to contemplate him in his cenotaphe or sepulchre.

Browne now settled as a physician at Norwich, and there he passed the rest of his long and honourable life. In his 'Religio' he had spoken rather slightly of marriage, and had wished that the race of man might

be propagated like trees, but he now married a lady with whom he lived happily for more than forty years, and he had a large family of sons and daughters. He corresponded with and was visited by some of the most learned men of the time, and 'his whole house and garden were a paradise and cabinet of varieties, and that of the best collections, especially medals, books, plants and natural things.' In 1671 Charles II. visited Norwich, and conferred upon him the well-deserved honour of knighthood. He died in October 1682.

During his life at Norwich he wrote a number of works, of which the chief were 'Enquiries into Vulgar Errors,' 'The Garden of Cyrus,' and 'Urn Burial.' The first of these works shows great learning and research, and it is a curious collection and discussion of popular errors, such as that 'Crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed,' that 'elephants have no joints,' that 'the salamander lives in the fire,' and others of like nature. It was, no doubt, in its time a valuable contribution to science, but its methods and results have been long obsolete. The 'Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial' was suggested by the discovery in 1656 of some ancient urns at Norwich, and the work contains some of the author's most eloquent passages—

The treasures of time lie high, in Urns, Coyns, and Monuments, scarce below the roots of some Vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties, which reveals old things in Heaven, makes new discoveries in Earth, and even Earth itself a discovery. That great Antiquity America lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the Earth is still in the Urn unto us.

Near the close of the work he discusses the longing of mankind to escape oblivion—

A great part of Antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their Souls—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves make accumulation of Glory unto their last durations.

Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their Souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Misraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

JOHN MILTON.

MILTON, our greatest poet next to Shakspeare, was, like his great predecessors Chaucer and Spenser, born in London. His forefathers were landed proprietors at Milton, in Oxfordshire; but the poet's father was a London scrivener or solicitor carrying on a prosperous business in Bread Street, Cheapside, and taking also great delight in music. His son John was born in December 1608; was sent in course of time to St. Paul's School, where he was happy with his tutors; and in 1624 he went to Cambridge. Here his course was not so peaceful, and for some unexplained reason he was rusticated for a time. He returned and took his degrees in regular course, but in later years he does not seem to have looked back with feelings of love upon his University. He had intended to enter the Church, but scruples as to subscription prevented him, and

he thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing.

He left Cambridge in 1632, and came to live at Horton, the pleasant Buckinghamshire village to which his father had retired. Here he spent five years of studious seclusion and meditation, and some of his friends feared that he 'had given himself up to dream away his years in the arms of studious retirement like Endmyion with the moon on Latmus Hill.' To these friends he sent in answer a beautiful sonnet in which mingled with some feelings of sadness there is expressed the steady conviction that his time is not being wasted—

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth
 Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
 That I to manhood am arived so near,
 And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
 That som more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
 Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Towards which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

'Milton's life is a drama in three acts. The first discovers him in the calm and peaceful retirement of Horton, of which "*L'Allegro*," "*Il Penseroso*," and "*Lycidas*" are the expression. In the second act he is breathing the foul and heated atmosphere of party passion and religious hate, generating the lurid fires which glare in the battailous canticles of his prose pamphlets. The three great poems "*Paradise Lost*," "*Paradise Regained*," and "*Samson Agonistes*" are the utterance of his final period of solitary and Promethean grandeur, when, blind

destitute, friendless, he testified of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, alone before a fallen world.'¹

To this early period belongs Milton's beautiful 'Mask of Comus,' which he wrote at the invitation of his friend Henry Lawes, at that time the most celebrated musical composer in England. The masque was performed in 1634 at Ludlow Castle, at an entertainment in honour of the Earl of Bridgwater, the Lord President of Wales, and the two sons and the daughter of the Earl were the chief performers, while Henry Lawes himself took the part of the attendant spirit.

The poem abounds in beautiful passages, of which one or two may be extracted. The wicked spirit Comus deludes the lady with a false report of having seen her brothers—

Two such I saw, what time the laboured Oxe
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his Supper sate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of som gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,
And as I past I worshipt.

A little later in the poem the elder brother stills the anxious fears of the younger with the expression of his calm confidence that their sister is safe—

¹ Mark Pattison.

Wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
 He that has light within his own clear brest
 May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

In the close of the poem the song of the attendant spirit compares in beauty with Ariel's song in the 'Tempest,' though it lacks the sweet simplicity of the original—

To the Ocean now I fly
 And those happy climes that ly
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid ayre
 All amidst the Gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree.

The exact date of the composition of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' is not known; but they belong to this period. 'The two idyls breathe the free air of spring and summer, and of the fields round Horton. They are thoroughly naturalistic; the choicest expression our language has yet found of the fresh charm of country life, not as that life is lived by the peasant, but as it is felt by a young and lettered student, issuing at early dawn, or at sunset, into the fields from his chamber and his books.'¹ Both poems are very beautiful, but Milton probably reveals himself more truly in 'Il Penseroso.'

¹ Mark Pattison.

‘No mirth,’ says Johnson, ‘can, indeed, be found in his melancholy; but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth.’

What picture could be finer than that of Milton’s lonely midnight studies?

Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
Where I may out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unspear
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.
Somtime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskind stage.

His picture of the nightingale and of the midnight moon is also very beautiful—

Sweet bird that shun’st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
The chauntress of the woods among
I woo to hear thy even song;
And missing thee I walk unseen
On the dry smooth shaven green,
To behold the wand’ring Moon
Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that hath bin led astray
Through the Heaven’s wide pathles way,
And oft as if her head she bowed
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

The poem of ‘*Lycidas*’ belongs to 1637, and was occasioned by the drowning of Milton’s dear friend and college companion Edward King while he was crossing

the Irish Sea. Johnson found little beauty in 'Lycidas.' 'It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion, for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethusa and Mincius, nor tells of rough satyrs and fauns with cloven feet. Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief.' It is true that the poem is impaired rather than strengthened by its conventional symbolism, but it abounds in splendid lines, and Ruskin has shown in 'Sesame and Lilies' the wonderful concentration of force and meaning in the passage describing St. Peter 'the pilot of the Galilean lake.'

The poem closes with lines of great beauty and pathos—

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled Ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves and other streams along
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

Soon after writing 'Lycidas' Milton visited Italy, but the memorials of his visit to this land of beauty and song are scanty, and its influence upon his genius appears to have been slight. He met Galileo just liberated from imprisonment, and he received compliments from the literary men of Florence, and in August 1639 he was once more in England after an absence of fifteen months.

From this time till his death he lived in London, and

his various residences have been recorded. At first he lived in St. Bride's Churchyard in Fleet Street, then at a pretty garden house in Aldersgate, then in the Barbican, then in a house in Holborn opening upon Lincoln's Inn Fields, then in Petty France, Westminster, with access to St. James's Park ; and there he lived from 1652 to 1660. After the Restoration he returned again to Holborn and Aldersgate, and the last years of his life were spent in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields. We are told that he hastened home from Italy because of the political troubles that were rising in England, and Dr. Johnson makes merry over the fact that Milton, instead of saving the State, busied himself in teaching, first his two nephews and then other sons of gentlemen. To this part of Milton's life-experience we owe his 'Letter on Education,' addressed to the educational reformer Hartlib.

To this period, too, belongs Milton's first and unfortunate marriage, that with Mary Powell, a young lady so different from himself in age and taste and education. His young wife left him soon, and would not return, and he thereupon wrote his fierce pamphlets on divorce, addressing them to the Parliament. His wife's final submission and reconciliation seem to be described in 'Paradise Lost,' where the repentant Eve seeks comfort and forgiveness from Adam—

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wraught
 Commiseration ; soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so faire his reconcilment seeking

His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aide
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon.

Milton was thrice married, and he had a family of daughters; but his relations with them were not all pleasant, and the surly Johnson says: 'His family consisted of women; and there appears in his books something like a Turkish contempt of females as subordinate and inferior beings. He thought women made only for obedience, and man only for rebellion.'

Though Milton did not at once throw himself into the thick of the political strife, he did not keep silence long. In 1641 he wrote two pamphlets on 'Reformation in England and the causes that hitherto have hindered it.' In the same year he wrote a pamphlet on 'Prelatical Episcopacy, and whether it may be deduced from Apostolic Times,' and he followed this up with 'The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty,' and in these pamphlets he made fierce onslaughts upon the bishops, as in the following passage:

I cannot better liken the state and person of a King than to that mighty Nazarite Sampson; who being disciplin'd from his Birth in the Precepts and the Practice of Temperance and Sobriety, without the strong Drink of injurious and excessive Desires, grows up to a noble Strength and Perfection with those his illustrious and sunny Locks the Laws, waving and curling about his Godlike Shoulders. And while he keeps them about him undiminish'd and unshorn, he may with the Jawbone of an Ass, that is with the word of his meanest Officer, suppress and put to Confusion Thousands of those that rise against his just Power.

But laying down his Head among the strumpet flatteries of Prelates, while he sleeps and thinks no harm, they wickedly shaving off all those bright and weighty Tresses of his Laws, and just Prerogatives which were his Ornament and Strength, deliver him over to indirect and violent

Counsels, which as those Philistins put out the fair and far-sighted Eyes of his natural discerning, and make him grind in the Prison House of their sinister Ends and Practices upon him. Till he knowing this prelatial Razor to have bereft him of his wonted Might, nourish again his puissant Hair, the golden Beams of Law and Right; and they sternly shook, thunder with ruin upon the Heads of those his Evil Councillors, but not without great Affliction to himself.

In 1644 Milton addressed to Parliament his famous 'Areopagitica,' a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, from which a single passage may be extracted—

Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is wherof ye are, and wherof ye are the governours; a Nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, suttile and sinewy to discours, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to.

Behold now this vast City; a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the shop of warre hath not there more anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleagured truth, then there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.

In 1649, after the execution of Charles, Milton accepted the post of Latin secretary to the new Government, and he held the office till the Restoration. In addition to his Latin letters, he wrote during this period several Latin works in defence of the Government, but these now add but little to his fame. The two fine sonnets on 'The Lord General Cromwell' and on 'The Late Massacre in Piemont' are far nobler memorials of the time.

The great calamity of blindness which for years had been threatening Milton now fell upon him. About

1650 the sight of his left eye was gone, and two years later he was in total darkness. In several places in his later works he pathetically laments his loss—

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Even or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc
Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

The crowning glory of Milton's life, the 'Paradise Lost,' was commenced, it would seem, about 1658, but it was conceived much earlier. In 1641 Milton promises his readers some work, he as yet knows not what—

to be obtained not by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the life of whom he pleases.

For a time it was in his mind to take the story of King Arthur for a subject, and when he fixed upon the 'Fall of man' he at first purposed treating it in the form of a drama or mystery, and a rough sketch of this drama is still existing. At length the form was finally determined on, and the work proceeded smoothly, and was finished and published in 1667.

Milton has been greatly praised, both for his choice of a subject and for his treatment of it. Hallam says, 'The subject is the finest that has ever been chosen

for heroic poetry; it is also managed by Milton with remarkable skill,' and he maintains its superiority in these respects to Homer's 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' to Virgil's 'Æneid,' and to Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

On the other hand, we feel it to be a terrible disadvantage that so much of the poem deals with unrealities, lacking human interest or probability, and Carlyle speaks of 'the supernatural lumber of the concrete-abstract, evangelical-metaphysical gods of "Paradise Lost."' Goethe, still more severely, declares the subject of 'Paradise Lost' to be 'abominable, with a fair outside but rotten inwardly.'

Perhaps Milton's surest excellence is the unbroken majesty of his style. For this above all things Matthew Arnold praises him. 'In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Virgil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique amongst us. No one else in English literature and art possesses the like distinction.'

So to the same effect speaks Hazlitt. 'Force of style is one of Milton's greatest excellences. Hence perhaps he stimulates us more in the reading and less afterwards. The way to defend Milton against all impugnors is to take down the book and read it. Milton always labours, and he almost always succeeds. He strives hard to say the finest things in the world, and he does say them. The two first books alone are like two massy pillars of solid gold.'

Among the many beauties of the first book are to be reckoned the expressive similes, such as that of Satan's glowing shield—

Massy, large and round
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Through Optic Glass the Tuscan Artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new Lands,
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.

So too that of the fallen angels lying prone on the
flood—

His Legions Angel Forms, who lay entrant't
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarch't embower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion armed
Hath vex't the Red Sea Coast, whose waves oerthrew
Busiris and his Memphian Chivalrie,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating Carkases
And broken Chariot Wheels; so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood
Under amazement of their hideous change.

In the same book, too, is drawn the terrible but grand
portrait of Satan—

His form had not yet lost
All her Original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Arch-angel ruined, and th' excess
Of Glory obscur'd. As when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs. Darken'd so yet shon
Above them all th' Arch-angel; but his face
Deep scars of Thunder had intrench't and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
Waiting revenge.

The third book is less interesting, for the scene changes to heaven, and, as Pope says, Milton makes 'God the Father turn a school divine'; but here also there are beautiful pictures, as when Satan makes himself an angel of light the better to work his wicked purposes—

And now a stripling Cherube he appeers
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd.
Under a Coronet his flowing haire
In curls on either cheek plaid; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.

Well does Hazlitt say, 'The figure introduced here has all the elegance and precision of a Greek statue—glossy and unpurpled, tinged with golden light, and musical as the strings of Memnon's harp.'

In the fourth book is the beautiful description of Eden—

Not that faire field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gath'ring flours
Herself a fairer Floure by gloomie Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive.

And in the same book there is the fine picture of Adam and Eve—

His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
Shee as a veil down to the slender waste

Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yeilded, by him best received,
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

For this marvellous poem Milton received only two payments of 5*l.* each, and two editions were issued during his lifetime.

Johnson gives some interesting particulars of Milton's way of life during his latter years—

When he first rose he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then studied till twelve; then took some exercise for an hour; then dined; then played on the organ and sung, or heard another sing; then studied to six; then entertained his visitors till eight; then supped, and after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water went to bed. One of his visitors describes him as neatly enough dressed in black clothes, sitting in a room hung with rusty green; pale but not cadaverous, with chalk stones in his hands. He said that if it were not for the gout his blindness would be tolerable.

In the years that followed the writing of 'Paradise Lost' Milton was not idle, for he wrote 'Paradise Regained' and 'Samson Agonistes,' besides his 'History of Britain' and several other prose works of minor importance. He is said to have preferred 'Paradise Regained' to 'Paradise Lost,' though such a preference seems hardly possible. In the 'Samson' he seems to be portraying and lamenting his own blindness, and also the downfall of the Puritan cause.

In November 1674 he died in peace, and was buried near his father in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

ISAAC BARROW.

Among the names which are the glory of the Church of England, few are greater than that of Barrow. He was famous as a classical scholar, as a mathematician, as a controversialist, as a preacher, and in a proud and dissolute age he was a man of most pure and simple life.

He was born in London in 1630, and his father was linendraper to King Charles, but his uncle was bishop of St. Asaph's. He was a scholar at the Charterhouse, and was fond of fighting and of making the other boys fight. He was also careless in his dress, and this was characteristic of him to the end of his days. He made but little progress with his learning, and his father often wished that if it pleased God to take away any of his children it might be Isaac.

In 1645 he went to Cambridge and made excellent progress, but he was a staunch Royalist, while the ruling powers there were for the Parliament. One day the master of the college, laying his hand upon his head, said: 'Thou art a good lad, 'tis pity thou art a cavalier.' On another occasion the Fellows wished that he should be expelled, but the master silenced them, saying, 'Barrow is a better man than any of us.'

In 1649 he was chosen Fellow, and then turned his thoughts for a time to the study of physic, and made great progress in anatomy, botany, and chemistry. He also studied mathematics, in which he afterwards became so famous.

In 1654 he went on his travels, and visited Paris, Florence, Constantinople, and Smyrna. While in the

Mediterranean his ship was attacked by a pirate, 'and though he had never seen anything like a sea fight he stood to the gun appointed him with great courage, for he was not so much afraid of death as of slavery.'

When he returned to England he was ordained, and in the year of the Restoration he was chosen Greek Professor in Cambridge. Next year he was chosen for the Mathematical Lectureship at Gresham College, and a little later to the newly-founded Lucasian Lectureship at Cambridge. This latter post he resigned in 1669 to his famous pupil Isaac Newton.

In 1672 he was appointed Master of Trinity, and Charles II., in conferring the honour, said he had given it to the best scholar in England. He was already one of the king's chaplains, and Charles listened with attention to his sermons, and passed a most true judgment upon them, that 'Barrow was an unfair preacher, because he exhausted every topic and left no room for anything new to be said by anyone who came after him.'

His sermons were of great length: one of them, we are told, lasted for more than three hours; and on another occasion the vergers at Westminster Abbey caused the organs to play 'till they had blowed him down.' His sermons were written with great care, but only one of them was published during his lifetime. After his death Tillotson edited his works, and the sermons have always been regarded as models of manly eloquence. The great Earl of Chatham read them again and again, till he could repeat many of them by heart. The younger Pitt also studied and admired them.

In 1677, after preaching the Passion Sermon at

Guildhall Chapel, he fell sick, and, after a short illness, died in his lodgings at Charing Cross, and was buried in the Abbey.

In one of his sermons he attacks the vice of swearing, which was so universal in the witty and profligate court of Charles II.—

Another grand offence against piety is, rash and vain swearing in common discourse, an offence which now strangely reigns and rages in the world, passing about in a specious garb and under glorious titles, as a mark of fine breeding, and a point of high gallantry. Who, forsooth, now is the brave spark and complete gentleman, but he that hath the skill and confidence (O heavens! how mean a skill! how mad a confidence!) to lard every sentence with an oath or a curse; making bold at every turn to salute God, fetching him down from heaven to avouch any idle prattle, to second any giddy passion, to concern himself in any trivial affair of his; yea, calling the Almighty to damn and destroy him. If men would but a little consider things, surely this scurvy passion would soon be discarded—much fitter for the scum of the people than for the flower of the gentry; yea rather much below any man endued with a scrap of reason, not to say with a grain of religion. Could we bethink ourselves, certainly modest, sober, and pertinent discourse would appear far more generous and manly than such wild hectoring God Almighty, such rude insulting over the received laws, such ruffianly swaggering against sobriety and goodness. If gentlemen would regard the virtues of their ancestors (that gallant courage, that solid wisdom, that noble courtesy, which first advanced their families and severed them from the vulgar), this degenerate wantonness and dirtiness of speech would return to the dunghill, or rather (which God grant) would be quite banished from the world.

Barrow by no means wished to banish wit, but to purify it and direct it to right ends. In one of his sermons he gives an exhaustive definition of wit—

Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under

an odd similitude ; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection ; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense ; sometimes a scenical representation of persons and things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it ; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being ; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange ; sometimes from a crafty wrestling obvious matter to the purpose ; often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language.

And often, he tells us, witty reproofs are to be preferred to sober admonitions—

When sarcastical twitches are needful to pierce the thick skins of men, to correct their lethargick stupidity, to rouse them out of their drowzy negligence, then may they well be applied ; when plain declarations will not enlighten people to discern the truth and weight of things, and blunt arguments will not penetrate to convince and persuade them to their duty, then doth reason freely resign its place to wit, allowing it to undertake its work of instruction and reproof.

Facetious discourse particularly may be commodious for reproving some vices and reclaiming some persons (as salt for cleansing and curing some sores). It commonly procureth a more easy access to the ears of men, and worketh a stronger impression on their hearts than other discourse could do. Many who will not stand a direct reproof, and cannot abide to be plainly admonished of their fault, will yet endure to be pleasantly rubbed, and will patiently bear a jocund wipe ; though they abominate all language purely bitter or sour, yet they can relish discourse having in it a pleasant tartness ; you must not chide them as their master, but you may gibe with them as their companion ; if you do *that*, they will take you for pragmatikal and haughty ; *this* they may interpret friendship and freedom.

Besides his sermons, Barrow wrote a noble treatise, ‘Of the Pope’s Supremacy,’ which has been described as ‘enough to immortalise any man,’ but we have no space to further describe it.

TWO HISTORIANS: CLARENDON, BURNET.

THE many perils through which England passed in the half-century ending with the Revolution are narrated by two writers who bore a chief part in the events which they record.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, rose from the position of a simple country gentleman to be the trusted counsellor of Charles I. and Prince Charles, and at the Restoration he was created Lord Chancellor. Seven years later he retired in disgrace to France, and at Montpellier he completed his 'History of the Rebellion,' which he had begun many years before, and he also wrote a history of his own life. The language of both works is noble and stately, and he is celebrated for the skill and nice discernment with which he drew the characters of the men he came in contact with.

He was born at Dinton, in Wiltshire, in February 1609, a few months later than Milton, and the poet and historian died in the same year—1674. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and went afterwards to the Temple under the patronage of his uncle, who was Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

Whilst He was only a Student of the Law and stood at Gaze, and irresolute what Course of Life to take, his chief Acquaintance were Ben Johnson, John Selden, Charles Cotton, John Vaughan, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew and some others of eminent Faculties in their several Ways. Ben Johnson's Name can never be forgotten, having by his very good Learning, and the Severity of his Nature and Manners, very much reformed the Stage; and, indeed, English Poetry itself. His natural Advantages were judgment to order and govern

Fancy, rather than Excess of Fancy, his Productions being slow and upon Deliberation, yet then abounding with great Wit and Fancy, and will live accordingly.

He was early brought in contact with Archbishop Laud, who liked him; and he gives an interesting account of a visit to Lambeth—

He found the Archbishop early walking in the Garden; who received him according to his Custom very graciously, and, continuing his Walk, asked him ‘What good News in the Country?’ to which He answered, ‘there was none good; the People were universally discontented; and (which troubled him most) that many People spoke extreme ill of his Grace, as the Cause of all that was amiss.’ He replied, ‘that He was sorry for it; He knew He did not deserve it; and that He must not give over serving the King and the Church to please the People, who otherwise would not speak well of him.’

Clarendon describes the state of England before the outbreak of the war as one of peace and plenty—

The Kingdoms we now lament were alone looked upon as the Garden of the World; Scotland (which was but the Wilderness of that Garden) in a full, entire, and undisturbed Peace which they had never seen; the rage and barbarism of their Private Feuds being composed to the reverence or to the awe of publick Justice. Ireland, which had been a Sponge to draw, and a Gulph to swallow all that could be spar’d and all that could be got from England, reduced to that good degree of Husbandry and Government that it not only subsisted of itself and gave this Kingdom all that it might have expected from it; but really increas’d the Revenue of the Crown; Arts and Sciences fruitfully planted there; and the whole Nation beginning to be so civiliz’d that it was a Jewel of great Lustre in the Royal Diadem.

Soon this happy state of things was changed—

A small, scarce discernible cloud arose in the North, which was shortly after attended with such a Storm that never gave over raging till it had shaken, and even rooted up, the greatest and tallest Cedars of the three Nations; blasted all its Beauty and Fruitfulness; brought its Strength to Decay, and its Glory to Reproach, and almost to Desolation; by such a Career, and Deluge of Wickedness and Rebellion, as by not being enough foreseen, or, in Truth, suspected, could not be prevented.

Of the many portraits of leading men which abound in Clarendon's work we can give only one :

Mr. Hambden was a man of much greater Cunning and it may be, of the most discerning Spirit, and of the greatest Address and Insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desir'd, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was not a man of many words, and rarely begun the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assum'd ; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observ'd how the House was like to be inclin'd, took up the Argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily, so stated it that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desir'd.

No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seem'd to be ; which shortly after appear'd to everybody, when he car'd less to keep on the Masque.

Our last extract shall be Clarendon's account of the deterioration of manners and morals after the Rebellion :

All Relations were confounded by the several Sects in Religion, which discountenanced all Forms of Reverence and Respect, as Reliques and Marks of Superstition. Children asked not Blessing of their Parents ; nor did They concern themselves in the Education of their children, but were well content that They should take any course to maintain themselves, that They might be free from that Expense. The young Women conversed without any Circumspection or Modesty, and frequently met at Taverns and Common Eating-houses ; and They who were stricter and more severe in their Comportment, became the Wives of the seditious Preachers or of officers of the Army. The Daughters of noble and illustrious Families bestowed themselves upon the Divines of the time, or other low and unequal Matches. Parents had no Manner of Authority over their Children, nor Children any Obedience or Submission to their Parents ; but every one did that which was good in his own Eyes.

Gilbert Burnet was a writer of far less genius than Clarendon, but his 'History of His Own Time' is written in a lively, picturesque style, and his other great work, the 'History of the Reformation,' displays great erudition and sound judgment.

He was born in Edinburgh in 1643, and his father

was a worthy Scotch lawyer who refused to take the oath of the Covenant, and who after the Restoration was created a Lord of Session. Gilbert was educated at Aberdeen, and in 1663 he visited the English universities, and became acquainted with Cudworth, Pearson, Fell, and other great scholars of the time. After travelling through Holland and France he was made Professor of Divinity at Glasgow, and with the saintly Archbishop Leighton he endeavoured, on the basis of mutual concession, to bring all the Scottish clergy within the Episcopalian Church.

He was appointed one of King Charles's chaplains, and did not shrink from speaking plainly to him when the occasion needed it. In 1680 he addressed a letter to the king, in which the following passage occurs :

All the Distrust Your People have of You, all the Necessities You now are under, all the Indignation of Heaven that is upon You and appears in the defeating of all Your Councils, flow from this, That You have not feared nor served God, but have given Yourself up to so many sinful Pleasures.

Such plain speaking was unpalatable to the King, and in 1684 Burnet was abruptly dismissed from his Lectureship of the Rolls' Chapel, and he set forth on his travels once more. He visited France and Italy, and then he settled at the Hague, where William and Mary made him welcome, and his advice was of the greatest use to them in the critical times that were coming on.

After the Revolution he was made Bishop of Salisbury, and was most exemplary in the discharge of his duties. He set himself steadily against pluralities in the Church, and, chiefly through his exertions, the Queen Anne's Bounty was founded for augmenting the

revenues of poor livings. He died, after a short illness, in 1715.

We have room but for one extract from his 'History of His Own Time.' The landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay is thus described :

The wind turned into the South ; and a soft and happy gale of wind carried in the whole Fleet in four hours' time into Torbay. Immediately as many landed as conveniently could. As soon as the Prince and Marshal Schomberg got to shore, they were furnished with such horses as the village of Broxholme could afford ; and rode up to view the grounds, which they found as convenient as could be imagined for the foot in that season. It was not a cold night ; otherwise the soldiers who had been kept warm aboard might have suffered much by it. As soon as I landed, I made what haste I could to the place where the Prince was ; who took me heartily by the hand, and asked me if I would not now believe predestination. I told him I would never forget that providence of God, which had appeared so signally on this occasion. He was cheerfuller than ordinary. Yet he returned soon to his usual gravity. The Prince sent for all the fishermen of the place ; and asked them which was the properest place for landing his horse, which all apprehended would be a tedious business, and might hold some days. But next morning he was shewed a place, a quarter of a mile below the village, where the ships could be brought very near the land, against a good shore, and the horses would not be put to swim above twenty yards. This proved to be so happy for our landing, tho' we came to it by meer accident, that, if we had ordered the whole Island round to be sounded, we could not have found a properer place for it. There was a dead calm all that morning ; and in three hours' time all our horses were landed, with as much baggage as was necessary till we got to Exeter. The artillery and heavy baggage were left aboard, and ordered to Topsham, the seaport to Exeter. All that belonged to us so soon and so happily landed, that by the next day at noon we were in full march, and marched four miles that night.

IZAAK WALTON.

THE author of that delightful book 'The Compleat Angler' was born in Staffordshire in 1598. Not many

details of his life are known, but he settled in London as a shopkeeper, and had at first one of the tiny shops, seven-and-a-half feet by five feet, in the upper story of Gresham's Royal Exchange in Cornhill. Then in 1624 he had a linendraper's shop in Fleet Street, opposite the Temple, and in 1632 he bought a house and shop in Chancery Lane.

When the war broke out he retired from business to some lands which he had bought in his native county, but we are told 'he spent most of his time in the families of eminent clergymen, by whom he was much beloved.' He was twice married; his first wife was a great grand-niece of Archbishop Cranmer, and his second the sister of Ken, who was afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. One of his daughters married Dr. Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester; and in his house he died in 1688, thus continuing to the last in the closest intimacy with the clergy whom he loved so well.

The five charming little biographies which he wrote are all, with one exception (that of Sir Henry Wotton), the lives of English clergymen. Extracts from two of these (Hooker and Herbert) have been already given, and one may now be given from the last life, that of Dr. Sanderson, who, at the great age of seventy-four, was made Bishop of Lincoln when King Charles was restored.

The period of the Commonwealth was a time of distress to Sanderson in his country parish in Lincolnshire, where the Independent soldiers would visit him and tear his Book of Common Prayer to force him to pray extempore. Walton tells of a meeting with him in

London about 1655, when the two friends condoled with each other—

I met him accidentally in London, in sad coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a penthouse, (for it began to rain,) and immediately the wind arose, and the rain increased so much that both became so inconvenient as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for our money. This rain and wind were so obliging to me, as to force our stay there for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time he made to me many useful observations, with much clearness and conscientious freedom.

He did most highly commend the Common Prayer of the Church, saying 'the Collects were the most passionate, proper, and most elegant expressions that any language ever afforded; and that there was in them such piety, and so interwoven with instructions, that they taught us to know the power, the wisdom, the majesty, and mercy of God, and much of our duty both to Him and our neighbour.'

The first edition of 'The Compleat Angler' was published in 1653, and succeeding editions in 1656, 1661, 1664, 1668, and 1678, and it grew in length from thirteen chapters to twenty-one. The greater part of the work is in the form of a dialogue between Piscator (Walton himself) and Viator, and the scene is the valley of the Lea, which the author must often have frequented in his London shop-keeping days. The opening forms a pleasant picture—

Piscator. You are wel overtaken, Sir; a good morning to you; I have stretch'd my legs up Totnam Hil to overtake you, hoping your businesse may occasion you towards Ware, this fine pleasant fresh May day in the Morning.

Viator. Sir, I shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to be at Hodsden (three miles short of that Town) I wil not say, before I drink; but before I break my fast; for I have appointed a friend or two to meet me there at the *thatcht house* about nine of the clock this morning; and that made me so early up, and indeed, to walk so fast.

Piscator. Sir, I know the *thatcht house* very well, I often make it my resting-place and taste a cup of Ale there, for which liquor that place is very remarkable; and to that house I shall by your favour accompany you, and either abate of my pace or mend it, to enjoy such a companion as you seem to be, knowing that (as the Italians say) *Good company makes the way seem shorter.*

On their way they speak of otters, whom, says Piscator,

I hate perfectly because they love fish so well, or rather because they destroy so much; indeed, so much, that in my judgment all men that keep Otter dogs ought to have a Pension from the Commonwealth to encourage them to destroy the very breed of those base Otters, they do so much mischief.

In the second chapter an otter-hunt is described with much spirit, and next Piscator catches a fine chub—

Look you Sir, there he is, that very Chub that I shewed you, with the white spot on his tail; and I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat as I was to catch him. I'll now lead you to an honest Ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, Lavender in the windowes, and twenty Ballads stuck about the wall; there my Hostis (which I may tel you, is both cleanly and conveniently handsome) has drest many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.

On their way to the alehouse they see a handsome milkmaid and her mother, and the two sing Marlowe's song 'Come live with me and be my love,' and Raleigh's answer to it, 'If all the world and love were young.' At the alehouse they meet two other brothers of the angle, Peter and his friend Corydon, and a most pleasant day is ended with feasting and songs.

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE name of the Bunyans as peasant freeholders is scattered over the records of Bedfordshire from the close of the twelfth century. The one famous man whom the family produced was born in 1628 at Elstow, near Bedford, where his father was a brazier or tinker. He was put to school, and learned to read and write, 'though to my shame I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly.'

When he was sixteen his mother died, and he enlisted as a soldier in the Civil Wars; but whether on the king's side or that of the Parliament is quite uncertain, and he does not appear to have been in battle—

When I was a Soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the Company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place; and coming to the Siege, as he stood Sentinel, he was shot in the head with a Musket bullet and died. Presently after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father was counted Godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both), yet she had for her part 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I would sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me.

The reading of these books, acting upon Bunyan's own honest nature, caused him to be a great frequenter of the church, where he sang and recited the service with the foremost—

Withal I was so overrun with the spirit of Superstition that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (both the High place,

Priest, Clerk, Vestments, Service, and what else) belonging to the Church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the Priest and Clerk most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the Servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy Temple to do his work therein.

Bunyan speaks of his leading a wicked life at this time, but *the only wrongdoings that come clearly to light are swearing and taking part in the Sunday sports on the green. But a great change came over him; his present life seemed to him to be unspeakably wicked, and only after a struggle of intense agony, and lasting we know not how long, did his troubled soul at last find rest. The despair and hope and joy which in turn possessed him are described in his 'Grace Abounding,' and still more vividly in his 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

In 1653 he joined a Nonconformist congregation in Bedford, under the ministry of the 'holy Mr. Gifford,' who had been a dissolute officer in the Royalist army. Bunyan was soon chosen as deacon, and in 1657 he was appointed preacher, and he preached with great success 'in woods, in barns, on village greens, or in town chapels.'

In 1658 he published two small works, 'Some Gospel Truths Opened,' and 'Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul,' which carried to a wider audience his soul-stirring sermons.

With the Restoration the Episcopal Church was again established, and Nonconformist meetings were forbidden, and in November 1660 Bunyan was arrested. A full account of the arrest and the proceedings which followed is given by Bunyan, and we see clearly that the authorities were most reluctant to deal hardly with him, and

he would have been set at liberty if he would promise not to preach. But that Bunyan could not and would not do.

In January 1661 he was brought for trial at quarter sessions before several justices. Bunyan gives a graphic account of the proceedings, and we see that the justices treated him in a kindly, bantering manner. Bunyan quoted the text: 'As every man hath received the gift, so let him minister the same unto another.' Then Justice Keeling spoke—

He said, 'Let me a little open that Scripture to you. As every man hath received the gift, that is as every man hath received a trade, so let him follow it. If any man hath received a gift of tinkering, as thou hast done, let him follow his tinkering. And so other men to their trades.'

The same learned justice is said to have made the astonishing statement :

We know the common prayer book hath been ever since the apostles' time, and it is lawful for it to be used in the church.

In the end their sentence was :

You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service and leave your preaching you must be banished the realm; and if after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special licence from the King, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly

When the three months were coming to an end the clerk of the peace was sent to Bunyan to try to bend him from his stubbornness. Their conversation reads like one of the dialogues from the 'Pilgrim's Progress'—

When he was come into the house he sent for me out of my chamber, who, when I was come unto him, said: 'Neighbour Bunyan, how do you do?' 'I thank you, Sir,' said I, 'very well, blessed be the Lord.'

After some conversation the clerk told him :

You may have your liberty to exhort your neighbour in private discourse, so be you do not call together an assembly of people; and truly you may do much good to the Church of Christ if you would go this way, and this you may do and the law not abridge you. It is your private meetings that the law is against.

Sir, said I, if I may do good to one by my discourse, why may I not do good to two? And if to two, why not to four, and so to eight, etc. Ay, said he, and to a hundred I warrant you. Yes, sir, said I, I think I should not be forbid to do as much good as I can.

Seeing that Bunyan was so unmanageable, the authorities seem to have thought it best to let him stay in prison lest a worse thing, either banishment or death, should befall him. He therefore remained in jail till 1672; but his confinement seems not to have been grievous. For at least a good part of the time he was allowed freely to come and go, and he once went as far as to London. He was allowed to preach within the prison, and did so to as many as sixty at a time.

While in prison he wrote and published several little volumes, of which the most interesting is his spiritual biography, the 'Grace Abounding,' which appeared in 1666. It is generally thought, too, that it was in this time of quiet and retirement that he wrote the first part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' But this work did not appear till 1678, and it would appear that Bunyan was again in prison for six months in 1675, and this may be the time which he alludes to in the opening of his famous book :

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a Denn; and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a Dream.

When Bunyan was pardoned and released, in 1672, he was also licensed as a preacher, and became the minister of a congregation at Bedford; meeting in a barn in an orchard. He exercised a supervision over the congregations for a wide circuit around, and he was often called Bishop Bunyan. His fame as a preacher was very great, and in London he gathered immense congregations, and had to be lifted over the heads of the people up the pulpit stairs. He wrote and published many works—nearly sixty in all. Besides those already mentioned the chief were, 'The Life and Death of Mr. Badman' in 1680, the 'Holy War' in 1682, and the second part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in 1684.

He died in 1688, a few months before William of Orange landed.

'The Holy War,' a kind of vigorous 'Paradise Lost and Regained' in prose, is a fine work, but far below the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in excellence. The latter is so familiar to everyone that extracts seem needless, but two short ones may be given. In a little poem prefixed to the work Bunyan explains the occasion and scope of the work—

I writing of the Way
And Race of Saints, on this our Gospel-Day,
Fell suddenly into an Allegory
About their Journey, and the way to Glory,
In more than twenty things which I set down.
This done, I twenty more had in my Crown,
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.

In the House of the Interpreter, Christian sees a man rising from bed trembling because of a dream which he has had, and the trembler tells him his dream—

This night as I was in my sleep, I Dreamed, and behold the Heavens grew exceeding black; also it thundered and lightened in most fearful wise that it put me into an Agony. So I looked up in my Dream and saw the Clouds rack at an unusual rate; upon which I heard a great sound of a Trumpet, and saw also a Man sit upon a Cloud, attended with the thousands of Heaven; they were all in flaming fire, also the Heavens was on a burning flame. I heard then a voice, saying, *Arise ye Dead and Come to Judgement*; and with that the Rocks rent, the Graves opened, and the Dead that were therein came forth; some of them were exceeding glad, and looked upward; and some thought to hide themselves under the Mountains. I also thought to hide myself but I could not; for the Man that sat upon the Cloud still kept his eye upon me: my sins also came into mind and my Conscience did accuse me on every side

JOHN DRYDEN.

WITH Dryden a new age both of poetry and prose begins. With Milton the line of poets of mighty imagination and exquisite fancy ceased, and Clarendon and Barrow were the last of the masters of the stately and majestic old English prose. A sprightlier, wittier style now came in, owing much to the light and sparkling literature of France, as our older literature was indebted to the noble and stately literature of Italy.

Matthew Arnold describes this age as the age not of imagination but of prose and reason, and he calls Dryden its glorious founder, and Pope its splendid high priest. Of the two poets Dryden was the greater even in the excellence of separate works, and he greatly excelled Pope in the range and variety of his intellectual powers.

He is one of the best of literary critics, and his judgments of Shakspeare and Milton are just and generous. He equalled or excelled all others as a reasoner in verse, and no other satirist has drawn so powerful a picture as that of 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

Dryden was born in 1631, in the vicarage of Aldwinkle on the Nen, in Northamptonshire, where his mother's father was vicar. His own father possessed a tiny estate on the opposite side of the county, and the poet inherited and retained a modest income of 60*l.* a year. He was sent to Westminster School, where Dr. Busby then reigned, and afterwards to Cambridge. Like Milton, he was for some offence expelled for a time, and in after years he did not love Cambridge. He has addressed many prologues to the University of Oxford, and in one of them occur the lines :

Oxford to him a dearer Name shall be
Than his own Mother University.
Thebes did his green unknowing Youth engage;
He chuses Athens in his riper age.

One of Dryden's earliest poems is a gallant epistle, in which verse and prose are mingled, addressed to his first love, his cousin Honor, daughter of Sir John Driden. Nothing came of this love affair, but the lady lived unmarried, and treasured the letter to the end of her days.

About 1657 Dryden came to live in London, and at the end of the next year he wrote his first considerable poem, 'Heroic Stanzas to the Memory of His Highness, Oliver, late Lord Protector.' There are in all thirty-seven stanzas, and some of them are very fine—

His grandeur he derived from heaven alone ;
For he was great, ere fortune made him so ;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did fresh jewels bring ;
Nor was his virtue poisoned soon as born
With the too early thoughts of being king.

Swift and resistless through the land he past
Like that bold Greek, who did the East subdue ;
And made to battles such heroic haste,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
When to pale mariners they storms portend ;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest ;
His name a great example stands to show,
How strangely high endeavours may be blest
Where piety and valour jointly go.

A truer and worthier eulogy of Cromwell has perhaps never been written, and we are a little shocked and disappointed to find that two years later Dryden was ready with his poem to welcome Charles II. home. He entitles it 'Astraea Redux,' and takes as a motto a famous line of Virgil, which he translates—

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhimes,
Renews its finished course ; Saturnian times
Roll round again.

The poem contains over three hundred lines, and a few of the finest may be quoted. The poet describes the misery caused by the king's absence—

For his long absence church and state did groan,
Madness the pulpit, faction seized the throne;

Experienced age in deep despair was lost,
 To see the rebel thrive, the loyal crost :
 Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been,
 Envied gray hairs, that once good days had seen.
 The rabble now such freedom did enjoy
 As winds at sea, that use it to destroy :
 Blind as the Cyclops, and as wild as he,
 They owned a lawless savage liberty,
 Like that our painted ancestors so prized,
 Ere empires' arts their breasts had civilized.

He then joyfully celebrates the king's return—

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own !
 Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion.
 It is no longer motion cheats your view ;
 As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
 Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand
 Who in their haste to welcome you to land,
 Choked up the beach with their still growing store,
 And made a wilder torrent on the shore.
 And now Time's whiter series is begun,
 Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run ;
 Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall fly,
 Dispelled to farthest corners of the sky.

Dryden's next great poem was the '*Annus Mirabilis*,' which was published in 1667, and which described the war with the Dutch, and the Fire of London, the two great events of the preceding year. The poem consists of three hundred and four stanzas, and many of them are exceedingly fine, while others are marred by forced conceits and ludicrous images. The pause for the night after the first day of the four days' battle is thus described :

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
 The combat still, and they ashamed to leave ;
 Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
 And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

In the English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
 And loud applause of their great leader's fame;
 In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
 And, slumbering, smile at the imagined flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
 Stretched on their decks, like weary oxen, lie;
 Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
 Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread;
 Or, shipwrecked, labour to some distant shore;
 Or, in dark churches walk among the dead;
 They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

The exhaustion of both fleets after the fight is over
 is thus described :

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
 A course till tired before the dog she lay;
 Who stretched behind her, pants upon the plain,
 Past power to kill, as she to get away.
 With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
 His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
 She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
 And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

In the description of the Fire of London he imagines
 the regicides, whose heads were exposed on London
 Bridge, to rejoice—

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
 With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice;
 About the fire into a dance they bend,
 And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

He then prophesies that a nobler London will arise
 from the flames—

Methinks already from this chemic flame,
 I see a city of more precious mould;
 Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
 With silver paved, and all divine with gold.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen, she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

Some few years earlier Dryden had married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and sister of Sir Robert Howard, who was a man of letters as well as a nobleman. The marriage brought Dryden some improvement of fortune, but not, it is to be feared, much domestic happiness. He had also begun to write plays, and during his life he produced nearly thirty, but not one masterpiece.

During the Civil War the playhouses of London were closed and the players were dispersed, but at the Restoration the remnants of them drew together, and two companies were formed, the King's and the Duke's, so named in honour of Charles and his brother James. At the head of the latter was Sir William Davenant, who was also Poet Laureate, and who wrote a rhyming play, 'The Siege of Rhodes,' in the heroic bombastic style of the French theatre, and this play became very popular, and set the fashion for rhyming heroic plays.

Dryden's first play was 'The Wild Gallant,' which was brought out in 1663, and was a failure, though it pleased Lady Castlemaine, the king's reigning favourite. During the same year he brought out 'The Rival Ladies,' which was a success; and the next year he assisted his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, in bringing out 'The

Indian Queen,' which proved a very great success. In 1665 Dryden himself wrote 'The Indian Emperor,' as a continuation of 'The Indian Queen,' and this play also succeeded well.

About the same time he wrote an elaborate essay on 'Dramatic Poesy,' in which the chief question discussed is as to the comparative merits of rhyme and blank verse in tragedies; but the essay also contains some interesting sketches of dramatists.

Of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson Dryden says :

Shakespeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily : when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation : he was naturally learned ; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature ; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike ; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid, his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him ; no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

As for Jonson, I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Humour was his proper sphere ; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them ; but he has done his robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him.

If I would compare him with Shakespeare I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater genius. Shakespeare

was the Homer or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakespeare.

In 1667 Dryden wrote 'The Maiden Queen,' and Nell Gwyn acted a part in it with great applause. The king and his brother were present on the first night, and Pepys tells us 'the play was mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit'; and as to Nell Gwyn's acting he says, 'I never can hope to see the like done again by man or woman.'

In the same year appeared as a joint work of Dryden and Davenant 'The Tempest,' which is Shakspeare's play monstrously altered and spoiled, and we can only hope the work was mostly Davenant's. In the prologue Dryden says:

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

Other plays followed, and Dryden entered into a contract to write three plays a year for the king's theatre, and he received a share of the profits, which for some years to come brought him in from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a year. Among the plays written about this time were 'The Royal Martyr' and 'The Conquest of Granada,' both filled with swelling and bombastic speeches; but they suited the popular taste, and were great favourites. In the former play the tyrant Maximin thus rages against the gods:

What had the Gods to do with me or mine?
Did I molest your heaven?
Why should you then make Maximin your foe,
Who paid you tribute, which he need not do?
Your altars I with smoke of gums did crown
For which you leaned your hungry nostrils down,

All daily gaping for my incense there,
More than your sun could draw you in a year.
And you for this these plagues on me have sent!
But by the Gods, (by Maximin I meant,) Henceforth I and my world,
Hostility with you and yours declare.
Look to it, Gods; for you the aggressors are.
Keep you your rain and sunshine in your skies,
And I'll keep back my flame and sacrifice.
Your trade of heaven shall soon be at a stand,
And all your goods lie dead upon your hand.

And with his last breath the tyrant exclaims :

And shoving back this earth on which I sit,
I'll mount and scatter all the Gods I hit.

In 1670, on the death of Davenant, Dryden was created Poet Laureate, and at the same time he was appointed to the office of Historiographer Royal. In the next year the witty Duke of Buckingham, with the assistance of the poet Butler and others, wrote the famous play of 'The Rehearsal,' in which, in the character of Bayes, Dryden is mercilessly caricatured, and the swelling passages of his heroic dramas are parodied very cleverly. The play had immense success, and the nickname of Mr. Bayes clung to Dryden ever afterwards.

Some few years later he wrote a play called 'The State of Innocence,' which was an adaptation of 'Paradise Lost.' We are told that he called on Milton to ask his permission, and that the blind poet 'received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tag his verses,' that is, to add to them the ornament of rhyme. Dryden had a sincere respect for Milton, and speaks of 'Paradise Lost' as 'undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and sublime poems which either this age

or nation has produced.' He is also reported to have said, speaking of Milton, 'This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too.'

In 1681 Dryden composed the most brilliant of all his works, his 'Absalom and Achitophel,' and its attendant political satires. 'It is said to have been undertaken at the command of Charles; and, if so, no king was ever better obeyed.'¹

The time was one of intense excitement. Titus Oates and his fellow-perjurers had roused the country with the fear of a popish plot, and the Whig party, with Shaftesbury at its head, was straining every nerve to get the king's brother excluded from the succession to the throne. The gallant young Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles, was in disgrace, and was banished from court, and was lending his ear to the crafty counsels of Shaftesbury.

These conflicting persons and interests are sketched by Dryden with a master's hand. Monmouth is Absalom, noble, but wayward and misguided; Charles is King David sorrowing for his son; Shaftesbury is Achitophel, the giver of crafty and evil counsel. London is Jerusalem; and the citizens, who were for the most part on Shaftesbury's side, are the Jebusites. The picture of Monmouth is sketched with tender care—

Of all the numerous Progeny was none
So Beautiful, so Brave, as Absalom.
Early in foreign Fields he won Renown
With Kings and States, ally'd to Israel's Crown;
In Peace the thoughts of War he could remove,
And seemed as he were only born for Love.

¹ Scott.

Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
 In him alone 'twas natural to please ;
 His motions all accompany'd with grace,
 And Paradise was opened in his face.
 With secret Joy indulgent David view'd
 His Youthful Image in his Son renew'd ;
 To all his wishes nothing he denied,
 And made the charming Annabel his bride.

And near the close of the poem a hope is expressed that the misguided youth may return—

But oh ! that yet he would repent and live !
 How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive !
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
 From Nature pleading for a Darling Son.

The restless Shaftesbury, who had been in favour and out of favour with Charles I., and Cromwell, and Charles II., is severely dealt with in the poem—

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
 A Name to all succeeding Ages curst :
 For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit ;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of Wit ;
 Restless, unfixed in Principles and Place ;
 In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace,
 A fiery Soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the Pigmy body to decay
 And o're inform'd the tenement of clay ;
 A daring Pilot in extremity ;
 Pleased with the Danger, when the Waves went high,
 He sought the Storms ; but, for a Calm unfit,
 Would steer too near the Sands, to boast his Wit.
 Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd,
 And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide ;
 Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
 Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest ?
 Punish a Body which he cou'd not please ;
 Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of ease.

The witty Duke of Buckingham, who had ridiculed Dryden in the 'Rehearsal,' now received his punishment—

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
 A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome ;
 Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and Nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
 Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon,
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
 With something New to wish or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual Themes ;
 And both to show his Judgment in Extremes,
 So over Violent, or over Civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but Desert.
 Beggared by Fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his Estate.

The second part of 'Absalom and Achitophel' was published next year, but it was in great part the work of Nahum Tate, who is now chiefly remembered by his metrical version of the Psalms. In Dryden's portion there is a most fierce and scurrilous attack on Settle and Shadwell, the two poets of the party, whom he describes under the names of Doeg and Og—

Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse
 Who by my muse to all succeeding times
 Shall live, in spite of their own doggerl rhimes.
 Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blundering kind of melody ;
 Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in ;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And in one word, heroically mad.
 Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
 Og from a treason tavern rolling home.

Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link.
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue :
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme
He curses God, but God before curst him

Between the issues of the first and second parts of the 'Absalom and Achitophel' Dryden wrote the 'Medal,' which was a further fierce attack on Shaftesbury. That nobleman had been committed to the Tower on a charge of treason in July 1681, and in November the grand jury of Middlesex sitting at the Old Bailey ignored the bill of indictment against him. The joy of the citizens was great, and a medal with the earl on one side and London with its river and bridge and tower on the other, was struck to commemorate the victory. This gave the occasion for Dryden's poem, in which he describes the shameless facility with which Shaftesbury had again and again changed sides—

A Martial Heroe first, with early care,
Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds to war ;
A beardless Chief, a Rebel e'er a Man ;
So young his hatred to his Prince began.
Next this, how wildly will Ambition steer !
A Vermin wriggling in the Usurper's Ear ;
Bart'ring his venal wit for summs of Gold,
He cast himself into the Saint-like mould ;
Groaned, sighed, and prayed, while Godliness was gain,
The lowest Bagpipe of the Squeaking Train.

At about the same time with 'Absalom and Achitophel' and the 'Medal,' Dryden wrote and published 'Mac Flecknoe,' a further bitter satire upon the poet Shadwell, and this poem served as a model for Pope's still more famous 'Dunciad.'

In this same eventful year of 1682 Dryden wrote his '*Religio Laici*,' which Scott considered to be 'one of the most admirable poems in the language.' It is addressed to a young friend who had translated Father Simon's celebrated '*Critical History of the Old Testament*,' and it is a defence of the Church of England in its position midway between the scepticism of the Free-thinkers and the superstition of the Romanists. The opening lines are beautiful—

Dim as the borrow'd beams of Moon and Stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,
Is Reason to the Soul : and as, on high,
Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky,
Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering Ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better Day.
And as those nightly Tapers disappear,
When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere ;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dyes and so dissolves in Supernatural Light.

Farther in the poem there are some noble lines in praise of the Bible—

Whence but from Heav'n could men unskilled in Arts,
In several Ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing Truths ? Or how, or why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a Lye ?
Unasked their Pains, ungrateful their Advice,
Starving their Gain, and Martyrdom their Price.
Then for the Style, Majestic and Divine,
It speaks no less than God in every Line ;
Commanding words whose Force is still the same
As the first Fiat that produced our Frame.

Within a year of King James's accession Dryden had become a convert to Romanism. Evelyn writes in his

diary on January 19, 1686: 'Dryden, the famous playwright, and his two sons and Mrs. Nelly (Miss to the late King) were said to go to Mass; such proselytes were no great loss to the Church.' In the next year Dryden wrote a long and elaborate poem, 'The Hind and the Panther,' in defence of his adopted religion. 'Under the name of a milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged, he described the unity, simplicity, and innocence of the Church to which he had become a convert; and under that of a panther, fierce and inexorable towards those of a different persuasion, he bodied forth the Church of England, obstinate in defending its pale from encroachment by the penal statutes and the test acts.'¹

The language of the poem is beautiful as in Dryden's other poems, but we have space only for a few opening lines:

A Milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Sin,
Yet had she oft been chas'd with Horns and Hounds
And Scythian shafts; and many wing'd wounds
Aimed at her Heart; was often forc'd to fly
And doom'd to Death, though fated not to die.
Panting and Pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once Her own.
The common Hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By Sov'reign Pow'r, her Company disdain'd,
Grinned as they pass'd, and with a glaring Eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret Enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light
They had not time to take a steady Sight;
For truth has such a face and such a meen,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

¹ Scott.

The sincerity of Dryden's conversion has been doubted, but at least he has the credit of remaining firmly attached to his adopted faith, and at the Revolution he lost his posts and pensions, and was obliged to depend more than ever upon the labours of his pen. During the twelve years of life that remained to him much excellent work was done, especially his translations of Virgil and his adaptations of Chaucer. In his preface to the latter work he has some interesting remarks on Chaucer—

In the first place as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace.

The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends: it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*. They who lived with him and some time after him thought it musical; and it continues so, even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries; there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing though not perfect.

The translation of Virgil was a great success; the first edition was published in 1697, and was exhausted in a few months. During the progress of the work he had many unpleasant contentions about payments with his publisher, Jacob Tonson, the famous but somewhat close-fisted bookseller. Dryden steadily resisted Tonson's wish that the book should be dedicated to King William.

Tonson has missed of his design in the dedication, though he had prepared the book for it, for in every figure of Æneas he has caused him to be drawn like King William with a hooked nose.

This caused one of the wits to write :

Old Jacob, by deep judgment swayed
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

One of Dryden's works in these his latter years is his magnificent 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day,' the song of 'Alexander's Feast,' which he is said to have written in a single night.

A musical society had been formed in London in 1683 for the celebration of St. Cecilia's Day, and a festival was held annually on November 22, when an ode composed for the occasion was sung. Dryden composed the ode for 1687, but the grander one, the 'Alexander's Feast,' belongs to 1697. It consists of seven noble stanzas, of which we may find room for two—

I

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son ;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

In the second stanza the bard Timotheus is described, who sings to Alexander the glory of his birth as the son

of Jove ; and in the third stanza he sings the praise of Bacchus ; then in the fourth stanza the fall of Darius is pathetically described—

IV

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse ;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate, .
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed ; .
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

Dryden continued cheerful and busy till the last. In 1699, the year before his death, he writes to a beautiful young kinswoman in the country :

I am still drudging on ; always a poet and never a good one. I pass my time sometimes with Ovid, and sometimes with our old English poet Chaucer ; translating such stories as best please my fancy, and intend, besides them to add somewhat of my own ; so that it is not impossible, but ere the summer be passed, I may come down to you with a volume in my hand, like a dog out of the water, with a duck in his mouth.

In London the young poets like Congreve looked upon him with reverence, and ' glorious John ' sat as a

king in Will's Coffee House in Covent Garden, in his own arm-chair, which had its settled place in the summer in the balcony and in the winter by the fireside. He died on May Day in 1700, and he was buried with much pomp in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Chaucer and Cowley.

JOHN LOCKE.

DRYDEN has been called the founder and inaugurator of an age of prose and reason, but the philosopher Locke may justly share the honour with him. His philosophy has often been denounced as bare and inadequate, but at least it is intelligible: it is the philosophy of common sense, and its influence has been very great.

The future philosopher was born in 1632, at a pleasant village in Somersetshire. His father brought him up with much care,

keeping him in much awe, and at a distance when he was a boy, but relaxing still by degrees of that severity, as he grew up to be a man till, he being become capable of it, he lived perfectly with him as a friend. And I remember he has told me that his father after he was a man, solemnly asked his pardon for having struck him once in a passion when he was a boy.

In 1646 he went to Westminster School, and was a fellow pupil with Dryden under Dr. Busby. From thence he went to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1652, and eight years later he was chosen Greek Lecturer for his college.

In 1665 he went as secretary to an embassy to Brandenburg, and in his letters he gives some amusing

descriptions of the German universities. The next year he was back again in Oxford, and by accident he became acquainted with the Earl of Shaftesbury, at that time Lord Ashley, and a friendship ensued which ended only with the death of the earl. In 1667 he took up his residence with Lord Ashley in London, and

from that time he was with my Lord Ashley as a man at home, and lived in that family much esteemed, not only by my lord, but by all the friends of the family.

Locke was tutor to Lord Ashley's only son—a sickly youth of seventeen, the one whom Dryden described in the 'Absalom and Achitophel' as 'that unfeathered, two-legged thing a son, born a shapeless lump like anarchy.' Locke was commissioned to find a suitable wife for this youth, and he managed the business well. The third Earl of Shaftesbury became a brilliant man of letters, and he tells us :

My father was too young and inexperienced to choose a wife for himself, and my grandfather too much in business to choose one for him. All was thrown upon Mr. Locke, who being already so good a judge of men, my grandfather doubted not of his equal judgment in women. He departed from him entrusted and sworn, as Abraham's head servant 'that ruled over all that he had' and went into a far country to seek for his son a wife, whom he successfully found.

The children of this marriage were all carefully trained and educated by Locke, and the third earl speaks of him with reverence and gratitude.

In 1682 Shaftesbury fled to Amsterdam, and died there next year, and soon afterwards Locke also thought it prudent to take shelter in Holland. By the king's command his name was struck off the roll of Christ Church in 1684, and in 1685 his surrender was demanded

by the English Government, and he had to go for a little while into hiding.

About this time he was introduced to the Prince and Princess of Orange, and the acquaintance gradually grew into a friendship, and Locke returned to England in 1689 in the train of the princess.

His great work, the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' had been completed while he was resting in Holland, and in 1690 it was published in a fine folio, and Locke received 30*l.* for the copyright.

In the 'Epistle to the Reader' Locke gives us what he calls 'the history of this essay':

Five or six friends meeting at my chamber and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand, by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had awhile puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts, that we took a wrong course; and that before we set ourselves upon enquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were or were not fitted to deal with.

This fairly describes the scope of the essay, as an inquiry into the nature of the intellect and into the extent of its powers, and one or two extracts may be given in illustration.

Many philosophers had believed and maintained that our elementary notions or ideas, of number and space, of right and wrong, and of the existence of God, were innate or born with us, and that the child's experience only developed and strengthened the already existing ideas.

But Locke maintained that no ideas, not even those of the existence of God, were innate—

If any idea can be imagined innate, the idea of God may, of all others, for many reasons be thought so; since it is hard to conceive, how there should be innate moral principles, without an innate idea of a Deity; without a notion of a law-maker it is impossible to have a notion of a law, and an obligation to observe it.

Besides the atheists taken notice of amongst the ancients, and left branded upon the records of history, hath not navigation discovered in these later ages whole nations at the bay of Soldania, in Brazil, in Boranday, and in the Caribee Islands amongst whom there was to be found no notion of a God, no religion?

These are instances of nations where uncultivated nature has been left to itself, without the help of letters and discipline, and the improvements of arts and sciences. And perhaps if we should with attention mind the lives and discourses of people not so far off, we should have too much reason to fear, that many in more civilized countries have no very strong and clear impressions of a deity upon their minds; and that the complaints of atheism made from the pulpit are not without reason; and though only some profligate wretches own it too barefacedly now, yet perhaps we should hear more than we do of it from others, did not the fear of the magistrate's sword, or their neighbours' censure, tie up people's tongues; which, were the apprehensions of punishment or shame taken away, would as openly proclaim their atheism, as their lives do.

Locke maintains that the only materials for thought which the human intellect possesses, are the impressions or ideas derived immediately from sensible objects, and another set of ideas, which he calls ideas of reflection, and which the mind derives from contemplating and combining the impressions received from without—

All those sublime thoughts which tower above the clouds, and reach as high as heaven itself, take their rise and footing here; in all that good extent wherein the mind wanders, in those remote speculations, it may seem to be elevated with, it stirs not one jot beyond those ideas which sense or reflection has offered for its contemplation.

During 1689 a Latin letter on Toleration written by Locke was published in Holland, but without his name. This letter was now translated into English, and aroused

much interest. Its principles were attacked, and Locke defended them in a second, and third, and fourth letter, still without giving his name. He took interest in the passing of the Toleration Act, and it is said by some that he suggested its terms.

In 1690 Locke also published his 'Two Treatises of Government' in answer to a book published ten years before called, 'Patriarcha, or the Natural Power of Kings,' and written by Sir Robert Filmer. Locke tells us in the preface that his work was written

to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present king William ; to make good his title, in the consent of the people ; which, being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly than any prince in Christendom ; and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with their resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin.

The fogs of London began now to injuriously affect Locke's delicate health, and he found a pleasant home in the manor house of Oates, in Essex, about twenty miles from London. The house belonged to Sir Francis and Lady Masham, and the latter was a daughter of the philosopher Cudworth, and an old acquaintance of Locke's. They prevailed upon him to live with them, and 'Mr. Locke then believed himself at home with us, and resolved, if it pleased God, here to end his days, as he did.' He took much delight in the society of the daughter of the house, Esther Masham. 'In raillery,' she says, 'he used to call me his Lindabridis, and I called him my John.' A few years before his death, in writing to a friend, he says, 'If you were here you would find three or four in the parlour after dinner, who, you would say, passed their

bookish man, and this being almost that alone, which is thought on, when people talk of education, makes it the greater paradox. When I consider what a-do is made about a little Latin and Greek, how many years are spent in it, and what noise and business it makes to no purpose, I can hardly forbear thinking, that the parents of children still live in fear of the schoolmaster's rod, which they look on as the only instrument of education ; as if a language or two were its whole business.

His advice as to physical and moral training is very full and interesting, and one or two extracts may be given—

Another thing that is of great advantage to everyone's health, but especially children's, is to be much in the open air, and very little by the fire even in winter. Thus the body may be brought to bear almost anything. If I should advise him to play in the wind and sun without a hat, I doubt whether it could be borne: There would a thousand objections be made against it, which at last would amount to no more in truth than being sunburnt. And if my young master be to be kept always in the shade, and never exposed to the sun and the wind, for fear of his complexion, it may be a good way to make him a beau but not a man of business.

Among his remarks on moral training he says :

One thing I have frequently observed in children, that when they have got possession of any poor creature they are apt to use it ill ; they often torment and use very roughly young birds, butterflies, and such other poor animals, which fall into their hands, and that with a seeming kind of pleasure. Children should from the beginning be bred up in an abhorrence of killing or tormenting any living creature, and be taught not to spoil or destroy anything, unless it be for the preservation or advantage of some other that is nobler.

Locke was a pious, sober-minded Christian man, and he wrote several theological works, which are, however, seldom read now. The chief of these are a 'Treatise on the Reasonableness of Christianity,' and 'Commentaries on some of the Epistles of St. Paul.'

He died in October 1704, and on his deathbed professed 'his sincere communion with the whole Church of Christ, by whatever name Christ's followers call themselves.' 'His death,' says Lady Masham, 'was like his life, truly pious, yet natural, easy, and unaffected; nor can time, I think, ever produce a more eminent example of reason and religion than he was, living and dying.'

THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE early part of the eighteenth century, the age of Swift and Addison and Pope, is a brilliant period in English literature, and it has been justly compared to the Augustan age of Roman literature with its Virgil and Horace, and to the age of Leo X. with its Ariosto and Tasso, to mention only a few names out of the cluster that belong to those periods.

Little direct encouragement was given either by William III., or Anne, or George I. to literature, but some of the chief statesmen of both parties were themselves men of letters, and they became generous patrons of learning.

Charles Montague, the great Whig leader, when a young man, was a joint author with Matt Prior of the 'Town and Country Mouse,' in which they turned to ridicule Dryden's fine poem of the 'Hind and Panther.' At the Revolution Montague devoted himself to politics,

and rose to be Earl of Halifax and Knight of the Garter. His old comrade Prior was made Secretary to the Embassy at the Hague, and afterwards was chief ambassador at the Court of France. Montague also took notice of Congreve after his first play, 'The Old Bachelor,' made him a commissioner for licensing hackney coaches, and gave him a place in the Pipe Office, and another in the Customs worth 600*l.* a year. Through Montague's generous aid, Addison was sent travelling on the Continent in 1699 with a pension of 300*l.* a year, and in later years he became under his friend's patronage Secretary of State.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the leading spirit of the Tory party, was a man of far greater literary talent than Montague, but he had far fewer opportunities of acting as a patron of learning. But he was the warm friend, as long as life lasted, of Swift, and Pope, and Gay, and Arbuthnot. Pope especially seems to have regarded him with the most sincere and profound reverence.

'I really think,' said he once, 'there is something in that great man which looks as if he was placed here by mistake. When the comet appeared a month or two ago, I had sometimes an imagination that it might possibly be come to carry him home as a coach comes to one's door for other visitors.'

The works of Bolingbroke, his 'Letters on the Study of History,' his 'Idea of a Patriot King,' etc., are now but little valued. They are written in a brilliant, lucid, finely flowing style, but they have little depth of matter. On the death of Queen Anne he was obliged to seek safety in exile, but he was pardoned in 1723, and returned to England, and he died in 1751.

In a letter to Swift, in 1729, he says :—

Both of us have closed the tenth Lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life be entituled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it* than a *Farce*? some comedy and a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin and Scaramouch.

The unsettled condition of the times was another reason for the encouragement given to men of letters. The principles of the Revolution were by no means universally received, many of the worthiest clergy were non-jurors, and towards the close of Queen Anne's reign it seem probable that the Pretender would be recalled. Dutch William was hated most heartily by many of his subjects, and not even the brilliant victories of Marlborough could completely reconcile the nation to the great French war. The national will was liable to sudden and violent changes, and rival statesmen needed to have nimble pens and fertile intellects at their command. It was the circumstances of the hour rather than the intrinsic merit of the piece which lent such interest to Defoe's 'True-born Englishman' in 1699, to Swift's 'Conduct of the Allies' in 1712, and to Steele's 'Crisis' in 1714.

The Age of Queen Anne is famous for its genial literary friendships and companionships, and none is pleasanter than that which united Swift, and Pope, and Arbuthnot, and Gay. Of Swift and Pope separate and special mention must be made, but a brief account may now be given of Arbuthnot and Gay.

Dr. John Arbuthnot was born in Kincardineshire in the same year with Swift, 1667. He studied medicine, and came to London to seek his fortune, and soon became

known as a man of wit as well as of virtue. In 1709, he was appointed physician to the Queen, and won the friendship of Swift, who though he did not love the Scotch made an exception of the doctor. 'Oh if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels!' he says in a letter of 1725.

Swift and his friends appear in the latter years of the Queen's reign to have formed themselves into a society, the 'Scriblerus Club,' with the purpose of making war upon learned dulness and pretension. Pope's 'Dunciad' and Swift's 'Gulliver's Travels' may be regarded as the partial working out of the design, and Arbuthnot was the author of the very humorous 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus,' the pedant in whose person learned dulness was to be ridiculed.

Martin was the only son of a learned old gentleman, Cornelius Scriblerus, who took infinite pains with the boy's education from the very moment of his birth.

No sooner was the cry of the infant heard but the old gentleman rushed into the room, and, snatching it into his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleased to find that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other like Agesilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to stammer like Demosthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men.

When the boy was old enough to receive instruction his father taught him in a novel and interesting method.

He would frequently carry him to the puppet show of the creation of the world, where the child, with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the history of the Bible. He invented for him a geographical suit of cloaths, which might give him some hints of that Science, and likewise some knowledge of the Commerce of different Nations. He had a French

hat with an African Feather, Holland Shirts, and Flanders Lace, English Cloth lined with Indian Silk ; his Gloves were Italian, and his Shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechis'd thereupon, which his father was wont to call ' Travelling at home.' He never gave him a Fig or an Orange but he obliged him to give an account from what Country it came. In Natural history he was much assisted by his Curiosity in Sign Posts, insomuch that he hath often confessed he owed to them the knowledge of many Creatures which he never since found in any Author, such as White Lions, Golden Dragons, &c.

In 1712 Arbuthnot who was an ardent Tory wrote ' Law is a Bottomless Pit ; or, the History of John Bull,' a very amusing parody of the history of the great French war. On the death of the Queen he lost his Court appointment, but he maintained his cheerful good humour to the last. He died in 1735.

John Gay was born in Devonshire in the same year with Pope, 1688, and he came to London as an apprentice to a silk mercer. He attracted the notice of the Duchess of Monmouth, and in 1712 became her secretary, and he wrote poems which gained for him the notice and friendship of Pope.

In 1713 he wrote ' The Shepherd's Week ' in six Pastorals, in which English country manners were copied in all their reality. They were intended to ridicule the Pastorals recently written by Ambrose Philips, Addison's friend, in which the manners of an imaginary golden age are described.

In his introduction Gay says :—

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or, if the hogs are astray, driving them to their sties. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields ; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades but under a hedge ; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flock from wolves, because there are none.

Gay wrote several plays which were only moderately successful, but his 'Beggar's Opera' had an immense success.

Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay what an odd pretty sort of a thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the 'Beggar's Opera.'

The piece was received with greater applause than was ever known. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens.

Gay's 'Fables' and his ballads, especially 'Black-eyed Susan,' are now his best-remembered works. He died in 1732, and Pope wrote his epitaph beginning—

Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;
In wit, a man, simplicity, a child.

Pope wrote to Swift an account of the death, and the latter endorsed the letter—

On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death. Received December 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune.

Three years later, after Arbuthnot's death, Swift writes :—

The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them ; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke.

As Swift was the centre of a circle of admiring friends, so also was Addison. The chief of these friends were Steele, Tickell, Ambrose Philips and Eustace Budgell, and their daily gathering place was Button's coffee house

by Covent Garden, where Addison reigned as Dryden had done at Will's.

Eustace Budgell was a relation of Addison, and wrote a considerable number of the 'Spectators,' and caught Addison's manner very happily. He went with Addison to Ireland as clerk, and he afterwards became a member of parliament and Under Secretary of State. In his latter days he fell into disgrace and misery, and committed suicide in 1737, leaving written on a slip of paper the lines—

What Cato did and Addison approved
Cannot be wrong.

Ambrose Philips and **Pope** made their first appearance as poets in **Tonson's** 'Miscellany,' where Philips's 'Pastorals' are at the beginning of the volume, and **Pope's** at the end. The circle at **Button's** praised Philips's poems so highly both in conversation and in the 'Spectator' and 'Guardian,' that **Pope** was irritated and wrote an ironical paper for the 'Guardian' (No. 40), in which he appears to give the preference to Philips, but very artfully contrives in the extracts to show his own superiority. Philips in his turn was greatly irritated, and hung up a rod in **Button's** with which he vowed he would whip **Pope**. Several plays were written by Philips, and one of these, 'The Distressed Mother,' had considerable success and was highly praised in the 'Spectator' (No. 290). Philips also wrote a number of simple little short-lined songs, which caused the wits to play upon his name and call him 'Namby Pamby.'

Thomas Tickell wrote several poems of considerable merit, the best perhaps being that on the death of Addison,

afternoons as agreeably and as jocundly as any people you have this good while met with.'

Among Locke's intimate friends at this time were two of the leading statesmen of the day—Somers, who became Lord Chancellor, and Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax. With them he often discussed what was then a most serious trouble, the state of the coinage. From Dryden's letters to Jacob Tonson the bookseller we see what a source of trouble and vexation this had become. 'I expect fifty pounds in good silver, not such as I have had formerly,' he says in one letter. Again in another, 'You know money is now very scrupulously received; in the last which you did me the favour to change for my wife, besides the clipped money there were at least forty shillings brass.' And in still another letter, 'If you have any silver that will go, my wife will be glad of it. I lost thirty shillings or more by the last payment of fifty pounds.' The greater part of the coin was so clipped and debased as to be worth not much more than half its nominal value, and this value was different in different places. The confusion and disagreement that arose was unspeakable. 'On a fair day or a market day the clamours, the reproaches, the taunts, the curses were incessant; and it was well if no booth was overturned and no head broken.'¹

The Government now determined to call in and recoin all the clipped money; but Lowndes, the Secretary of the Treasury, strongly advised that the new crown should be raised to the nominal value of five shillings and threepence; and there seemed to be a likelihood that Parliament

¹ Macaulay.

would agree to this proposal, which would nowadays be considered an outrageous violation of the principles of Political Economy. Against this proposal Locke strove, and strove successfully, in his 'Further Considerations against raising the Value of Money,' in which he uses arguments and illustrations that should have convinced the most simple and the most obstinate.

In 1696 Locke was appointed by the king one of the commissioners of the new Board of Trade, and he held the office as long as his health would permit, till 1700.

Among the subjects that engaged his attention in this office was that of the encouragement of the linen trade in Ireland, and we are somewhat startled to find him making the following proposal :

That spinning schools shall be set up, where whoever will come to learn to spin shall be taught gratis, and to which all persons that have not forty shillings a year estate shall be obliged to send all their children, both male and female, that they have at home with them, from six to fourteen years of age, and may have liberty to send those also between four and six if they please, to be employed there in spinning ten hours in the day when the days are so long, or as long as it is light when they are shorter ; provided always that no child shall be obliged to go above two miles to any such school.

One of Locke's most interesting works is that entitled 'Some Thoughts concerning Education,' which he addressed to a friend in 1690. It is noticeable that 'book learning' is only dealt with in the last quarter of the work—

You will wonder, perhaps, that I put learning last, especially if I tell you I think it the least part. This may seem strange in the mouth of a

Lord ! if you pleas'd, what a clever Miscellany might you make at leisure hours.'

Lintot then spoke of his authors, of Dr. King—

who would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak, and Sir Richard, who in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles' pound, shall make you half a Job.

But his translators gave him most trouble.

Sir, said he, they are the saddest pack of rogues in the world ; in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter and cry, ' Ay, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end.' By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself.

Lintot was certainly vulgar and ignorant enough, but Edmund Curll, the pirate bookseller, was far worse, and Pope covers him with the coarsest mockery and abuse. The following extracts are from a paper of ' Instructions to a porter how to find Mr. Curll's authors.'

At a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half way under the blind arch, ask for the *historian*.

At the Bedstead and Bolster, a music house in Moorfields, two translators in a bed together.

At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar Yard, a schoolmaster with carbuncles on his nose.

At the farthing pye-house in Tooting Fields, the young man who is writing my new Pastorals.

At the laundresses at the Hole-in-the-Wall in Cursitor Alley, up three pairs of stairs, the author of my Church History. You may also speak to the gentleman who lies by him in the flock bed, my index maker.

Call at Budge Row for the gentleman you used to go to in the cock loft ; I have taken away the ladder, but his landlady has it in keeping.

JONATHAN SWIFT

JONATHAN SWIFT was descended from an ancient Yorkshire family, and his grandfather was the Vicar of Gooderich in Herefordshire, in the troubled times of Charles I. Several of the Vicar's sons settled in Ireland, and in Dublin the little Jonathan was born in 1667, but his father had died some months earlier. The boy's uncle, Godwin Swift, bore the chief charges of his education, and he was sent to Kilkenny school, where the poet Congreve was his schoolfellow, and he afterwards went to Trinity College, Dublin, but he was an idle and somewhat unruly student, and he quitted the university with little credit in 1688.

He then came to England and sought the protection and patronage of Sir William Temple, who had known his mother's family, and with him he remained almost without interruption until his death in 1699. Sir William Temple had been a famous diplomatist in the time of Charles II., and though he now lived in retirement, he enjoyed the favour and confidence of William III. The King paid several visits to Moor Park, Sir William's seat in Surrey, and he conversed with Swift, and, it is said, offered to make him a captain of horse.

The library at Moor Park was a noble one, and Swift made good use of it, and atoned by ten years of industry for the idleness of his youth. It was during this period that he wrote two of his chief works, the 'Battle of the Books,' and the 'Tale of a Tub,' though neither was published till some years after Temple's death. The 'Battle of the Books' is a very amusing contribution to

the famous controversy between Bentley and Boyle as to the authenticity of the 'Letters of Phalaris,' which controversy took its rise from Sir William Temple's 'Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning.'

The great scholar Bentley by his arrogant and pompous manners invited and provoked the attacks of the wits, and it seemed for a time as if they had overpowered him in argument. But it is now clearly recognised that truth and learning were on Bentley's side, and his famous 'Dissertation' is a final and unanswerable closing of the controversy.

The battle is described as taking place in St. James's library, of which Bentley was the keeper, and Swift thus mocks him :—

About this time there was a strange Confusion of Place among all the *Books* in the Library; for which several Reasons were assign'd. Some imputed it to a great Heap of *learned Dust*, which a perverse Wind blew off from a Shelf of *Moderns* into the Keeper's Eyes. Others affirm'd he had a Humour to pick the *Worms* out of the *Schoolmen* and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof, some fell upon his *Spleen*, and some climb'd up into his Head, to the great Perturbation of both. And, lastly, others maintain'd, that by walking much in the dark about the Library, he had quite lost the Situation of it out of his Head; and therefore, in replacing his *Books*, he was apt to mistake and clap *Des Cartes* next to *Aristotle*. Poor *Plato* had got between *Hobbes* and the *Seven Wise Masters*; and Virgil was hem'd in with *Dryden* on one side and *Withers* on the other.

In the thick of the battle Bentley is described thus :—

His Armour was patch'd up of a thousand incoherent Pieces; and the Sound of it, as he march'd, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a Sheet of Lead which the wind blows suddenly down from the Roof of some Steeple. His Helmet was of old rusty Iron, but the Vizard was Brass, which, tainted by his Breath, corrupted into Copperas, nor

wanted Gall from the same Fountain ; so that, whenever provoked by Anger or Labour, an atramentous Quality of most malignant Nature was seen to distil from his Lips.

The 'Tale of a Tub' is a most vigorous but coarse satire on excesses in religion, and in it Swift's fancy runs riot. Speaking of the work thirteen years later, he says, 'the author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head ;' and when he was old and his reason was failing, he was seen turning over its pages and murmuring, 'Good God ! what a genius I had when I wrote that book !'

In the early part of the book is a passage in which the worshippers of dress are satirised, and the passage may have suggested to Carlyle his famous Clothes Philosopher.

The Worshippers of this Deity held the Universe to be a large *Suit of Clothes*, which *invests* everything ; that the Earth is *invested* by the Air ; the Air is *invested* by the Stars ; and the Stars are *invested* by the *Primum Mobile*. Look on this Globe of Earth. You will find it to be a very compleat and fashionable *Dress*. What is that which some call *Land* but a fine Coat faced with Green ? or the Sea, but a Waist Coat of Water Tabby ? Proceed to the particular Works of the Creation, you will find how curious *Journeyman* Nature hath been to trim up the *vegetable* Beaux. Observe how sparkish a Peruke adorns the Head of a *Beech*, and what a fine Doublet of white Sattin is worn by the *Birch*.

To conclude from all, What is Man himself but a Micro-Coat, or rather a compleat Suit of Clothes, with all its Trimmings ? As to his Body, there can be no dispute. But examine even the Acquirements of his Mind, you will find them all contribute in their Order towards furnishing out an exact Dress. To instance no more, is not Religion a *Cloke*, Honesty a *Pair of Shoes*, worn out in the dirt ; Self-love a *Surtout*, and Vanity a *Shirt* ?

The Church of Rome, the English Church, and the Presbyterian Church are represented as three brothers,

Peter, Martin, and Jack, and the first and last are satirised mercilessly.

In this way he mocks at the pride of Rome :

In short, what with Pride, Projects, and Knavery, poor *Peter* was grown distracted, and conceiv'd the strangest Imaginations in the World. In the height of his Fits (as it is usual with those who run mad out of Pride) he would call himself *God Almighty*, and sometimes *Monarch of the Universe*.

I have seen him (says my Author) take three old *high crown'd Hats*, and clap them all on his Head, three Story high, with a huge Bunch of *Keys* at his Girdle, and an *Angling Rod* in his Hand, in which Guise, whoever went to take him by the hand, in the way of Salutation, *Peter*, with much Grace, like a well-educated Spaniel, would present them with his *Foot* ; and if they refus'd his *Civility*, then he would raise it as high as their Chops, and give them a Kick in the Mouth ; which hath ever since been call'd a *Salute*. Whoever walk'd by, without paying him their Compliments, having a wonderful strong Breath, he would blow their *Hats* off into the Dirt.

There are many such passages, and some too coarse for quotation, and we do not wonder that Queen Anne would never consent to the author of the 'Tale of a Tub' being made a bishop.

During Temple's lifetime Swift had been ordained, and after Sir William's death, in 1699, he returned to Ireland as chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley. He held the small living of Laracor, near Dublin, and was also a prebendary of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He passed a restless life for the next ten or twelve years, flitting often over to London, taking a keen interest in politics, and becoming acquainted with the leaders of the Whig and Tory parties.

In 1704 the 'Tale of a Tub' and the 'Battle of the Books' were published, and Swift gained the friendship

of Addison, who speaks of him as 'the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age.'

From September 1710 till April 1713 Swift was in London, witnessed the downfall of the Whigs, and became the confidential friend and adviser of Harley and Bolingbroke, the Tory leaders. In their interest he wrote in 1712 the pamphlet entitled 'The Conduct of the Allies,' which had a wonderful popularity and greatly helped to break down the Duke of Marlborough's power, and to bring the great French war to an end.

Swift generously used his influence with Harley and Bolingbroke to befriend Congreve, Gay, Pope, Berkeley, and other literary men. For himself it was hoped that the bishopric of Hereford would be obtained, but the Queen was opposed to this, and Swift's friends could only obtain for him the deanery of St. Patrick's, and he returned discontented to Ireland in 1713. Swift describes his intimacy with Harley in his 'Imitations of Horace,' from which a few lines may be quoted—

'Tis (let me see) three Years and more
(*October* next it will be four)
Since *Harley* bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his Coach to chat
And question me of this and that;
As, 'What's o'Clock?' and 'How's the Wind?'
'Whose Chariot's that we left behind?'
Or gravely try to read the Lines
Writ underneath the Country *Signs*;
Or, 'Have you nothing new to-day
From *Pope*, from *Parnell*, or from *Gay*?'
Such Tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as *Stains*,

As once a week we travel down
 To *Windsor* and again to Town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaimed at *Charing Cross*.

His prattling letters to Stella also form a pleasant record of his stay in London, and of Stella herself some account must be given.

Esther Johnson was a little girl living in Sir William Temple's house when Swift entered it in 1689.

I knew her, he says, from six years old, and had some share in her education, by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life.

She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen, but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection.

After Temple's death, and when Swift was settled in Ireland, she also with a friend, a Mrs. Dingley, came and settled in Dublin.

Her fortune at that time was in all not above fifteen hundred pounds, the interest of which was but a scanty maintenance in so dear a country, for one of her spirit.

Upon this consideration, and indeed very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintance in Ireland, I prevailed with her and her dear friend and companion, the other lady, to draw what money they had into Ireland, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon funds. Money was then at ten per cent. in Ireland, besides the advantage of returning it, and all necessaries of life at half the price.

She was at that time about nineteen years old, and her person was soon distinguished. But the adventure looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal, which, however, soon blew off by her excellent conduct.

The mystery of Stella's connection with Swift has never been cleared up, but it is believed they were secretly married though they never lived together. She died in 1728, and Swift was in an agony of grief.

This day, being Sunday, January 28, 1728, about 8 o'clock at night a servant brought me a note with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I or perhaps any other person was ever blessed with. She expired about six in the evening of this day; and, as soon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I resolve, for my own satisfaction, to say something of her life and character.

Two days later he sadly continues—

This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber.

Swift had retired to Dublin in 1713 to take possession of his deanery, but he was recalled almost immediately to England to reconcile the growing differences between Harley and Bolingbroke, and to prop the falling power of the Tories. He did his best both with tongue and pen, but he failed, and with Queen Anne's death the Tory cause fell in ruins.

Swift then returned for good to Ireland, and paid only a few short visits to England in later years.

He looked with sad and indignant eyes on Ireland's miseries, and from time to time he wrote pamphlets filled with fierce sarcasm against England. In 1720 he wrote a 'Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures.'

What if the Ladies wou'd be content with *Irish* Stuffs for the Furniture of their Houses, for Gowns and Petticoats for themselves and

their Daughters ? Upon the whole, and to crown all the rest, Let a firm Resolution be taken, by *Male* and *Female*, never to appear with one single Shred that comes from *England* ; And let all the People say, *AMEN*. I hope and believe nothing could please his Majesty better than to hear that his Loyal Subjects of both Sexes in this Kingdom celebrated his *Birth Day* (now approaching) *universally* clad in their own Manufacture. Is there Vertue enough left in this deluded People to save them from the brink of Ruin ? If the Men's Opinion may be taken, the Ladies will look as handsome in Stuffs as in Brocades ; and since all will be equal, there may be room enough to employ their Wit and Fancy in chusing and matching of Patterns and Colours.

Four years later he wrote the famous 'Drapier's Letters' against the proposal to introduce Wood's new copper coinage into Ireland, and he was henceforth regarded as the great national hero and saviour of Ireland.

When he returned from England in 1726, bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and a guard of honour escorted him to the deanery. Towns voted him their freedom, and received him like a prince. When Walpole spoke of arresting him, a prudent friend told the minister that the messenger would require a guard of 10,000 soldiers.

In 1729 he wrote his 'Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country,' which is the most terrible of all his satires.

I have been assured by a very knowing *American* of my acquaintance in *London* that a young healthy Child, well-nurs'd, is, at a Year old, a most *delicious*, *nourishing*, and *wholesome* Food, whether *stewed*, *roasted*, *baked*, or *boyled* ; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a *Fricassée* or a *Ragoust*.

A Child will make two Dishes at an Entertainment for Friends ; and when the Family dines alone, the fore or hind Quarter will make a reasonable Dish, and seasoned with a little *Pepper* or *Salt*, will be very good boiled on the fourth Day, especially in Winter.

I grant this Food will be somewhat dear, and therefore *very proper* for *Landlords*, who, as they have already devoured most of the *Parents*, seem to have the best Title to the *Children*.

Those who are more thrifty (*as I must confess the Times require*) may flay the Carcase; the Skin of which, artificially dressed, will make admirable *Gloves for Ladies, and Summer Boots for fine Gentlemen.*

During this period Swift also wrote the delightful book 'Gulliver's Travels,' the manuscript of which work he brought to England in 1726. It was published the next year, and it gained immediate popularity. Cynics and philosophers, simple people and children, all were delighted with it. The first part, the Voyage to Lilliput, is a satirical picture of the Court of George I., the premier Flimnap is Sir Robert Walpole, the parties of the High-Heels and the Low-Heels are the Tories and the Whigs, the Big-Endians and the Little-Endians are the Protestants and Papists.

Swift thus describes the Emperor of Lilliput :

He is taller by almost the breadth of my Nail, than any of his Court, which alone is enough to strike an Awe into the Beholders. His Features are strong and masculine, with an *Austrian* Lip and arched Nose; his Complexion olive, his Countenance erect, his Body and Limbs well-proportioned, all his Motions graceful, and his Deportment majestick.

He held his Sword drawn in his Hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the Hilt and Scabbard were gold enriched with Diamonds. His Voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up.

In the second part, the voyage to Brobdingnag, the satire is less apparent, but the fun and waggery are greater than ever. Swift thus describes Glumdalclitch, the kindhearted girl who tended Gulliver so carefully.

My Mistress had a Daughter of nine Years old, a Child of towardly Parts for her Age, very dexterous at her Needle, and skilful in dressing her Baby. Her Mother and she contrived to fit up the Baby's Cradle for me against Night. The Cradle was put into a small Drawer of a Cabinet, and the Drawer placed upon a Hanging shelf for fear of the Rats.

She made me seven Shirts, and some other Linen of as fine Cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than Sackcloth ; and these she constantly washed for me with her own Hands. She was likewise my School Mistress to teach me the Language. When I pointed to anything, she told me the Name of it in her own Tongue, so that in a few Days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natur'd, and not above forty Feet high, being little for her Age.

The third and fourth parts of the Travels are not nearly so pleasing, and in them Swift was indulging that misanthropy which was becoming in him a disease. In writing to Pope in 1725, he begs him to ' give the world one lash the more ' for his sake.

I have ever hated all Nations, Professions, and Communities ; and all my love is towards Individuals ; for instance, I hate the Tribe of Lawyers, but I love Counsellor such a one, and Judge such a one. 'Tis so with Physicians (I will not speak of my own Trade), Soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest.

But principally I hate and detest that animal called Man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, and so I shall go on till I have done with them. Upon this great foundation of Misanthropy the whole building of my Travels is erected.

The description which Swift gives of the Struldbrugs, the poor creatures in Luggnagg who can never die, is a terrible one.

They commonly acted like Mortals till about thirty Years old, after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. Then they had not only all the Follies and Infirmities of other old Men, but many more which arose from the dreadful Prospects of never dying. They were not only Opinionative, Peevish, Covetous, Morose, Vain, Talkative, but incapable of Friendship and dead to all natural Affections, which never descended below their Grandchildren. Envy and impotent Desires are their prevailing Passions. But those Objects, against which their Envy seems principally directed, are the Vices of the younger sort, and the Deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former they find themselves cut off from all possibility of Pleasure ;

and whenever they see a Funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to an Harbour of Rest to which they themselves can never hope to arrive.

Swift wrote no more great works, and after Stella's death he became more and more weary of life. He discharged the duties of his office with unfailing regularity, and although he was rigidly economical in his personal expenditure, he was bountiful to the poor. He possessed a few genial friends, such as Sheridan and Delany, in whose society he took pleasure, and he continued to correspond with Bolingbroke and Pope.

In 1781 he wrote a curious poem on his own death, from which a few verses may be extracted.

The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When I foresee my special friends
Will try to find their private ends :
And though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
See how the dean begins to break ;
Poor gentleman ! he droops apace,
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays ;
He recollects not what he says ;
He cannot call his friends to mind ;
Forgets the place where last he dined ;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
For poetry he's past his prime ;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme ;
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade,

I'd have him throw away his pen :—
 But there's no talking to some men.
 Behold the fatal day arrive !
 How is the dean ? he's just alive.
 Now the departing prayer is read ;
 He hardly breathes—The dean is dead.
 Before the passing bell begun,
 The news through half the town has run.
 Oh ! may we all for death prepare !
 What has he left ? and who's his heir ?
 I know no more than what the news is ;
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.
 To public uses ! there's a whim !
 What has the public done for him ?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride ;
 He gave it all—but first he died.

And he closes the poem with the lines—

He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad ;
 To show by one satiric touch
 No nation wanted it so much.

The last few years of his life were unutterably sad. He suffered agonies of bodily pain, and except for brief intervals his reason left him. Death at last came as a relief in October 1745.

In power of intellect Swift was the greatest of the writers of this age. His prose has not the charm of Addison's finest passages, but in its terse irony there is a concentrated force such as Addison never reached. His poetry like his prose is perfectly unadorned. His lines are charged with wit and meaning, but they lack the grace and beauty of Pope's. Unhappily some of the poems are indescribable in their coarseness.

THE ESSAYISTS—STEELE AND ADDISON

THE 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator' are the best monuments of the lifelong friendship of Richard Steele and Joseph Addison. The two friends were born in the same year, 1672, the former in Dublin, the latter in a country parsonage in Wiltshire.

Of Steele's father little is known except that he died when the boy was young.

The first Sense of Sorrow I ever knew was upon the Death of my Father, at which Time I was not quite Five Years of Age ; but was rather amazed at what all the House meant, than possessed with a real Understanding why no Body was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the Room where his Body lay, and my Mother sate weeping alone by it. I had my Battledore in my Hand, and fell a beating the Coffin and calling Papa ; for, I know not how, I had some slight Idea that he was locked up there.

My Mother caught me in her Arms ; and, transported beyond all Patience of the silent Grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her Embraces ; and told me in a Flood of Tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under Ground, whence he could never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful Woman, of a noble Spirit, and there was a Dignity in her Grief amidst all the Wildness of her Transport ; which, methought, struck me with an Instinct of Sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very Soul, and has made Pity the Weakness of my Heart ever since.¹

In 1684, Steele became a scholar in the Charterhouse, and there began his friendship with Addison, and in due course they proceeded to Oxford. Addison's father was now Dean of Lichfield, and Steele was a favourite visitor, and has drawn a beautiful picture of the dean.

¹ 'Tatler,' No. 181.

I remember, among all my Acquaintance, but one Man whom I have thought to live with his Children with Equanimity and a good Grace. He had three Sons and one Daughter, whom he bred with all the Care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous Way. The Boys behaved themselves very early with a manly Friendship; and their Sister, instead of the gross Familiarities, and impertinent Freedoms in Behaviour usual in other Houses, was always treated by them with as much Complaisance as any other young Lady of their Acquaintance.

It was an unspeakable Pleasure to visit, or sit at a Meal, in that Family. I have often seen the old Man's Heart flow at his Eyes with Joy upon Occasions which would appear indifferent to such as were Strangers to the Turn of his Mind; but a very slight Accident, wherein he saw his Children's Goodwill to one another, created in him the God-like pleasure of loving them because they loved each other.¹

About 1694 Steele, who was ever impulsive, suddenly quitted the university and enlisted as a trooper in the Life Guards, a regiment in which many sons of gentlemen served, and he rose before long to be ensign and then captain.

In 1701 he wrote and published a little religious work called 'The Christian Hero'—

with a design principally to fix upon his own Mind a strong Impression of Virtue and Religion, in opposition to a stronger Propensity towards unwarrantable Pleasures, and in hopes that a Standing Testimony against himself, and the eyes of the World (that is to say) of his Acquaintance upon him in a new light might curb his Desires, and make him ashamed of understanding and seeming to feel what was Virtuous and living so quite contrary a Life.

Then in the same year he wrote his first comedy, 'The Funeral,' and he gives a somewhat amusing account of the reasons that moved him thereto.

Finding himself slighted, instead of being encouraged for his Declarations as to Religion, it was now incumbent upon him to enliven his

¹ 'Tatler,' No. 285.

Character, for which Reason he writ the Comedy called *The Funeral*, in which (tho' full of incidents that move Laughter) Virtue and Vice appear just as they ought to do.

Two other comedies, '*The Lying Lover*' and '*The Tender Husband*,' soon followed, and in all of them there are many scenes of light and innocent gaiety.

Meanwhile Addison had become Fellow of Magdalen, had written verses which the great Dryden praised, and had become known to Somers and Montague, King William's chief ministers. Through their interest he obtained in 1699 a grant of 300*l.* a year to enable him to travel, and he visited France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, and returned to England at the end of 1703. While on his travels he wrote to Montague a fine poetical epistle, describing the delight he felt in visiting scenes renowned in ancient song and story.

Poetick Fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on Classick ground ;
For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung,
That not a Mountain rears its Head unsung ;
Renown'd in Verse each shady Thicket grows,
And every Stream in Heav'nly Numbers flows.

On his return to England Addison published his '*Remarks on various Parts of Italy*,' dedicating it to Lord Somers ; but his friends were no longer in power, and for a little time he lived in obscurity, lodging, if we may trust Pope's account, 'up three pairs of stairs over a small shop.'

From this obscurity he emerged in the following year after writing '*The Campaign*,' a poem celebrating Marlborough's great victory at Blenheim. It has been called

a gazette in rhyme, and not unjustly, for the narrative is unimpassioned and unadorned ; but the description of Marlborough in the crisis of the battle is very fine, and the simile of the angel of the storm was universally admired.

So when an Angel by Divine Command
With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,
Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blast ;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind and directs the Storm.

As a reward he was appointed Commissioner of Appeals in succession to the philosopher, John Locke, next became Under-Secretary of State, and in 1708 went to Ireland as Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant.

He had by this time gained the warm friendship of Swift, and after his return to England Swift writes to him—

If you will come over again when you are at leisure, we will raise an army and make you King of Ireland. Can you think so meanly of a kingdom as not to be pleased that every creature in it, who hath one grain of worth, has a veneration for you ?

Good fortune had also fallen on Steele, for in 1706 he was appointed Gazetteer with a salary of 300*l.*, and in September 1707, after a short but very ardent courtship, he was married to Miss Mary Scurlock, his 'dear Prue,' and a long series of his letters to her has been preserved. They reveal very clearly to us the warm-hearted, impulsive, improvident lover and husband that he was. He afterwards published some of his love-letters with slight alterations in the 'Spectator,' and the following is one which was written after the wedding-day had been fixed.

Madam—It is the hardest thing in the World to be in Love and yet attend business. As for me all that speake to me find me out, and I must Lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A Gentleman ask'd me this morning what news from Lisbon, and I answer'd 'She's exquisitely handsome.' Another desir'd to know when I had been last at Hampton Court. I reply'd, 'Twill be on Tuesday come se'n night.' Prethee allow me at least to kisse your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. Oh Love

A thousand Torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would Live to Live without thee?

Methinks I could write a Volume to you, but all the Language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion I am Ever Yours,

RICHD. STEELE.

Married life brought the need for an increase of income, and Steele's experience as editor of the Gazette turned his thoughts to the starting of a paper, and the famous 'Tatler' appeared on April 12, 1709. In the first number he unfolds the scope and purpose of his new venture.

I shall from Time to Time report and consider all Matters of what Kind so-ever that shall occur to me, and publish such my Advices and Reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the Week for the Convenience of the Post. I resolve to have something which may be of Entertainment to the Fair Sex, in Honour of whom I have invented the Title of this Paper.

All Accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, and Entertainment, shall be under the Article of White's Chocolate-House; Poetry under that of Will's Coffee-House; Learning under the Title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestick News you will have from Saint James's Coffee-House, and what else I have to offer on any other Subject shall be dated from my own apartment.

The early papers are entirely Steele's, and they contain some of his most characteristic work. In No. 4 there is an entertaining description of two rival beauties,

Clarissa and Chloe, and in the same number there is a ludicrous piece of theatrical intelligence dated from Will's Coffee-house.

We hear Mr. Penkethman has removed his ingenious company of Strollers to Greenwich. But other Letters from Deptford say, the company is only making thither, and not yet settled; but that several Heathen Gods and Goddesses which are to descend in Machines landed at the King's-Head Stairs last Saturday. Venus and Cupid went on foot from thence to Greenwich; Mars got drunk in the Town, and broke his landlord's head, for which he sat in the Stocks the whole Evening, but Mr. Penkethman giving Security that he should do nothing this ensuing Summer, he was set at liberty.

Addison was at this time in Ireland, and knew nothing of his friend's new enterprise, but he speedily detected him and soon became a contributor. No one was readier than Steele himself to acknowledge the invaluable aid which Addison rendered, and in the preface to the collected edition of the 'Tatler' he says:—

I have only one gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent Assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an Intimacy from Childhood, considering the great Ease with which he is able to despatch the most entertaining Pieces of this Nature. This good Office he performed with such Force of Genius, Humour, Wit and Learning, that I fared like a distressed Prince, who calls in a powerful Neighbour to his Aid; I was undone by my Auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without Dependence on him.

Addison's papers in the 'Tatler' are full of the delicate strokes of sly humour in which he was without a rival. From many others may be selected Nos. 155, 158, 163, which contain the descriptions of 'The Political Upholsterer,' 'Tom Folio,' the book broker, and 'Ned Softly,' the small poet. The following extract is the

opening description of 'The Political Upholsterer,' and the character is very pleasantly developed in this and in later numbers :—

There lived some Years since, within my Neighbourhood, a very grave Person, an Upholsterer, who seemed a Man of more than ordinary Application to Business. He was a very early Riser and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his Neighbours. He had a particular Carefulness in the knitting of his Brows, and a kind of Impatience in all his Motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on Matters of Importance. Upon my Enquiry into his Life and Conversation, I found him to be the greatest Newsmonster in our Quarter ; that he rose before Day to read the *Post-Man* ; and that he would take two or three Turns to the other End of the Town before his Neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch Mails come in. He had a Wife and several Children ; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own Family, and was in greater Pain and Anxiety of Mind for King Augustus' Welfare than that of his nearest Relations. He looked extremely thin in a Dearth of News, and never enjoyed himself in a Westerly Wind. This indefatigable kind of Life was the Ruin of his Shop ; for about the Time that his favourite Prince left the Crown of Poland he broke and disappeared.

Yet after all the 'Tatler' was mainly the work of Steele. Out of 271 papers he contributed 188 to Addison's 42, and he first sketched the outlines which Addison filled in with such full perfection. His papers on women are especially beautiful, and from many others may be selected No. 84, with its description of Damia and Clindamira dancing ; No. 95, a description of a visit to a happy married couple ; and No. 114, in which the death of the loving wife is described. It is said that Steele broke down in writing this last pathetic scene, and Addison finished the number. His descriptions of children are equally charming, and one short extract may be given from No. 95 referred to above.

On a sudden we were alarmed with the Noise of a Drum, and immediately entered my little Godson to give me a Point of War. His Mother, between Laughing and Chiding, would have put him out of the Room; but I would not part with him so. I found upon Conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his Mirth, that the Child had excellent Parts, and was a great Master of all the Learning on t'other Side Eight Years old. I perceived him a very great Historian in Aesop's Fables: But he frankly declared to me his Mind, that he did not delight in that Learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which Reason I found he had very much turned his Studies, for about a Twelvemonth past, into the Lives and Adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other Historians of that Age.

The final number of the 'Tatler' came out on January 2, 1711, and Steele bids farewell to his readers in his own name instead of that of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, which he had hitherto used and which he had borrowed from Swift. The poet Gay tells us that

his disappearance seemed to be bewailed as some general calamity. Everyone wanted so agreeable an amusement, and the Coffee-houses began to be sensible that the Esquire's Lucubrations alone had brought them more customers than all their other News Papers put together.

The premature ending of the 'Tatler' seems to have been partly occasioned by Steele's indiscreet meddling with politics, and two months later on March 1, 1711, the 'Spectator' was started, a paper from which politics were to be completely excluded, and which was to appear on six instead of three days in the week. The preceding year had been an eventful one for the two friends. The Whig ministry had fallen, Harley and St. John were in power, and Steele had lost his Gazetteership, and Addison was no longer a minister. They could therefore devote their full energies to the 'Spectator,' and out of a total of 555 numbers Addison wrote 274 and Steele 236.

The opening number was Addison's, and in it he drew the portrait of the 'Spectator.'

There is no place of general Resort wherein I do not often make my Appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my Head into a Round of Politicians at Will's, and listening with great Attention to the Narratives that are made in those little Circular Audiences. Sometimes I smook a Pipe at Child's; and while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman* overhear the Conversation of every Table in the Room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee House, and sometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the Inner Room as one who comes there to hear and improve. My Face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the Theaters both of Drury Lane and the Hay-Market. I have been taken for a Merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten Years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the Assembly of Stock jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a Cluster of People, I always mix with them, tho' I never open my Lips but in my own Club.

The second paper was by Steele and contains the first sketch of Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Captain Sentry, and the other friends whose characters were so pleasantly developed in the progress of the work.

Sir Roger de Coverley is Addison's masterpiece. The portrait is inimitable, he touched and retouched it, and every stroke added new beauty. Out of the numerous papers in which the old knight is described, we may select as specially beautiful No. 106, the description of his country seat; No. 112, Sir Roger at church; No. 329, his visit to Westminster Abbey; and No. 517, the account of the knight's death. In reference to this last paper we are told—

Mr. Addison was so fond of this character that a little before he laid down the Spectator (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it) he said to an intimate friend, with

a certain warmth in his expression, which he was not often guilty of, By God ! I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.¹

The old familiar topics of the 'Tatler' were taken up in the new paper, follies and extravagances of dress and behaviour were gently ridiculed, and papers of a more serious nature on literary and religious subjects were frequently added. No. 10 is a graceful setting forth by Addison of the scope of the 'Spectator,' and a short extract may be given from it.

I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my Readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the Speculation of the Day. It was said of Socrates that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven to inhabit among Men : and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-tables, and in Coffee-houses.

The 'Spectator' came to an end on December 6, 1712, for no very apparent reasons, and greatly to the regret of its numerous readers. It had many successors and imitators but no equal, and it yields to us almost as much delight as to its first readers.

As we read in these delightful volumes of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revived. The Maypole rises in the Strand again in London ; the churches are thronged with daily worshippers ; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses ; the gentry are going to the Drawing-room ; the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops ; the chairmen are jostling in the streets ; the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors.²

We must hasten rapidly over the further course of the two friends' lives. In 1713 Addison's play of 'Cato'

¹ Eustace Budgell.

² Thackeray.

was performed with immense and universal applause, though it now appears a work of only moderate merit. Meanwhile Steele had started the 'Guardian,' which ran from March to October 1713, the number of papers being 175, and of these Addison wrote 50 and Steele 90, and Pope and Gay and Berkeley were also contributors. Many of the papers are very fine, but as a whole the 'Guardian' is distinctly inferior to the 'Spectator.'

No sooner had the 'Guardian' ceased than Steele started the 'Englishman,' with a more distinctly political aim, and 57 numbers were published between October 1713 and February 1714. He also wrote a fiery political pamphlet called 'The Crisis,' and was elected member of Parliament for Stockbridge in February 1714, but was expelled from parliament next month. In June of the same year Addison revived the 'Spectator,' and 80 numbers were issued before it finally ceased in December.

Meanwhile Queen Anne had died, and King George landed in England in September. The Tory leaders were flying, Addison became once more a minister, and Steele was knighted and received a lucrative post as supervisor of Drury Lane Theatre.

In the following year Addison started the 'Freeholder,' and 55 numbers were issued between December 1715 and June 1716. It was after the Scotch rebellion, and the paper was intended to strengthen the established government, and it is considered to be the best of all Addison's political writings. Johnson says of it, 'In argument he had many equals; but his humour was singular and matchless. Bigotry itself must be delighted with the Tory Fox-hunter.'

In 1716 Addison married the Countess of Warwick, but whether it added to his happiness is doubtful. His health was now failing, and in June 1719 he died.

His old friend Steele lived for ten years longer, and tried many literary ventures, none of which was very successful. 'Town Talk,' 'Chit Chat,' and 'The Tea-Table,' were the titles of papers started by him, but apart from Addison he appeared not to succeed. In 1722 he wrote a new play 'The Conscious Lovers,' which has some of the happy touches of his earlier plays.

In 1729 he died at Caermarthen.

ALEXANDER POPE

POPE was born in May of the year of Revolution 1688, at the time when his great contemporary Swift was leaving the university and entering the service of Sir William Temple. His father was a Roman Catholic and was a draper in the Strand, but he had made a comfortable fortune and retired to the pretty village of Binfield, a few miles from Windsor.

The little Alexander was delicate and sickly, but he had a sweet voice and a gentle nature, and he was tenderly loved and cared for. He was too weakly to be sent to a great public school, and his education was not very thorough. But he dipped for himself into theology and philosophy, and took great delight in English poetry, especially in the works of Spenser and Dryden.

He was just twelve years old when Dryden died on

May Day 1700, and he had persuaded his friends to take him once to see the great poet surrounded by his admiring circle in Will's coffee-house. In one of his earliest letters he speaks thus of Dryden :—

I was not so happy as to know him, *Virgilium tantum vidi*. Had I been born early enough I must have known and loved him.

He wrote much poetry in his youth.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

But much of this youthful poetry he destroyed, and the 'Pastorals' which were his earliest published poems have little merit except the polish and melody of the verse.

In 1711 he published the 'Essay upon Criticism,' which Addison warmly praised in the 'Spectator,' calling it 'a masterpiece in its kind.'

The Observations which are most known and most received are placed in so beautiful a Light and illustrated with such apt Allusions that they have all the Graces of Novelty, and make the Reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their Truth and Solidity.

Dr. Johnson thought Pope never wrote anything finer, and of one part he says 'the comparison of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps is perhaps the best that English poetry can show.' The following extract gives this famous simile, but our tastes have changed, and we no longer find the same degree of pleasure with Addison and Johnson in Pope's brilliant lines.

A little Learning is a dang'rous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* spring :

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts ;
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
 But, those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

In the next year 1712 appeared the dainty little poem, the 'Rape of the Lock,' which many regard as Pope's masterpiece. Lord Petre, a nobleman of Queen Anne's court, with too daring gallantry cut a lock of hair from the head of a court beauty, Miss Fermor, and an unpleasantness ensued between the two families, which was happily appeased by Pope's delicate and sportive treatment of the incident.

In the poem as we now have it, the fairy Ariel and many other sprites appear jealously guarding the lady and dreading the approach of some stroke of fate, the nature of which is hidden from them. But this supernatural machinery of spirits was an afterthought of Pope's, and was added by him in the edition of 1714, contrary to the advice of Addison, who thought the poem as it stood in its first shape was 'a delicious little thing.'

The lady is thus described as she goes out as one

of a pleasure party on the Thames from Hampton Court.

Not with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
 But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those ;
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike ;
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if *Belles* had faults to hide ;
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

After the return to the palace the company play cards and then drink coffee, and the baron commits his daring theft. Another lady of the company has mischievously given him a pair of scissors.

So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends ;
 This just behind *Belinda's* neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forfec* wide,
 T' inclose the Lock ; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd ;

Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

In 1713 Pope began his greatest literary undertaking, the translation of Homer. He had gained the enthusiastic friendship of Swift, who was now in the height of his power and influence with the Queen's ministers, and in Bishop Kennet's diary, under date Nov. 2, 1713, there occurs the following entry :—

When I came to the queen's ante-chamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal Man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests. He instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe ; for, says he, the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand Guineas for him.

The translation was a magnificent success, and Pope reaped great glory and profit from it. The six volumes of the 'Iliad' were almost entirely his own work, and the last was published in 1720. In translating the 'Odyssey' he availed himself very largely of the help of two university men, Broome and Fenton, and he gave them but niggardly pay for their labours. For himself he cleared nearly nine thousand pounds, and he could say with truth—

Thanks to Homer I could live and thrive,
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive.

The translation is by no means a perfect one, yet Gray and Johnson and Byron greatly admired it, and it has thrown all other translations of Homer into the shade. Old Chapman's version is picturesque and vivid, but it is

rugged and has little of Homer's melody, and Cowper's is correct but lacking in spirit.

Pope's translation is brilliant, like his finest poems, and Gibbon declares it has every merit except that of faithfulness to the original. Pope's knowledge of Greek was very imperfect, and he took many liberties with the text, and the great critic Bentley was not far wrong when he said, 'a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer.'

The following passage is a good example of Pope's melodious verse. It is the famous night scene at the close of the eighth book.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole ;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head :
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays.
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires :
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms by fits thick flashes send ;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

The success of the *Homer* made Pope a comparatively rich man, and soon after 1715 he moved from

Binfield with his father and mother to Twickenham, and bought the pretty villa which his name has made so famous. His father died in 1718, but his mother lived till 1738, and Pope's tender love for her is one of the pleasantest points in his character.

Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the Cradle of reposing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the Bed of Death;
Explore the Thought, explain the asking Eye,
And keep a while one Parent from the Sky.

The garden attached to the villa was about five acres in extent, and 'Pope twisted and twirled and rhymed and harmonised this till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns, opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with impenetrable woods.'¹

The public road divided his grounds, and Pope formed a tunnel under it, and decorated the tunnel with mirrors and fossils and rare minerals, and called it his Grotto, a place of calm retirement for himself and his most cherished friends.

All the distant din the world can keep
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason, and the Flow of Soul:
And He, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

The last four lines refer to the Earl of Peterborough,

¹ Horace Walpole.

the gallant hero of the Spanish war, who in his youth as Lord Mordaunt had been a friend of John Locke, and who was now one of Pope's most devoted admirers.

The villa was besieged by a crowd of unsuccessful writers who begged for the great author's encouragement or advice, and Pope gives an amusing description of the way these scribblers plagued him :—

Shut, shut the door, good *John* ! fatigu'd I said,
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead ;
The Dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide ;
By land, by water, they renew the charge ;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the Church is free ;
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.

To Twickenham also came Lady Mary Wortley Montagu after her first sojourn abroad, and for a time Pope continued her most enthusiastic friend and admirer, but after a while admiration turned to dislike, and some of Pope's most spiteful verses are written on 'Sappho,' that is Lady Mary. Her friend Lord Hervey, an elegant trifler of the Horace Walpole type, was still more bitterly attacked under the name of 'Sporus,' and he and Lady Mary retaliated in verses which pitilessly mock the poet's personal deformities.

If none with Vengeance yet thy Crimes pursue,
Or give thy manifold Affronts their due ;
If Limbs unbroken, Skin without a Stain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unslain,
That wretched little Carcase you retain ;

The Reason is, not that the World wants Eyes,
 But thou'rt so mean ; they see, and they despise.
 When fretful *Porcupine*, with ranc'rous Will,
 From mounted Back shoots forth a harmless Quill,
 Cool the Spectators stand ; and all the while
 Upon the angry little Monster smile.
 Thus 'tis with thee : while impotently safe
 You strike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
Who but must laugh, this bully when he sees,
A puny insect shiv'ring at a breeze ?
 One over-match'd by ev'ry Blast of Wind,
 Insulting and provoking all Mankind.

Poor Pope was indeed a most sickly and helpless little mortal, and coarse and bitter assailants, of whom he had plenty, would find material enough in his personal appearance for their satires.

His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. He was so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance ; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of a very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves.

When he rose, he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced ; and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid ; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.¹

Pope speaks pathetically of ' that long disease, my life,' and his weakness made him suspicious and irritable and spiteful. His success had aroused the envy and malice of a host of vulgar writers, like Dennis and Gildon and Oldmixon and others, whose names live on in the 'Dunciad,' the poem in which Pope strives to crush them.

¹ Johnson.

This famous poem is somewhat tedious to read now, in spite of its brilliancy and wit ; but when it first appeared and while the miserable writers whom it attacked so pitilessly were living, the interest which it excited was intense. Four imperfect editions appeared in 1728, and a more complete one in the following year. To some of the editions there is prefixed a narrative in which we are told—

On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop ; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay, cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the ‘ *Dunciad* ; ’ on the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the publick ? There was no stopping a current with a finger ; so out it came.

The poem seems to be suggested by the ‘ *MacFlecknoe* ’ of Dryden, but the coarse abuse which is showered upon the dunces is more in the vein of Swift in his ‘ *Battle of the Books* ’ and in the ‘ *Tale of a Tub*. ’

Colley Cibber, an actor and playwright, a gay and profligate old fellow, comes in for the greatest share of Pope’s attack. He is represented sitting in his garret in Grub Street.

Swearing and supperless the Hero sate ;
Blasphem’d his Gods, the Dice, and damn’d his Fate ;
Then gnaw’d his Pen, then dash’d it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound !
Plung’d for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder’d on in mere despair.

But soon the Goddess of Dulness enters with all her train, and chooses Cibber to be King of the Dunces.

Thou, Cibber ! thou, his Laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court.

Lift up your gates, ye Princes, see him come !
 Sound, sound, ye Viols ; be the Cat-call dumb.
 Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine ;
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
 And thou ! his Aid-de-Camp, lead on my sons,
 Light arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear.

In the second book, in a parody of Milton's splendid lines, Cibber is described sitting in state to witness the sports and trials of skill of his subjects.

High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
 Henley's gilt Tub, or Fleckno's Irish Throne,
 Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden show'rs,
 Great Cibber sate :—

The games are held in the Strand, close to Holywell Street, and first there is a race of rival booksellers. Bernard Lintot, Pope's own bookseller, contends for the prize with Curll, an impudent pirate bookseller, to whom he owed many a grudge.

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot, and out-strip't the wind,
 As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands and head,
 Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

But as Curll runs he slips in a pool of filth and Lintot passes him :—

Loud shout the band,
 And ' Bernard ! Bernard ! ' rings through all the Strand.

But Curll is up again in an instant.

Vig'rous he rises ; from th' effluvia strong
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along ;
 Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

The bards and scribblers next compete, and the scene
 is moved further eastward—

To where Fleet-ditch, with disemboing streams,
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
 The King of Dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
 With deeper sable, blots the silver flood.
 ' Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
 Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
 And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 Or dark dexterity of groping well.'

Other games and trials of skill follow, but they are
 too coarse for quotation, and Pope in writing them dis-
 honours himself as well as the miserable scribblers whom
 he describes.

Towards the close of his life Pope added to the
 ' Dunciad ' a fourth book, which is not so much an attack
 on particular individuals as a general satire on the
 philosophy and science and theology of the time. The
 closing lines have been greatly admired, and Thackeray
 says that in them ' Pope shows himself the equal of all
 poets of all times.'

She comes ! she comes ! the sable Throne behold
 Of Night Primæval, and of Chaos old !
 Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying Rainbows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' etherial plain ;
 As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppress,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest ;

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.
 See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head !
 Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
 And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense !
 See Mystery to Mathematics fly !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares Morality expires.
 Nor public Flame nor private, dares to shine ;
 Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpse divine !
 Lo ! thy dread Empire, Chaos ! is restor'd ;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word :
 Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall,
 And universal Darkness buries All.

After the completion of the three books of the 'Dunciad' Pope's next great work was the 'Essay on Man,' a series of four epistles addressed to Bolingbroke, who indeed, it would seem, had suggested the plan and prompted Pope in the execution of the work.

The late Lord Bathurst repeatedly assured me that he had read the whole scheme of the *Essay on Man* in the handwriting of Bolingbroke, and drawn up in a series of propositions which Pope was to versify and illustrate.¹

And Bolingbroke in his letters to Pope traces the outline which he wishes his friend to fill up.

My thoughts, in what order soever they flow, shall be communicated to you just as they pass through my mind, just as they use to be when we converse together on these, or any other subjects ; when we saunter alone, or as we have often done with good Arbuthnot, and the jocosé dean of St. Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden. That theatre is large enough for my ambition.

¹ Warton.

The 'Essay' is intended, like Milton's great poem, 'to vindicate the ways of God to man,' but to execute worthily such a task was beyond Pope's powers. Neither his imagination nor his philosophy was sufficiently profound, and the famous poem is little more than a rendering into brilliant verse of the commonplaces of the philosophy of Locke and Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke.

Scattered through the poem are many of those fine lines which everyone remembers, and which have become as it were proverbs in the language. The following are a few, and there are many more :—

Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never is, but always to be blest.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper Study of Mankind is *Man*.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.

The great truth which the poet seeks to establish is 'that, of all possible systems, infinite wisdom has formed the best ; and that the seeming defects and blemishes in the universe conspire to its general beauty.'¹ Some portion of this truth, if it be a truth, is set forth in the following noble lines :—

All are but parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul ;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the Earth, as in th' Aethereal frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
Glow's in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;

¹ Warton.

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns :
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

The poem is closed with an address to Bolingbroke, which is very beautiful and pathetic.

Come then, my Friend ! my Genius ! come along ;
 Oh Master of the Poet, and the Song !
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
 To Man's low Passions, or their glorious Ends,
 Teach me like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise ;
 Form'd by thy Converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe,
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh ! while along the stream of Time thy Name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
 Say, shall my little Bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the Triumph, and partake the Gale ?
 And shall this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend ?
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art
 From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart ;
 For Wit's false Mirror held up Nature's Light ;
 Shew'd erring Pride, *Whatever is, is Right.*

Pope continued his labours to the last. After the 'Essay on Man' he wrote the 'Moral Essays,' a series of poetical epistles on the 'Characters of Men,' the 'Characters of Women,' and on the 'Use of Riches.' In these works are some of his most finely finished sketches, notably that of the death scene of the witty and profligate Duke of Buckingham, of the gay court of Charles II.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tyed curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas ! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King.

In 1742 Pope added the fourth book to the 'Dunciad,' and two years later the end came, and in May, at the age of fifty-six, he passed away as if in a sleep.

BISHOP BERKELEY

GEORGE BERKELEY, the subtle and imaginative philosopher of a prosaic and unphilosophical age, was born in 1685 in Kilkenny on the banks of the Nore. The vale of the Nore is beautiful, and its scenery was well fitted to feed and stimulate the dreamy nature of the boy. He spent four years in Kilkenny school, 'the Eton of Ireland,' where Swift himself had been a scholar, and in 1700 he came to Trinity College, Dublin, where he remained for thirteen years.

Locke's famous Essay was one of the textbooks in use at the university, and this with Plato's Dialogues seems to have been Berkeley's favourite reading, and his earliest writings were intended to further develop portions of the Essay or to combat parts of it which seemed to him to be erroneous.

In 1709 Berkeley published an 'Essay towards a new Theory of Vision,' which is a development of some passages in Locke's second book. It is a very able and original piece of reasoning, and later researches have confirmed the truth of Berkeley's views.

In the next year he published his 'Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge,' in which he first unfolded his great doctrine that matter does not exist, that the universe consists only of spirits and ideas, and that these ideas preserve their beauty and permanence and order, because they exist also in the mind of God.

It is an Opinion strangely prevailing amongst Men that Houses, Mountains, Rivers, and, in a word, all sensible Objects, have an Existence, Natural or Real, distinct from their being perceived by the Understanding. But with how great an Assurance and Acquiescence so ever this Principle may be entertained in the World ; yet, whoever shall find in his Heart to call it in Question, may, if I mistake not, perceive it to involve a manifest Contradiction. For what are the fore-mentioned Objects but the things we perceive by Sense ; and what do we perceive besides our own Ideas or Sensations ? And is it not plainly repugnant that any one of these, or any Combination of them, should exist unperceived ?

It is generally acknowledged that we *know* nothing except the sensations and ideas in our own minds, but it is generally assumed that there is a something, we know not what, an unknown material substance which is the cause of our sensations. But this assumption Berkeley declares to be most unreasonable.

Some Truths there are so near and obvious to the Mind that a Man need only open his Eyes to see them. Such I take this Important one to be, to wit, that all the Choir of Heaven and Furniture of the Earth, in a word all those Bodies which compose the mighty Frame of the World, have not any Subsistence without a Mind, that their Being is to be perceived or known ; that consequently, so long as they are not actually perceived

by me, or do not exist in my Mind, or that of any other created Spirit, they must either have no Existence at all, or else subsist in the Mind of some eternal Spirit.

In a work published a few years later, and entitled 'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous,' Berkeley returns to this point and labours to render it clearer and more acceptable.

When I deny sensible Things an Existence out of the Mind, I do not mean my Mind in particular, but all Minds. Now it is plain they have an Existence exterior to my Mind, since I find them by Experience to be independent of it. There is, therefore, some other Mind wherein they exist during the Intervals between the Times of my perceiving them: As likewise they did before my Birth, and would do after my supposed Annihilation. And as the same is true with regard to all other finite created Spirits, it necessarily follows there is an *Omnipresent Eternal Mind*, which knows and comprehends all things, and exhibits them to our View in such a manner and according to such Rules as He Himself hath ordained, and are by us termed the *laws of nature*.

Berkeley believed that his doctrine if accepted would become the surest safeguard against the scepticism and atheism which were growing so rapidly around him.

As we have shewn the Doctrine of Matter (or corporeal Substance) to have been the main Pillar and Support of *Scepticism*, so likewise upon the same Foundation have been raised all the impious Schemes of *Atheism* and Irreligion. Nay, so great a difficulty hath it been thought to conceive Matter produced out of nothing, that the most celebrated among the ancient Philosophers, even of those who maintained the Being of a God, have thought Matter to be uncreated and co-eternal with him. How great a Friend material Substance hath been to *Atheists* in all Ages were needless to relate. All their monstrous Systems have so visible and necessary a dependence on it, that when this Corner-stone is once removed the whole Fabrick cannot choose but fall to the Ground; insomuch that it is no longer worth while to bestow a particular Consideration on the Absurdities of every wretched Sect of *Atheists*.

In 1713 Berkeley left Ireland and did not return for

eight years. He came to London and was welcomed by his countrymen, Steele and Swift, and he also enjoyed the friendship of Addison and Pope. He spent several years in Italy, and his letters and journals give pleasant pictures of Italian scenes.

In 1721 he was once more in Ireland, and three years later he was made Dean of Derry. But his heart was set on a 'Scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands,' i.e. the Bermudas. He came to London to urge his plans, and every obstacle yielded to the charm of his eloquence and enthusiasm. Subscriptions poured in and a royal grant of 20,000*l.* was promised. In 1728 he set sail for America, and he waited in Rhode Island for the royal grant. But this never came, and in 1732 Berkeley was once more in Europe with his generous dream unrealised.

During his retreat in the peaceful solitudes of Rhode Island he wrote 'Alciphron ; or, the Minute Philosopher,' the most pleasing and popular of all his works, though not the one of most enduring value. It is a series of seven dialogues, in which the growing scepticism and immorality of the age are attacked. The minute philosophers are the sceptics, and in this work of Berkeley's they are represented by Alciphron and Lysicles, who speak in the most flippant style.

Alciphron.—As to the Meditations of Scholars, what can they possibly be good for? He that wants the proper Materials of Thought, may think and meditate for ever to no purpose: Those Cobwebs spun by Scholars out of their own Brains, being alike unserviceable, either for Use or Ornament. Proper Ideas or Materials are only to be got by frequenting good Company. I know several Gentlemen who, since their Appearance in the

World, have spent as much time in rubbing off the rust and pedantry of a College Education as they had done before in acquiring it.

Lysicles.—I'll undertake a Lad of fourteen, bred in the modern way, shall make a better Figure and be more considered in any Drawing-Room or Assembly of polite People, than one of four-and-twenty who hath lain by a long time at School and College. He shall say better things in a better manner, and be more liked by good Judges.

‘Where doth he pick up all this Improvement?’ asks one of the bystanders, and another sarcastically answers:

Where our grave Ancestors would never have looked for it, in a Drawing-Room, a Coffee House, a Chocolate House, at the Tavern, or Groom Porter's. In these and the like fashionable Places of Resort it is the Custom for polite Persons to speak freely on all Subjects, religious, moral, or political. So that a young Gentleman who frequents them is in the way of hearing many instructive Lectures, seasoned with Wit and Raillery, and uttered with Spirit. Three or four Sentences from a Man of quality, spoke with a good Air, make more Impression and convey more Knowledge than a dozen Dissertations in a dry, Academical way. You may now commonly see (what no former Age ever saw) a young Lady, or a *Petit Maître*, nonplus a Divine, or an old-fashioned Gentleman who hath read many a *Greek* and *Latin* Author, and spent much Time in hard methodical Study.

In 1734 Berkeley was made Bishop of Cloyne, and he spent eighteen years of almost unbroken seclusion in this little village city in Cork.

He rose constantly between three and four o'clock in the morning, and summoned his family to a lesson on the base viol from an Italian master he kept in the house for the instruction of his children, though the bishop himself had no ear for music. He spent the rest of the morning, and often a great part of the day, in Study; his favourite author, from whom many of his notions were borrowed, was Plato.

Cloyne, though it gives name to the see, is, in fact, no better than a village: it is not reasonable, therefore, to expect much industry or ingenuity in the inhabitants. Yet, whatever article of cloathing they could possibly manufacture there, the bishop would have from no other place; and chose to wear ill cloathes and worse wigs, rather than suffer the poor of the town to remain unemployed.

Berkeley's last important work was 'Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar Water.' The bishop had learnt the use of this medicine from the Indians and negroes in America, and he now regarded it as a universal remedy, and he relates some marvellous cures which he had seen effected by its means. But the 'Siris' contains much more than this, and the chain of reasoning rises by gradual ascents into the highest regions of transcendental philosophy.

Berkeley's last days were spent away from Ireland. Domestic bereavements had made Cloyne distasteful to him, and he longed to give up his bishopric and seek a retreat in Oxford. In August 1752, his wishes were realised, and he enjoyed a few months of quiet literary work in Oxford, but in the following January his life came suddenly and silently to an end.

TWO LETTER WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. One of the most delightful portions of old French literature of the seventeenth century is the collection of letters of Madame de Sévigné, but the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are fully as entertaining. They sparkle with wit and pleasantry, and are marked too by a robust good sense and freedom from affectation.

The writer was born in 1690, and was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Kingston. Her father was a member of the famous Kit-Cat club, and the little Lady

Mary was brought, at the age of eight, to the club, and was the toast of the evening.

‘Pleasure,’ she says, ‘was too poor a word to express my sensations. They amounted to ecstasy. Never again throughout my whole life did I pass so happy an evening.’

She lost her mother at a very early age, but she was carefully educated under the superintendence of Bishop Burnet. In 1712 she married Edward Wortley Montagu, and four years later he was sent on an embassy to Constantinople. His wife accompanied him, and she wrote a series of most interesting letters, a few of them to the poet Pope, who was then her friend, but most of them to her sister, the Countess of Mar.

She describes some of the hardships of travelling.

The kingdom of Bohemia is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, that clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not sometimes find a place to set it up in ; and I rather chose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stoves which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

In one of her letters to Pope she gives a delightful description of the country round the city of Adrianople.

I am at this moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of cypress trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning to night.

The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world ; and for some miles around Adrianople the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set out with rows of fruit trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening ; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot where the shade is very thick, and there

they spread a carpet on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument.

The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel playing and foot-ball to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour which the great plenty indulges.

She then tells Pope she has read his translation of Homer with much pleasure, and she goes on to describe the old Greek customs which she still sees around her.

The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old bashaws with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good king Priam and his counsellors.

Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is said to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troupe of young girls who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

In another letter she describes the practice of *inoculating* for the smallpox, and she was the means of introducing this most beneficial practice into England.

The smallpox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family

has a mind to have the smallpox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins.

The children, or young patients, play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark, and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness.

In 1718 Lady Mary returned with her husband to England, and in response to Pope's earnest invitation she became his neighbour at Twickenham. But after a time the close friends became bitter enemies, and as each possessed a witty tongue and a facile pen, they wrote most stinging verses upon each other.

In 1739 Lady Mary went abroad once more and lived alone in Italy, sometimes at Venice, or Genoa, or Naples, but chiefly at Louvere, a pleasant place on the lake Iseo in the Milanese territory. From thence she wrote a series of interesting letters, chiefly to her daughter, the Countess of Bute.

She thus describes her life at Louvere.

I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my needle-women and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have at present 200 chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks.

At eleven o'clock I retire to my books; I dare not indulge myself on that pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests,

and either play at piquet or whist till 'tis cool enough to go out. One evening I walk in my wood where I often sup, take the air on horse back the next, and go on the water the third.

She was eager to receive any notable new books that appeared in England, and she passed shrewd judgments upon many of them.

In 1761 Lady Mary, after an absence of twenty-two years, returned to England, but died the next year.

Horace Walpole's letters are quite as entertaining as those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, but they have a stronger tincture of playful malice, and we do not find in them any of the beautiful descriptions which abound in Lady Mary's letters.

He was the youngest son of the famous statesman Sir Robert Walpole, was born in 1717, and lived nearly to the end of the century. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and in 1739 he travelled on the Continent in company with the poet Gray who had been his school-fellow.

In Paris they witnessed the funeral of a Marshal of France.

A long procession of flambeaux and friars; no plumes, trophies, banners, led horses, scutcheons, or open chariots; nothing but 'friars, white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.' This goodly ceremony began at nine at night, and did not finish till three this morning; for each church they passed, they stopped for a hymn and holy water. By the bye, some of these choice monks who watched the body while it lay in state, fell asleep one night, and let the tapers catch fire of the rich velvet mantle, lined with ermine and powdered with gold flower-de-luces, which melted the lead coffin, and burnt off the feet of the deceased before it wakened them.

In Florence he saw Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,

who was now fifty years old, and he gives a most unflattering description of her.

Did I tell you lady Mary Wortley is here? She laughs at my lady W., scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence, must amaze anyone that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob that does not cover her greasy, black locks that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvass petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side, partly covered with a plaister, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney.

In 1741 he was back in London, and he soon afterwards entered parliament. He witnessed the trial and condemnation of the Scotch rebels of 1745, and he speaks thus of one of them:—

Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not winch, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders; and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till—, and then pointed to his neck.

A year or two later Walpole bought a pretty villa at Strawberry Hill and gathered into it a rare collection of books and pictures and curiosities. He thus describes it:—

It is a little play-thing house, the prettiest bawble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges.

‘A small Euphrates through the piece is roll’d,
And little finches wave their wings in gold.’

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges, as solemn as barons of the exchequer, move under my window; Richmond-hill and Ham-walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around, and Pope’s ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight.

He cordially detested the Duke of Newcastle, who was one of his father's opponents and supplanters, and he thus describes the duke's visit to Court when he was to be prime minister in 1754:—

On Friday this august remnant of the Pelhams went to court for the first time. At the foot of the stairs he cried and sunk down ; the yeomen of the guard were forced to drag him up under the arms. When the closet door opened, he flung himself at his length at the king's feet, sobbed and cried, ' God bless your majesty ! God preserve your majesty ! ' and lay there howling and embracing the king's knees with one foot so extended that my lord C., who was luckily in waiting, and begged the standers-by to retire with ' For God's sake, gentlemen, don't look at a great man in distress,' endeavouring to shut the door, caught his grace's foot, and made him roar out with pain.

In 1760 Walpole was present at the funeral of George II., and in his description the scene loses its solemnity and becomes dismal and ludicrous.

When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased ; no order was observed ; people sat or stood where they could or would ; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin ; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers ; the fine chapter *Man that is born of a woman* was chaunted, not read ; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial.

The real serious part was the figure of the duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant ; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours ; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes ; and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which in all probability he must himself so soon descend ; think how unpleasant a situation ! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance.

This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling bottle ; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his

hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was, or was not, there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and, turning round, found it was the duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble.

Walpole wrote 'The Castle of Otranto,' a novel which was once famous, the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' a work which is still interesting, besides several other works, but his letters are best of all.

He died in 1797, and a few weeks before his death he draws a melancholy picture of himself.

At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages who are each brought to me once a year to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family; and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls, or bats and balls.

BISHOP BUTLER

THE eighteenth century has received condemnation from all kinds of men. Dr. Pusey speaks of it as 'the deadest and shallowest period of English theology and of the English church.' Mark Pattison describes it as 'an age destitute of depth or earnestness; an age whose poetry was without romance, whose philosophy was without insight, and whose public men were without character.' The pictures of Hogarth bear witness to the great prevalence of cruelty, drunkenness, and other vices, and the philosopher David Hartley speaks of 'the great growth of atheism and infidelity, particularly amongst the governing parts of these States,' and of 'the open

and abandoned lewdness to which great numbers of both sexes, especially in the high ranks of life, have given themselves up.'

The witty Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says that

honour, virtue, reputation, etc., which we used to hear of in our nursery, are as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribands; and the appellation of *rake* is as genteel in a woman as in a man of quality. And I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking-up, at Sir Robert Walpole's hunting seat in Norfolk, to have *not* taken out of the Commandments and clapped into the Creed, in the ensuing session of parliament.

Such a condition of things was the outcome of various causes which are not easy to trace, but the prevailing philosophy had no doubt much to do with it. Locke himself, says Carlyle, though a humble-minded and religious man, had paved the way for banishing religion from the world.

Freethinkers abounded: Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, Collins and Toland, Tindal and Woolston and others; and Bishop Butler, of whom we have now to speak, says in the introduction to his great work:—

It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, by many Persons, that Christianity is not so much as a Subject of Inquiry; but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present Age, this were an agreed Point amongst all People of Discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal Subject of Mirth and Ridicule, as it were by Way of Reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the Pleasures of the World.

Joseph Butler was born in 1692 at Wantage, where his father was a prosperous linen and woollen draper. He was carefully educated at a dissenting Academy at Tewkesbury, and several youths who afterwards rose to eminence were his schoolfellows.

Dr. Samuel Clarke was at that time the ablest metaphysician in England, and he had recently written 'A Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God,' which work greatly interested Butler, and a series of five letters with answers which passed between him and Dr. Clarke have been preserved.

In the first of these letters Butler says :—

I have made it, sir, my business, ever since I thought myself capable of such sort of reasoning, to prove to myself the being and attributes of God. And being sensible that it is a matter of the last consequence, I endeavoured, after a demonstrative proof, not only more fully to satisfy my own mind, but also in order to defend the great truths of natural religion, and those of the Christian revelation which follow from them, against all opposers; but must own with concern that hitherto I have been unsuccessful; and though I have got very probable arguments, yet I can go but a very little way with demonstration in the proof of those things.

Butler was at this time only twenty-one, and the letter is interesting as showing that his mind had already taken its final bent.

In 1714 he went to Oxford, but the course of study was distasteful to him.

We are obliged to misspend so much time here in attending frivolous lectures and unintelligible disputations, that I am quite tired out with such a disagreeable way of trifling.

A few years later he was ordained, and in 1718 he was appointed preacher at the Rolls Chapel. This post he retained for eight years, and fifteen sermons have been preserved of the many which he preached there.

The first three 'On Human Nature' are especially famous, and from them Sir James Mackintosh declared he 'had learnt all his philosophy.' In these sermons

Butler combated the ignoble views of human nature held by Hobbes of Malmesbury and some other philosophers, who regarded the state of nature as a state of war, and who held that benevolence and pity were only forms of self-love, and charity only a gratification of our love of power.

Butler on the other hand maintained :—

It is as manifest that we were made for Society and to promote the Happiness of it, as that we were intended to take Care of our own Life and Health and private good.

As there is no such Thing as Self-hatred, so neither is there any such Thing as Ill-will in one Man towards another, Emulation and Resentment being away ; whereas there is plainly Benevolence or Good-will ; there is no such thing as Love of Injustice, Oppression, Treachery, Ingratitude, but only eager Desires after such and such external Goods ; which, according to a very ancient Observation, the most abandoned would choose to obtain by innocent Means if they were as easy and as effectual to their End.

In 1725 Butler received the rich living of Stanhope in Weardale, and in the deep seclusion of this distant parish he spent seven years in writing his great work ‘The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature.’

He takes in this work as a kind of text a remark of Origen that

he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of Nature, may well expect to find the same sort of Difficulties in it as are found in the Constitution of Nature.

And to this Butler himself adds that

he who denies the Scripture to have been from God on Account of these difficulties, may, for the very same Reason, deny the World to have been formed by Him. On the other hand, if there be an Analogy or Likeness between that System of Things and Dispensation of Providence which

Revelation informs us of, and that System of Things and Dispensation of Providence, which Experience together with Reason informs us of, i.e. the known Course of Nature; this is a Presumption that they have both the same Author and Cause.

The 'Analogy' is therefore no answer to Atheists, nor was it intended to be so, but it has always been considered to be a complete and masterly answer to those who recognise God as the Creator and ruler of the world, but who yet rejected the revelation of God in the Bible as being contrary to reason.

Butler felt that the evidence which he had offered was *probable* not *demonstrative*, and he gives in his introduction some pregnant remarks on probability.

Probable Evidence, in its very Nature, affords but an imperfect kind of Information, and is to be considered as relative only to Beings of limited Capacities. For Nothing which is the possible object of Knowledge, whether past, present, or future, can be probable to an infinite Intelligence; since it cannot but be discerned absolutely as it is in itself, certainly true, or certainly false. But to Us, Probability is the very Guide of Life.

In Questions of Difficulty, or such as are thought so, where more satisfactory Evidence cannot be had, or is not seen; if the Result of Examination be that there appears upon the whole any, the lowest Presumption on One side and none on the Other, or a greater Presumption on One side, though in the lowest Degree greater, this determines the Question, even in matters of Speculation; and in matters of Practice will lay us under an absolute and formal Obligation, in point of Prudence and of Interest, to act upon that Presumption or low Probability, though it be so low as to leave the Mind in very great Doubt which is the Truth. For surely a Man is as really bound in Prudence to do what upon the whole appears, according to the best of his Judgment, to be for his Happiness, as what he certainly knows to be so.

In the opening chapter of the second part of the work, he speaks thus of the importance of Christianity:

Some Persons, upon Pretence of the Sufficiency of the Light of Nature avowedly reject all Revelation as in its very Notion incredible, and what

must be fictitious. And indeed it is certain no Revelation would have been given, had the Light of Nature been sufficient in such a Sense as to render one not wanting and useless.

But no Man, in Seriousness and Simplicity of Mind, can possibly think it so, who considers the State of Religion in the heathen World before Revelation, and its present State in those Places which have borrowed no Light from it : particularly the Doubtfulness of some of the greatest Men concerning things of the utmost Importance, as well as the natural Inattention and Ignorance of Mankind in general. It is impossible to say who would have been able to have reasoned out That whole System which we call natural Religion in its genuine Simplicity, clear of Superstition ; but there is certainly no Ground to affirm that the Generality could. If they could, there is no Sort of Probability that they would. So that to say, Revelation is a thing superfluous, what there was no Need of, and what can be of no Service ; is, I think, to talk quite wildly and at random. Nor would it be more extravagant to affirm that Mankind is so entirely at ease in the present State, and Life so compleatly happy, that it is a Contradiction to suppose our Condition capable of being, in any Respect, better.

In 1736 the ‘Analogy’ was published, and attracted much attention. Queen Caroline had always been fond of philosophical and theological discussions, and she read the work with interest, and two years later Butler was made Bishop of Bristol. In 1747 he was offered the primacy, but he declined the honour ; two years later he was offered and he accepted the great see of Durham, the King himself pressing it upon him.

He held the see for less than two years, and the only memorial left us of this period is his ‘Charge to the Clergy’ in 1751. The tone of this Charge is melancholy and desponding.

It is impossible for Me, My Brethren, upon our first Meeting of this Kind, to forbear lamenting with You the general Decay of Religion in this Nation ; which is now observed by every One, and has been for some Time the Complaint of all serious Persons. The Influence of it is more and more wearing out of the Minds of Men, even of those who do

not pretend to enter into Speculations upon the Subject : But the number of those who do, and who profess themselves Unbelievers, increases, and with their Numbers their Zeal. Zeal—'tis natural to ask—for what? Why, truly, *for nothing*, but *against* every Thing that is Good and Sacred amongst us.

In 1752 his health rapidly failed, and he died at Bath after a short illness, and was buried in his old cathedral at Bristol.

THOMAS GRAY

THE age which immediately succeeded Pope was unfavourable to poetry, and though a crowd of writers appeared, Glover and Mason, and Shenstone and Akenside, and others, they are scarcely worthy of mention. It was an age of prose, and it has been doubted if even the great master Pope himself was fully worthy of the name of poet. Coleridge describes the poetry of the period as 'translations of prose thoughts into poetic language,' and says its excellence 'consisted in just and acute observations on men and manners in an artificial state of society as its matter and substance; and, in the logic of wit, conveyed in smooth and epigrammatic couplets as its form.'¹

In this unpropitious time fell the life of Gray, a man of exquisite taste and of genuine poetic spirit, who yet achieved so little; and Matthew Arnold traces this poverty of achievement to the chilling influence of the time. 'Coming when he did, and endowed as he was, he was a man born out of date, a man whose full spiritual flowering was impossible.'

¹ 'Biographia Literaria.'

Gray was born in Cornhill in 1716, and his father, like Milton's, was a scrivener. He was unkind to his wife, and neglectful of his children. Thomas was the only child who lived out of a family of twelve, and he owed much more to his uncles and aunts than to his father.

In 1727 he went to Eton, and there commenced the friendship with Horace Walpole which, save for one interval, lasted till Gray's death. In 1734 they proceeded to Cambridge, where two of Gray's uncles were Fellows of colleges. Another Eton companion, named West, whom Gray dearly loved, had gone to Oxford; and now began that series of letters which, more than his poems, reveal to us the fine sympathetic nature of Gray.

Gray spent his summer vacations at his uncle's house at Burnham in Buckinghamshire, and in a letter to Walpole we get a pleasant picture of the youth studying at the feet of the famous Burnham Beeches.

I have, at the distance of half a mile through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do, may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were dangerous; both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds.

At the foot of one of these squats me (*Il Penseroso*), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil as I commonly do there.

In 1739 he accompanied Walpole on a tour to the Continent, and in a series of thirty letters to his mother and father, and to his friend West, he gives a full and pleasant account of his travels. The following extract is from a letter to his mother from Rheims.

The other evening we happened to be got together in a company of eighteen people, men and women of the best fashion here, at a garden in the town to walk, when one of the ladies bethought herself of asking, 'Why should not we sup here?' Immediately the cloth was laid by the side of a fountain under the trees, and a very elegant supper served up, after which another said, 'Come, let us sing,' and directly began herself; from singing we insensibly fell to dancing, and singing in a round, when somebody mentioned the violins, and immediately a company of them was ordered. Minuets were begun in the open air, and then came country dances, which held till four o'clock next morning, at which hour the gayest lady there, proposed that such as were weary should get into their coaches, and the rest of them should dance before them with the music in the van; and in this manner we paraded through all the principal streets of the city, and waked everybody in it.

The two friends crossed the Alps and spent a considerable time in Genoa, Rome, Naples, and Florence. Gray returned home alone in 1741, having quarrelled with and parted from Walpole, but their friendship was renewed a few years later.

In 1742 Gray suffered a severe loss in the death of his friend West. His father also had recently died, and his mother and her sister retired from Cornhill to the home of another widowed sister at Stoke Pogis, and Gray spent a good portion of the spring and summer in this pleasant village, and wrote there his earliest English odes 'On the Spring,' 'On a distant Prospect of Eton College,' and 'To Adversity,' and he also in the same year began his famous 'Elegy.'

In these poems a pensive melancholy is expressed in most melodious verse. In the 'Ode to Spring,' after describing the gay insects glancing in the bright sunbeams, he says :

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours dress'd :
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Gray now returned to Cambridge and made it his home, living first at Peterhouse, and moving in 1756 to Pembroke College, but ever at holiday-time he would return to his mother's and aunt's house at Stoke Pogis. He was now reconciled to Walpole, and he enclosed in a letter to him in 1747 the charming little poem 'On the death of a favourite cat.'

In 1750, during his summer visit to Stoke, he put the last touches to the 'Elegy,' and sent it to Walpole, who was delighted with it and foresaw its instant success. It was passed from hand to hand in manuscript, and found its way into the magazines. Early in 1751 it was published, and it went through four editions in two months, and innumerable editions followed. Even the surly Johnson, who did not love Gray, says of the 'Elegy,' 'Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him.'

From a poem so well known it is scarcely needful to give extracts, but a stanza which the fastidious taste of

the poet finally led him to omit may be given on account of its beauty.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

In the early editions this stood immediately before the epitaph, but Gray omitted it because he thought it was too long a parenthesis in this place. Byron's comment on it is, 'As fine a stanza as any in his "Elegy." I wonder that he could have the heart to omit it.'

Among others into whose hands the manuscript of the 'Elegy' came was Lady Cobham, who lived close by in the Manor House at Stoke, and who now greatly wished to know the poet. She therefore prevailed upon her guest Lady Schaub, who was a friend of a friend of Gray's, to accompany her niece Miss Speed in a morning call upon the poet. Gray had gone out for a walk, but the incident led to a warm and lasting friendship, and it was commemorated in the liveliest of all Gray's poems, 'The Long Story,' from which a few stanzas may be given.

The heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured;
Rapp'd at the door, nor staid to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt;
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And upstairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
 Papers and books, a huge imbroglio !
 Under a tea-cup he might lie,
 Or creased, like dog's-ears in a folio.

A few years later Gray finished the first of his Pindaric odes, 'The Progress of Poesy,' and sent it to a friend with the remark—

If this be as tedious to you as it has grown to me, I shall be sorry that I sent it you. I desire you would by no means suffer it to be copied, nor even show it unless to very few.

Some of the best judges have expressed high admiration for this poem, but it can never become popular like the 'Elegy.' The following extract from 'The Progress of Poesy' is Gray's noble celebration of the three great masters of English song.

Far from the sun and summer gale
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
 ' This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.
 Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of the abyss to spy :
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time ;
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of etherial race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

His second Pindaric ode, 'The Bard,' was finished in 1757, and a few other odes, 'The Fatal Sisters,' 'The Descent of Odin,' 'The Triumphs of Owen,' and the 'Death of Hoel,' followed in later years, and were the fruits of Gray's researches into early Scandinavian and Welsh literature.

During 1759 and the two following years he lived in London, in Bloomsbury, in order to avail himself of the antiquarian treasures of the newly opened British Museum. He was preparing materials for a history of English poetry, but failing health and spirits caused him to abandon a plan which he was so admirably fitted to execute, and his collections passed into the hands of Warton. And it may be well to quote here an extract from a tribute of praise, which was published soon after Gray's death by the Rev. W. Temple, a friend who knew him well.

Perhaps Mr. Gray was the most learned man in Europe; he was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of Science, and not superficially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy, and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his plan of study. Voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusement, and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening.

The last seven years of Gray's life were passed at Cambridge, and as his mother and aunts were dead, he spent his summer holidays with various friends in travels to the South and West of England, to Cumberland and

to the Highlands. His letters, especially those from the Lake District, are delightful, and Dr. Johnson says :

He that reads his epistolary narration wishes that to travel and to tell his travels had been more of his employment.

Gray died at Cambridge in July 1771.

THE NOVELISTS

THE Georgian age, with its low aims and ideals of life, could produce no great masterpiece in poetry, but in the humbler field of prose romance great things were achieved, and 'Tom Jones' and 'Clarissa Harlowe' stand unrivalled still.

The first of the great novelists was **Daniel Defoe**, who was born in 1661, and who, till he was nearly sixty, spent his busy life in pamphleteering, using his pen sometimes for one party and sometimes for another, but always for liberty and progress. 'The Essay on Projects,' 'The True-Born Englishman,' and the ironical 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' are some of his chief political works.

Defoe possessed the power of rendering a narrative wonderfully real and lifelike by the addition of little circumstantial touches, and this is well shown in his 'Journal of the Plague Year,' and in the 'Account of the Great Storm of 1703.'

His masterpiece, 'Robinson Crusoe,' was written in 1719, and it was based upon the real adventures of the Scotch mariner Alexander Selkirk. The book was a

great success, and Defoe followed it up by writing 'Captain Singleton,' 'Colonel Jack,' 'Moll of Flanders,' and other stories, in all of which there is the same lifelike reality, but they lack the simplicity and unity of 'Crusoe.'

As an example of Defoe's style, we may take an extract from 'Colonel Jack,' in which two lads share and spend their first day's pilferings in Bartholomew Fair.

'And what will you do with it now, Jack?' said I. 'I do!' says he; 'the first thing I do I'll go into Rag Fair, and buy me a pair of shoes and stockings.' 'That's right,' says I, 'and so will I too.' So away we went together, and we bought each of us a pair of Rag Fair stockings in the first place for fivepence, not fivepence a pair, but fivepence together; and good stockings they were too, much above our wear, I assure you.

We found it more difficult to fit ourselves with shoes; but at last, having looked a great while before we could find any good enough for us, we found a shop very well stored, and of these we bought two pairs for sixteenpence.

We put them on immediately, to our great comfort, for we had neither of us had any stockings to our legs that had any feet to them for a long time. I found myself so refreshed with having a pair of warm stockings on, and a pair of dry shoes—things, I say, which I had not been acquainted with a great while—that I began to call to my mind my being a gentleman, and now I thought it began to come to pass.

Samuel Richardson, the author of 'Clarissa,' was born in Derbyshire in 1689, and his father was a joiner. He received little education, but he was fond of reading, and like Scott he became famous among his companions as a teller of stories.

My schoolfellows used to call me *Serious* and *Gravity*, and five of them particularly delighted to single me out either for a walk, or at their father's houses or at mine to tell them stories, as they phrased it. Some I told them from my reading, as true; others from my head, as mere invention, of which they would be most fond, and often were affected by them. All my stories carried with them, I am bold to say, a useful moral.

Not, however, with boys only were Richardson's special talents in request.

I was an early favourite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them, their mothers sometimes with them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

I was not more than thirteen when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after or correct for answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any one of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others.

I have been directed to chide and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time when the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word or *that* expression, to be softened or changed.

One, highly gratified with her lover's fervour and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her directions, 'I cannot tell you what to write, but' (her heart on her lips) 'you cannot write too kindly.'

So early did the young Samuel begin to acquire that intimate knowledge of the female heart in which he is unrivalled.

In 1706 Richardson came to London to be apprenticed as a printer, and so well did he prosper that in 1754 he was chosen Master of the Stationers' Company, and he had his villa at Hammersmith as well as his printing establishment in Fleet Street. He was kind to struggling men of letters, and Johnson and Goldsmith were among those whom he befriended. Vanity was the good man's chief failing, and Johnson, who loved him, has to admit that his love of continual superiority was such, that he took care always to be surrounded by

women, who listened to him implicitly and did not venture to contradict his opinions.

His first great romance, 'Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded,' was published in 1740, when the author was fifty years old, and it took the town by storm. Four editions were published in as many months, ~~Shellock~~ ^{Shelcock} praised it from the pulpit, Pope declared it would 'do more good than many volumes of sermons,' and we are told that 'even at Ranelagh the ladies would hold up the volumes of "Pamela" to one another to show that they had got the book that everyone was talking of.

The story of Pamela is a very simple one, of an innocent girl left by the death of her mistress unprotected, and winning by her virtue and constancy the heart of her young master and becoming his wife. The work consists entirely of letters, and the author has full scope for his minute painting of every incident and character. Pamela herself is sketched with the greatest fulness and perfection, but the minor characters also are well drawn.

Eight years later Richardson published his masterpiece, 'Clarissa Harlowe,' the pathetic story of a beautiful and accomplished young lady who falls a victim to the plots of Lovelace, who is as witty as he is wicked. The work contains a wonderful gallery of portraits, the innocent, light-hearted Clarissa herself, her stern father and uncles, her tender but timid mother, her spiteful sister and ill-natured brother, her impetuous friend Miss Howe, the dissolute Lovelace with his circle of reckless companions, and Colonel Morden, the noble avenger of Clarissa, besides a number of minor characters.

As the successive volumes of Clarissa appeared, the

interest of Richardson's admirers rose to the highest pitch possible, and many begged him to give the story a happy ending, to reconcile Lovelace and Clarissa, and to save Lovelace's soul. But Richardson, with the instinctive feeling of the true artist, resisted all such entreaties and made his story a tragedy.

The following extract describes the death of Lovelace :—

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My Chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed, going clear thro' him, and wounded him on the fleshy part of the ribs of his right side, which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body. But before my Chevalier could recover himself, the Colonel in return pushed him into the inside of the left arm near the shoulder; and the sword (raking his breast as it passed), being followed by a great effusion of blood, the Colonel said, 'Sir, I believe you have enough.'

My Chevalier swore by G—d he was not hurt. 'Twas a pin's point; and so made another pass at his antagonist, which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear Chevalier into the body, who immediately fell, saying, 'The luck is yours, Sir. O my beloved Clarissa!—Now art thou—' Inwardly he spoke three or four words more. His sword dropped from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in French, 'Ah, Monsieur, you are a dead man! Call to God for mercy!'

The Surgeons told him that my Chevalier could not live over the day.

When the Colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace said, 'You have well revenged the dear creature.' 'I have, Sir,' said Mr. Morden; 'and perhaps shall be sorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey or disobey the dear angel.'

Richardson's last novel, 'Sir Charles Grandison,' appeared in 1753, and was intended to portray a perfect gentleman, but the very perfection of the character robs it of interest. Still there is throughout the seven volumes

of the work the same minute and beautiful painting, and the pathetic story of the Italian lady Clementina is almost as moving and beautiful as that of *Clarissa*.

The tributes to Richardson's genius have been numerous and varied. Rousseau declared

there never has been in any language in the world a romance equal to '*Clarissa*,' nor even approaching it.

Johnson speaks of him as

an author who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue; and he also says, there is more knowledge of the human heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all '*Tom Jones*.'

Finally, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes thus to her daughter:—

This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him—nay, sob over his works in a most scandalous manner. The two first tomes of '*Clarissa*' touched me as being very resembling to my maiden days; and I find in the pictures of Sir Thomas Grandison and his lady what I have heard of my mother and seen of my father.

Henry Fielding, the author of '*Tom Jones*,' was closely connected by descent with the noble family of Denbigh, which sprang from the same ancestors as the Hapsburgs of Germany and Spain, and this occasioned the splendid eulogy of Gibbon, who says:

The romance of '*Tom Jones*,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of the House of Austria.

Fielding was born in Somersetshire in 1707, and his father was an officer who fought in Marlborough's wars

and rose to be a general. Henry lost his mother when he was eleven years old, and his father married again and had a numerous family for whom he could make only scanty provision. Henry went to Eton, and from thence to Leyden to study the law, but his father failed to find him the needful means of support, and at the age of twenty he returned to London and began to write for the stage. As many as eighteen comedies and farces were written by him, but none of them were of great merit. Two of the best, 'The Miser' and 'The Mock Doctor,' were translations from Molière, and a third, the mock tragedy of 'Tom Thumb,' is said to have moved the iron visage of Swift to laughter.

About 1735 Fielding married Miss Charlotte Cradock of Salisbury, one of three sisters who each had a tiny fortune. The lady was amiable and beautiful, and when she died about eight years later, her husband's grief was so vehement 'that his friends began to think him in danger of losing his reason.'

In the invocation in Chapter I. of Book XIII. of 'Tom Jones,' Fielding tells us that in Sophia, the heroine of his work, he honoured the memory of his wife.

Come, bright Love of Fame, inspire my glowing Breast; fill my ravished Fancy with the Hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretell me that some tender Maid, whose Grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious Name of Sophia, she reads the real Worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall, from her sympathetic Breast, send forth the heaving Sigh.

And if the picture given of Sophia in Chapter II. of Book IV. is a true picture of Fielding's wife, she must have been a charming lady.

Lo! adorned with all the Charms in which Nature can array her, bedecked with Beauty, Youth, Sprightliness, Innocence, Modesty, and Tenderness; breathing Sweetness from her rosy Lips, and darting Brightness from her sparkling Eyes, the lovely Sophia comes.

Reader, perhaps thou hast seen the Statue of the Venus de Medecis. Perhaps, too, thou hast seen the Gallery of Beauties at Hampton Court. Thou may'st remember each bright Churchill of the Galaxy, and all the Toasts of the Kit-cat; or, if their Reign was before thy Times, at least thou hast seen their Daughters, the no less dazzling Beauties of the present Age, whose Names, should we here insert, we apprehend they would fill the whole Volume.

Yet is it possible, my Friend, that thou mayest have seen all these without being able to form an exact Idea of Sophia, for she did not exactly resemble any of them. She was most like the Picture of Lady Ranelagh, and I have heard more still to the famous Duchess of Mazarine; but most of all she resembled one whose Image never can depart from my Breast; and whom, if thou dost remember, thou hast then, my Friend, an adequate Idea of Sophia.

Fielding had inherited a small fortune from his mother, and for a little while after his marriage he appears to have lived in Dorsetshire as a country gentleman, but his means were insufficient for his profuse style of living and he was soon again in London.

He produced a new burlesque 'Pasquin' in 1736, which proved a great success, but in the following year he ceased to write for the stage, gave himself again to the study of the law, and was called to the bar in June 1740. A few months earlier Richardson's famous 'Pamela' had appeared, and its great success incited Fielding to compose 'The Adventures of Joseph Andrews,' which were intended as a roguish satire upon 'Pamela.' In the first chapter he tells us:

What the Female Readers are taught, by the Memoirs of Mrs. Andrews, is so well set forth in the excellent Essays or Letters prefixed to the second and subsequent editions of that Work, that it would be here a

needless Repetition. The authentic History, with which I now present the Public, is an Instance of the great Good that Book is likely to do, and of the Prevalence of Example which I have just observed, since it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent Pattern of his Sister's Virtues before his Eyes that Mr. *Joseph Andrews* was chiefly enabled to preserve his Purity in the midst of such great Temptations.

But after a few chapters the author ceases to poke fun at 'Pamela,' and the story becomes a most amusing description of men and manners, chiefly, it must be confessed, of low life, such as was to be found in country inns and stables, and Richardson was indignant that such a work should be brought in contact with his own.

The most finely finished portrait in the book is the inimitable Parson Adams, who is thus introduced :—

Mr. *Abraham Adams* was an excellent Scholar. He was a perfect Master of the *Greek* and *Latin* languages, to which he added a great Share of Knowledge in the Oriental Tongues, and could read and translate *French*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*. He had applied many Years to the most severe Study, and had treasured up a Fund of Learning, rarely to be met with in a University. He was, besides, a Man of good Sense, good Parts, and good Nature; but was, at the same time, as entirely ignorant of the Ways of this World as an Infant just entered into it could possibly be. As he had never any Intention to deceive, so he never suspected such a Design in others. He was generous, friendly, and brave, to an Excess; but Simplicity was his Characteristic. His Virtue, and his other Qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his Office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable Companion; and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a Bishop, that, at the Age of Fifty, he was provided with a handsome Income of twenty-three Pounds a Year: which, however, he could not make any great Figure with, because he lived in a dear Country and was a little incumbered with a Wife and six Children.

The parson accompanies Joseph and his true-love Fanny through all their surprising adventures, and in the last chapter he performed the marriage ceremony of the happy lovers—

at which nothing was so remarkable as the extraordinary and unaffected Modesty of *Fanny*, unless the true Christian Piety of *Adams*, who publicly rebuked Mr. *Booby* and *Pamela* for laughing in so sacred a Place and so solemn an Occasion.

The years which immediately followed the publication of 'Joseph Andrews' were times of trouble for Fielding. His means were exhausted, he was compelled once more to write for the stage, and—worst trial of all—his beautiful and loving wife sickened and died. Some years later he married her maid, and we are told—

The maid had few personal charms, but was an excellent creature, devotedly attached to her mistress, and almost broken-hearted for her loss. In the first agonies of his own grief, which approached to frenzy, he found no relief but from weeping along with her, nor solace when a degree calmer but in talking to her of the angel they mutually regretted. This made her his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse.

But Fielding had a few good friends, and in the dedication of 'Tom Jones' he speaks of three of them, Lord Lyttelton, the Duke of Bedford, and Ralph Allen, of whom Pope wrote :—

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

. In 1748, through the interest of Lyttelton, he was appointed Justice of the Peace for Westminster, and took up his abode in Bow Street. He was thus assured of a maintenance, but the office was of little dignity and the duties were very disagreeable and even disgusting.

In February 1749 'Tom Jones' was published, and the world had two masterpieces before it, for 'Clarissa' had appeared the year before.

The two books differed immensely ; for 'Tom Jones' contains little that is pathetic, and very much that is vulgar and low. There can be little doubt that Fielding shows himself the greater master, though the judgment of Coleridge is perhaps too emphatic.

I loathe the cant which can recommend 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa Harlowe' as strictly moral, while 'Tom Jones' is prohibited as loose. I do not speak of young women, but a young man whose heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions excited, by this novel, is already thoroughly corrupt. There is a cheerful, sunshiny, breezy spirit that prevails everywhere, closely contrasted with the close, hot, dry, dreamy continuity of Richardson.

The story of 'Tom Jones' is divided into eighteen books, to each of which is prefixed a chapter in which Fielding speaks directly to his audience, 'bringing his armchair to the proscenium and chatting with us in all the lusty ease of his fine English.'¹

The following extract is from the initial chapter to Book X.

Reader, it is impossible we should know what Sort of Person thou wilt be. For perhaps thou may'st be as learned in Human Nature as Shakespeare himself was, and perhaps thou may'st be no wiser than some of his Editors. Now, lest this latter should be the Case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome Admonitions, that thou may'st not as grossly misunderstand and misrepresent us as some of the said Editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their author. First, then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the Incidents in this our History, as impertinent and foreign to our main Design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what Manner such Incident may conduce to that Design. This Work may, indeed, be considered as a great Creation of our own ; and for a little Reptile of a Critic to presume to find Fault with any of its Parts, without knowing the manner in which the Whole is connected, and before

¹ George Eliot.

he comes to the final Catastrophe, is a most presumptuous Absurdity. The Allusion and Metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occasion; but there is, indeed, no other which is at all adequate to express the Difference between an Author of the first Rate, and a Critic of the lowest.

Among the multitude of characters in 'Tom Jones,' the one of most dignity is Mr. Allworthy, in whom Fielding is thought to have portrayed the good Ralph Allen; but the most amusing perhaps is the jovial, hot-tempered Squire Western, whose bursts of passion and oddity of behaviour afford us perpetual enjoyment. In the last chapter we part from him with kindly feelings.

Squire Western hath resigned his Family Seat and the greater Part of his Estate to his Son-in-law, and hath retired to a lesser House of his, in another Part of the Country, which is better for Hunting. Indeed, he is often as a Visitant with Mr. Jones, who, as well as his Daughter, hath an infinite Delight in doing every Thing in their Power to please him. And this Desire of theirs is attended with such Success, that the old Gentleman declares he was never happy in his Life till now. He hath here a Parlour and Ante-chamber to himself, where he gets drunk with whom he pleases; and his Daughter is still as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he desires it.

He spends much of his Time in the Nursery, where he declares the Tattling of his little Grand-Daughter, who is above a Year and a half old, is sweeter Music than the finest Cry of Dogs in England.

Fielding wrote one other great novel, his 'Amelia,' which was published in 1751. Johnson, who was no lover of Fielding, read it through without stopping, and declared Amelia to be 'the most pleasing of all the heroines of the romances.' Once again in this novel did Fielding portray the beauty and gentleness and self-sacrifice of his first wife, and Captain Booth is no doubt a picture of the novelist himself.

Three years later Fielding's health broke down com-

pletely, and with his wife and one of his children he sailed to Lisbon, and the narrative of the voyage gives us a pleasing picture of his manly and affectionate nature. He lived only a few months after landing, and died October 1754.

His kinswoman Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote—

I am sorry for Fielding's death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he has lost more than others, as no man enjoyed life more than he did. His happy constitution (even when he had with great pains half demolished it) made him forget everything when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champaign; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth.

Tobias Smollett, of whom we have now to speak, belonged to an ancient Scotch family, and was born in 1721 on the banks of the Leven, which he lovingly praises in 'Humphrey Clinker.' He was educated at Dumbarton and Glasgow, and was then apprenticed to a surgeon. But he loved literature more than medicine, and at the age of nineteen he came to London to seek his fortune as a writer. His tragedy 'The Regicide' found little or no success, and in 1741 he went as surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war in the expedition against Carthagera.

A few years later Smollett quitted the service, disgusted with its drudgery, and began to practise as a physician in London, but with no great success.

In 1748 he published his first novel, 'The Adventures of Roderick Random,' in which his own youthful experiences are pretty faithfully portrayed. Lieutenant Bowling is the first of the line of old sea dogs whom Smollett loved to picture, and he is thus introduced:—

He was a strong-built man, somewhat bandy-legged, with a neck like that of a bull, and a face which (you might easily perceive) had with-

stood the most obstinate assaults of the weather. His dress consisted of a soldier's coat altered for him by the ship's tailor; a striped flannel jacket; a pair of red breeches, japanned with pitch; clean grey worsted stockings; large silver buckles, that covered three-fourths of his shoes; a silver-laced hat, whose crown overlooked the brims about an inch and a half; a black bobwig in buckle; a check shirt; a silk handkerchief; a hanger with a brass handle, girded to his thigh by a tarnished laced belt; and a good oak plant under his arm.

In the course of the story, the attack on Carthage is described, with the miserable mismanagement which caused its failure.

The sick and wounded were squeezed into certain vessels, which thence obtained the name of hospital ships, though, methinks, they scarce deserved such a creditable title, seeing few of them could boast of their surgeon, nurse, or cook; and the space between decks was so confined, that the miserable patients had not room to sit upright in their beds. Their wounds and stumps being neglected, contracted filth and putrefaction, and millions of maggots were hatched amidst the corruption of their sores.

'Roderick Random' was a great success, and Smollett might compare not unfavourably with Richardson and Fielding, though he lacked the pathos and delicate mental analysis of the former, and the genial sunny humour of the latter. His special excellence lay rather in his broad humour approaching to caricature, in his caustic wit, and in his inexhaustible store of incidents.

Three years later 'Peregrine Pickle' appeared, with a new group of sea dogs, Commodore Trunnion, Lieutenant Hatchway, and Tom Pipes, who are even more amusing than their predecessors in 'Roderick Random.' The account of the commodore's wedding, with all its ludicrous accompaniments and mishaps, is one of the most humorous pieces imaginable.

Smollett afterwards undertook various literary works, translated 'Don Quixote,' wrote a history of England, edited the 'Critical Review,' and wrote the 'Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom,' the 'Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves,' and the 'Adventures of an Atom.'

About 1770 his health broke down, and, as Fielding had done, he sought refuge with his wife in a warmer climate. He found a home in a village near Leghorn, and there he wrote the last and best of all his works, 'The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker,' the only work in which he attains the sweet geniality of Fielding.

The novel of 'Humphrey Clinker' is, I do think, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began. Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble must keep Englishmen on the grin for ages yet to come; and in their letters and the story of their loves there is a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter as inexhaustible as Bladud's well.¹

From his Italian retreat Smollett turned with sick and longing eyes to his native land, and old Matthew Bramble is made thus to describe the river Leven :—

This charming stream is the outlet of Lough Lomond, and through a tract of four miles pursues its winding course, murmuring over a bed of pebbles till it joins the Frith at Dumbritton. A very little above its source, on the lake, stands the House of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett, so embosomed in an oak wood that we did not-see it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen the Lago di Garda, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva; and, upon my honour, I prefer Lough Lomond to them all. Everything here is romantick beyond description. This country is justly stiled the Arcadia of Scotland, and I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water.

Smollett died in October 1771, and was buried at Leghorn.

¹ Thackeray.

Lawrence Sterne, the famous author of ‘*Tristram Shandy*,’ was born at Clonmel in November 1713. His father was an ensign in a regiment which had returned but a few days before from Flanders, and the history of the boy’s early life is little more than a record of marches and countermarches from one garrison town to another. Many births and deaths of little brothers and sisters are recorded, and of one of them Sterne says :—

This pretty blossom fell, at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin. She was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long, as were most of my father’s babes.

His father went with his regiment on the ‘*Vigo Expedition*’ in 1719, then a few years later he took part in the defence of Gibraltar, and was there nearly killed in a duel, and finally he was sent to the West Indies and died there in 1731.

My father was a little smart man ; active, to the last degree, in all exercises ; most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure ; he was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design ; and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one, so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose.

Recollections of his father were doubtless blended in Sterne’s portraits of Mr. Shandy and of Uncle Toby.

When the boy was about ten years old he ceased to follow the regiment and was sent to a school in Halifax. His great-grandfather had died Archbishop of York in 1683, and he had uncles and cousins in Yorkshire who were able to help him. In 1732 he was sent to Cambridge, was ordained in 1736, and through the interest of his

uncle Archdeacon Sterne he became Vicar of Sutton and Prebendary of York.

In 1741 he married, and in the fragmentary 'Life' which he wrote and addressed to his daughter he gives an affecting account of his courtship. Unhappily, as years went by, his love for his wife grew cold, but his affection for his daughter was always warm and sincere.

In 1760 Sterne took the London world by storm with the first two volumes of 'Tristram Shandy.' 'My rooms,' he writes, 'are filling every hour with great people of the first rank, who strive who shall most honour me,' and he also speaks of being engaged fourteen dinners deep. Bishop Warburton presented him with a purse of gold, and Lord Falconberg gave him another Yorkshire living. A new edition of the two volumes was required in a few months, and with them the 'Sermons of Mr. Yorick' were announced and were speedily published. The poet Gray adds his tribute of praise, and writes in June:—

'Tristram Shandy' is a still greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book: one is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight before. As to the volumes yet published, there is much good fun in them and humour, sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his 'Sermons,' with his own comick figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the style most proper for the pulpit, and show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.

Two more volumes of 'Tristram Shandy' appeared in 1761, and two more in the year following, and on each occasion Sterne came up to London to superintend the publication and enjoy the triumph.

His health which had never been robust now gave him

serious alarm, and he determined to visit the south of France. In January 1762 he reached Paris, and became as great a lion there as in London. He went as far south as Toulouse, sent for his wife and daughter to join him, and in May 1764 he returned to England, leaving wife and child behind him.

In January 1765 two more volumes of 'Tristram Shandy' were published, one of which contained the notes of his sojourn in France, and in October Sterne set forth once more in quest of health. He went rapidly through France and Italy, spending the winter in Naples, and was back again in Yorkshire in June 1766.

The ninth and last volume of 'Tristram Shandy' was published early in 1767, and Sterne then wrote his 'Sentimental Journey,' the famous outcome of his French and Italian travels. This was published in February 1768, and the next month Sterne died at his lodgings in Bond Street, attended only by strangers.

'Tristram Shandy' is one of the strangest books, with its fantastical arrangement of subjects, its display of curious erudition, its sparkling wit, and its gleams of humour. Of Tristram himself little is said, but lifelike pictures are drawn of Mr. Shandy with his whimsical notions, of Parson Yorick, who is the author himself, and, above all, of Uncle Toby and his faithful servant, Corporal Trim. The creation of these last two characters is Sterne's greatest achievement.

Carlyle, after speaking of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson and Swift as humourists, says:—

Sterne follows next; our last specimen of humour, and, with all his faults, our best, our finest, if not our strongest; for Yorick, and Corporal

Trim, and Uncle Toby have yet no brother but in Don Quixote, far as he lies above them.

The following is part of the description given of Yorick :—

With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast ; he was utterly unpractised in the world ; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping, unsuspecting girl of thirteen. So that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling ; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way, you may likewise imagine 'twas with such he had generally the ill-luck to get the most entangled.

A few pages later there is a pathetic account of Yorick's death after parting with his friend Eugenius. The character of Uncle Toby is drawn with so many fine touches that it cannot well be shown in a single extract, but the following describes his delight in Trim's project of playing at fortifications in the bowling-green.

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet as Trim went on, but it was not a blush of guilt, of modesty, or of anger, it was a blush of joy ; he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description. Trim ! said my uncle Toby, thou hast said enough. We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field and demolish them town by town as fast as— Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no more. Your Honour, continued Trim, might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would— Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby. Besides, your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime, but good air, and good exercise, and good health, and your Honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou hast said enough, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches pocket). I like thy project mightily. And if your Honour pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-axe and a couple of— Say no more Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg quite overcome with rapture, and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand. Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more ; but

go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down, and brought up his master's supper to no purpose. Trim's plan of operation ran so in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it. Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed. 'Twas all one. Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination, my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes.

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL

DR. JOHNSON exercised in the second half of the eighteenth century the same sway in the literary world which Addison and Pope possessed in the early half. But this influence arose not so much from any published writings of his as from the charm and power of his conversation, and happily for us his life has been recorded in a book which is better than the best of Johnson's.

Johnson was born in 1709 in Lichfield, where his father was a bookseller, fairly prosperous at that time, but he became poor as his son grew towards manhood. From his birth Samuel was a sickly child. He was put out to nurse, and he tells us:—

In ten weeks I was taken home, a poor, diseased infant, almost blind. I remember my Aunt Ford told me she would not have picked such a poor creature up in the street.

He grew up to be a sturdy man, but was troubled all his life with dimness of sight, and with innumerable ailments which made life a burden to him. His strange unconscious gesticulations were the wonder and amusement of those who saw him.

Once he collected a laughing mob in Twickenham meadows by his antics : his hands imitating the motions of a jockey riding at full speed, and his feet twisting in and out to make heels and toes touch alternately. He presently sat down and took out a Grotius *De Veritate*, over which he seasawed so violently that the mob ran back to see what was the matter.¹

He was a scholar at Lichfield Grammar School till he was sixteen, and then for two years he was at home and gathered knowledge from the folios in his father's shop. Then for three years he was at Oxford, but left without a degree, and he appears to have gained little instruction there. But he loved to revisit Oxford, and in later years he accepted with pleasure and pride the degree which the university conferred upon him.

After leaving Oxford Johnson made several ineffectual attempts to gain a livelihood by teaching, and in 1737 he came to London, and like Smollett with a tragedy in his pocket.

Two years before he had married his 'dear Tetty,' who was twenty years his senior, but to whom he was most sincerely attached.

His life in London was for some time a strenuous and almost hopeless fight with misery and want. We are told that in later and happier years—

When Dr. Johnson one day read his own satire, in which the life of a scholar is painted, with the various obstructions thrown in his way to fortune and to fame, he burst into a passion of tears.

The satire was 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' the best of Johnson's poems, and the following are a few of the lines :—

¹ Leslie Stephen.

When first the College Rolls receive his name,
 The young Enthusiast quits his Ease for Fame;
 Through all his Veins the Fever of Renown
 Spreads from the strong Contagion of the Gown;
 O'er *Bodley's* Dome his future Labours spread,
 And *Bacon's* Mansion trembles o'er his Head.
 Are these thy Views? proceed, illustrious Youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the Throne of Truth!
 Yet should thy Soul indulge the gen'rous Heat,
 Till captive Science yields her last Retreat;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest Ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless Day;
 Should no Disease thy torpid Veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's Phantoms haunt thy Shade;
 Yet hope not Life from Grief or Danger free,
 Nor think the Doom of Man revers'd for thee:
 Deign on the passing World to turn thine Eyes,
 And pause awhile from Letters to be wise;
 There mark what ills the Scholar's Life assail,
 Toil, Envy, Want, the Patron, and the Jail.
 See Nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
 To buried Merit raise the tardy Bust.
 If Dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear *Lydiat's* life and *Galileo's* end.

Johnson laboured chiefly for Cave, the publisher of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and did all kinds of literary hack work, verses, translations, biographies, and reports of parliamentary speeches under the title of 'The Senate of Lilliput.' In 1738 he published his satire 'London,' and in 1749 his 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' In this latter year his tragedy of 'Irene' was at length brought to light, and through the interest of his friend Garrick was acted at Drury Lane, ran its nine nights, and produced for its author some few hundred pounds.

In 1750 he started the 'Rambler,' a periodical like the 'Spectator,' published three times a week, and it ran

for three years. It gave Johnson a great reputation, but it yields little pleasure now in comparison with the 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator.' Indeed, in Johnson's own day the difference was felt, and in one of the numbers we read :—

Some were angry that the Rambler did not, like the Spectator, introduce himself to the acquaintance of the public by an account of his own birth and studies, an enumeration of his adventures, and a description of his physiognomy. Others soon began to remark that he was a solemn, serious, dictatorial writer, without sprightliness or gaiety, and called out with vehemence for mirth and humour.

I make not the least question that all these monitors intend the promotion of my design, and the instruction of my readers ; but they do not know, or do not reflect, that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himself, and selects those subjects which he is best qualified to treat by the course of his studies, or the accidents of his life ; that some topics of amusement have been already treated with too much success to invite a competition ; and that he who endeavours to gain many readers must try various arts of invitation, essay every avenue of pleasure, and make frequent changes in his methods of approach.

Three days after the last 'Rambler' appeared, in March 1752, Johnson's wife died, and his grief was overwhelming. Thirty years later he wrote in his diary :—

This is the day on which, in 1752, dear Tetty died. I have now uttered a prayer of repentance and contrition ; perhaps Tetty knows that I prayed for her. Perhaps Tetty is now praying for me. God help me. Thou, God, 'art merciful ; hear my prayers and enable me to trust in Thee.

We were married almost seventeen years, and have now been parted thirty.

When his wife died, Johnson was labouring at his 'Dictionary,' and this gigantic task was finished in 1755, and the famous letter to Lord Chesterfield was written, a letter so often quoted, and which is really one of Johnson's finest prose pieces.

A few years later his mother died at a very great age. Johnson could not afford to go to Lichfield, but he raised the money for the funeral expenses by writing his story of 'Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.'

In 1762 he received from the bounty of the new king George III. a pension of 300*l.* a year, and his struggles with want were ended. He was able to indulge his feelings of pity for the poor and wretched, and he spent upon them full two-thirds of his income. He would give, even though his charity might be misused.

'Life is a pill (he would say) which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to show even visible displeasure, if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths.' In pursuance of these principles he nursed whole nests of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful found a sure retreat from all the evils, whence his little income could secure them.¹

He was surrounded with friends who loved and revered him, Goldsmith, and Burke, and Reynolds, and Garrick, and Burney, and many others who live again in the marvellous pages of Boswell.

Of Boswell himself it is now time to say a few words. He was born in 1740, was the eldest son of a Scotch judge, and himself studied for the bar in Scotland and in Holland. He was a man far too fond of eating and drinking, was vain and talkative, and had an insatiable desire for notoriety. Throughout his life he eagerly sought the acquaintance of famous men, and Voltaire and Rousseau, Hume and Wesley, Wilkes and Paoli were only some of those whom he ran after.

¹ Mrs. Piozzi.

In 1768 his acquaintance with Johnson began.

He had sought in vain in the preceding year for an introduction to Johnson, and had the happiness at last to meet him in the house of Tom Davies, the actor, who kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden.

On Monday, May 16, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies' back parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him, through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my lord, it comes.' I found I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his 'Dictionary,' in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him.

After a while Boswell modestly withdrew, but a week later he ventured to pay Johnson a visit.

He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up, and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk.

The acquaintance thus happily begun went on and prospered, and we soon have pleasant accounts of suppers at the Mitre, and of a visit to Greenwich, and when in August Boswell had to return to Holland, Johnson to his great delight accompanied him as far as Harwich.

As the vessel put out to sea I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner; and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he disappeared.

Boswell returned to London year by year with ever new delight and growing admiration, and Miss Burney describes the eagerness with which he hung upon every look and word of Johnson.

Boswell concentrated his whole attention upon his idol, not even answering questions from others. When Johnson spoke his eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the doctor's shoulder; his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable, and he seemed to listen even to Johnson's breathings as though they had some mystical significance.

And as a result of such rapt attention Boswell gives us such minute portrait painting as the following:—

He commonly held his head to one side towards his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backwards and forwards, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, *too, too, too*; all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile.

Macaulay paradoxically maintained that 'Boswell attained literary eminence by reason of his weaknesses, that if he had not been a great fool he would never have been a great writer.' But Carlyle more wisely says:—

That loose-flowing, careless-looking work of his is as a picture by one of Nature's own artists; the best possible resemblance of a reality; like the very image thereof in a clear mirror. Boswell wrote a good book because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight, his lively talent, above all, of his love and childlike open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthly in him, are so many blemishes in his book, which still disturb us in its clearness; wholly hindrances, not helps.

For the remainder of Johnson's life a few words must suffice. He wrote only one other great work, the excellent 'Lives of the Poets,' from which many extracts have been already given. In 1773 he went with Boswell to the Hebrides, with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale to Wales in 1774, and he paid with them a short visit to Paris in the following year.

In 1781 his old friend Mr. Thrale died, and Mrs. Thrale's marriage some time after to Mr. Piozzi put an end to an intimacy which had been one of his greatest comforts during many years.

In December 1784 his own end came, and he was laid in the Abbey, where his friend Garrick had already preceded him.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

IN the circle of celebrated men who surrounded the great Dr. Johnson there was no one of so fine a genius as Oliver Goldsmith. His poems, 'The Traveller' and 'The Deserted Village,' were truly described by Johnson as finer than anything that had appeared since the days of Pope; 'The Vicar of Wakefield' was the delight of the great Goethe, and even his lighter pieces had charms of style which none of his contemporaries could match. *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*, he touched nothing but he added a new grace to it, said Johnson, and he spoke but the bare truth.

Goldsmith was born in 1728 at the village of Pallas, in Longford, where his father was the village pastor

‘passing rich on forty pounds a year.’ Two years later the pastor obtained the far richer living of Lissoy, in Westmeath, and it is thought that Lissoy is the ‘Sweet Auburn’ of the ‘Deserted Village,’ idealised, however, in the fond recollection of the poet.

The story of Goldsmith’s life at school and college is one to call up smiles and tears. While he was still a child he was terribly marked by the small-pox, and he became the butt of many a coarse joke in consequence, and at college a brutal tutor bullied and jeered him so that he ran away and could hardly be prevailed upon to return. But in the village school and by his father’s fireside he spent many happy hours, and a little later he sang and romped at the village inn like the Tony Lumpkin of ‘She Stoops to Conquer.’

Goldsmith left Dublin University in 1749, and the next three years he spent at his mother’s house (his father was now dead) in a kind of vagabond idleness before he or his friends could determine what his profession should be. In 1752 they sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine, and two years later he passed over to Leyden to continue his studies, and then early in 1755 he started on his ‘travels’ from Leyden, ‘with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand.’

The story of the wanderer in chapter xx. of the ‘Vicar of Wakefield’ is thought to be a more or less faithful picture of Goldsmith’s own struggles in life, and in it we read:—

I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found

them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging but subsistence for the next day.

The exact course of his travels is not known, but he visited Louvain, Paris, and Rouen, and in February 1756 he landed at Dover, apparently without a penny, and he must have begged his way to London. A period of obscure misery followed, of which we have no exact details, but he is said to have assisted in a chemist's shop, then to have practised as a doctor among the poor people of Thames bank, then he became usher in a school in Peckham, and then hack writer for Griffiths, the publisher of the 'Monthly Review.' Richardson, the kind-hearted author of 'Clarissa,' helped him in this time of need.

In 1758 Goldsmith published his first work of any pretension, 'An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning,' from which one paragraph may be quoted as expressing the author's own bitter experience.

The poet's poverty is a standing topic of contempt; his writing for bread is an unpardonable offence. Perhaps, of all mankind, an author in these times is used most hardly; we keep him poor and yet revile his poverty. Like angry parents who correct their children till they cry, and then correct them for crying, we reproach him for living by his wit, and yet allow him no other means to live.

The next year he started the 'Bee,' a pleasant little weekly periodical, something like the 'Rambler,' but with more variety and liveliness. It ought to have lived, but it did not, and in the fourth number Goldsmith humorously admits his failure.

Were I to measure the merit of my present undertaking by its success, or the rapidity of its sale, I might be led to form conclusions by no means favourable to the pride of an author. Should I estimate my fame by its extent, every newspaper and magazine would leave me far behind. Their fame is diffused in a very wide circle, that of some as far as Islington, and some yet farther still; while mine, I sincerely believe, has hardly travelled beyond the sound of Bow Bell; and while the works of others fly like unpinioned swans, I find my own move as heavily as a new-plucked goose.

In 1760 Goldsmith was the chief contributor to a new periodical, 'The Public Register,' writing for it the genial 'Chinese Letters,' which were afterwards republished as 'The Citizen of the World.' The work was suggested by the 'Lettres Persanes' of Montesquieu, but it is filled with Goldsmith's humour and tenderness, and Beau Tibbs and the Man in Black are two of his most genuine creations.

About this time he must have become acquainted with Johnson, but unhappily Boswell had not yet come to town, and we do not know how or when the friendship began. Already in the 'Bee,' Goldsmith in a whimsical description of the travellers in the stage-coach to the Temple of Fame had described Johnson as

a very grave personage whom at some distance I took for one of the most reserved and even disagreeable figures I had seen; but as he approached, his appearance improved, and when I could distinguish him thoroughly, I perceived that, in spite of the severity of his brow, he had one of the most good-natured countenances that could be imagined.

When Boswell appeared in 1762 the friendship was firmly established, and he evidently regarded Goldsmith with somewhat jealous eyes, and the portrait which he draws of him, though not grossly unjust, is far too unfavourable.

His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil. There was a quick but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation, but in truth this has been greatly exaggerated. He had no doubt a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman.

In 1764 two of Goldsmith's finest works, 'The Traveller' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' were completed, and in connection with the latter occurs the well-known account given by Johnson to Boswell.

I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.

The novel lay, however, for some time in the publisher's desk, but at the close of the year 'The Traveller' appeared, and quickly gained the admiration of the best judges, and three other editions were soon called for.

Goldsmith dedicated the poem to his elder brother Henry, who like his father was a simple village pastor, and some of the sweetest lines in the poem are addressed to him.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil and trim their evening fire ;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

The ' Vicar of Wakefield ' did not appear till March 1766, so little did the publisher value it, though it is now justly regarded as perhaps the purest and best of the literary creations of the eighteenth century. Everyone is familiar with the simple and pathetic story, but we may quote the description of the simple feast with which the whole closes.

I cannot say whether we had more wit among us now than usual, but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember : old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, ' Madam, I thank you.' Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing.

As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a cheerful fireside. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for, all my cares were

over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

We must hasten over the rest of Goldsmith's life. In 1768 he wrote the comedy of 'The Good-natured Man,' which was a great success and gained him 500*l*. Two years later he published the best of all his poems, 'The Deserted Village,' with its charming pictures of the village pastor, the schoolmaster, the village inn, and all the scenes which lingered so fondly in his memory.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my booklearn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexation past,
Here to return and die at home at last.

His fame was now well established, and the booksellers were glad to secure his services to write 'The History of Animated Nature,' 'The Roman History,' 'The History of England,' and other compilations, for which they paid him well. But Goldsmith was careless and generous and improvident, and he was never free from money difficulties.

In 1773 he wrote another comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' the plot of which is based on an incident in his

own schoolboy days. The manager of Covent Garden thought the play would fail, but it succeeded admirably, and well it might, with its inimitable Tony Lumpkin, and honest old Diggory, and sweet Kate Hardcastle.

Goldsmith died early in the following year, and one of his latest works was the bright and witty poem 'Retaliation,' in which he sportively sketched, but with rare insight and felicity, the characters of Burke, and Garrick, and Reynolds, and other members of Johnson's famous club.

GIBBON

EDWARD GIBBON, the historian, was also in the circle of famous men who surrounded Johnson, but in the pages of Boswell he is in general a silent figure. But he has himself written the story of his life in a narrative which is strangely fascinating, and which possesses the same beauties and blemishes of style as the 'Decline and Fall' itself.

Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative. The style shall be simple and familiar, but style is the image of character; and the habits of correct writing may produce, without labour or design, the appearance of art and study.

Gibbon was descended from an ancient Kentish family, but his immediate ancestors were prosperous citizens of London. His grandfather gained a large fortune in Queen Anne's reign, but in the crash of the South Sea Scheme he was stripped of nearly everything. He lived

however to gain a second fortune not much smaller than the first.

The grandson Edward was born at Putney in 1737. He was a sickly child, and his mother died when he was still young, but his aunt Catherine Porter filled her place worthily.

If there be any, as I trust there are some, who rejoice that I live, to that dear and excellent woman they must hold themselves indebted.

While he was a boy his education was interrupted and imperfect, but his aunt was his best teacher,

and to her kind lessons I ascribe my early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the treasures of India.

His appetite for reading was truly enormous, especially for history. He greedily devoured translations of Herodotus, Tacitus, and other ancient authors, then

from the ancient I leaped to the modern world; many crude lumps of Speed, Rapin, Mezeray, Davila, Machiavel, Father Paul, Bower, etc., I devoured like so many novels; and I swallowed with the same voracious appetite the description of India and China, of Mexico and Peru.

We need hardly wonder that after such a course

I arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy would have been ashamed.

Oxford did little for him, and Gibbon bears witness, like Butler and Gray, but with a more emphatic voice, to the deep slumber in which both universities were then buried.

To the university of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life.

Gibbon, left as he was at the university to read and think for himself, became a Roman Catholic at the age of sixteen, and this led to his abrupt withdrawal from Oxford. His father after anxious deliberation sent him to Lausanne, to the house of a Calvinist minister, and there he remained for five years and was completely cured of his enthusiasm for Romanism.

At Lausanne he formed a warm and lasting friendship with Mr. Deyverdun, a young Swiss gentleman ; and, more important still, he met the beautiful Susan Curchod, the daughter of a country pastor.

I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners ; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connection.

Alas that the course of true love will not run smooth ! The elder Gibbon would not hear of such a connection.

After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate ; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life.

The lady lived to become the wife of Necker, the famous finance minister of France, and in years to come she and Gibbon often met, no longer as lovers, but as attached friends.

In 1758 he returned to England and spent two years in a calm pursuit of learning at his father's seat in Hampshire. Then, for another two years, he as a captain of militia marched and counter-marched to

Devizes and Winchester, and Southampton and Dover and other places, gaining useful experience thereby.

The captain of the Hampshire grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire.

Early in 1764 he started on his travels, passing through Paris and Lausanne and Florence, and from thence to Rome.

It was at Rome on October 15, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.

This great life's work was not however grappled with at once. Various other literary projects were taken up after his return to England, were tried, were laid aside, while his great project grew ever more distinct before him, and his preparations grew towards completion.

At length, in 1776, the first volume appeared, and its success was immediate.

The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand, and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table and almost on every toilette; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane* critic.

This first volume descends from the age of the Antonines to the establishment of empire under Constantine, and it finishes with the famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, in which Gibbon indulges in his grave sarcasms against the corruptions of Christianity, if not against Christianity itself.

The theologian may indulge the pleasing task of describing religion as she descended from heaven, arrayed in her native purity. A more

melancholy duty is imposed on the historian. He must discover the inevitable mixture of error and corruption, which she contracted in a long residence upon earth, among a weak and degenerate race of beings.

Two more volumes were published in 1781, and the three brought the story down, in thirty-eight chapters, to the Fall of Rome before the Goths and Vandals, the conversion of the Barbarians, and the establishment of the French monarchy under Clovis.

The work thus far is a splendid panorama. Countries and nations, towns and buildings, philosophers and warriors, are sketched with a masterly hand, and with such fulness of learning that later researches have found little to add, and still less to alter. As instances of beautiful description may be mentioned that of Constantinople in chapter xvii., the character of Julian the Apostate in chapter xxiii., and the Pastoral Nations in chapter xxvi.

Two years later Gibbon resolved to make Lausanne once more his home. He had been for some years a member of parliament, and held an office in the Board of Trade which entailed the very lightest of duties, and brought him a very comfortable salary. But in 1783 Lord North fell, and all these comfortable arrangements ceased. Gibbon's old friend Deyverdun gladly united with him in taking a house in Lausanne overlooking the lake.

In this pleasant retreat, where day followed day in calm enjoyment, the final three volumes of the history were written, in which volumes are traced the age of Justinian, with the campaigns of Belisarius, the rise and progress of Mahomet, the invasions of the Turks, the Crusades, and many other subjects of interest.

Chapter l. with its description of Arabia and Mahomet, and chapter lviii., the history of the First Crusade, may be instanced as examples of beautiful writing. The final chapters are devoted to a description of the state of the city of Rome in the period from the twelfth to the fifteenth century.

Gibbon thus beautifully describes the closing of his great labour :—

It was on the day, or rather night, of June 27, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion ; and that, whatever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

We have only room to add that Gibbon died in England in 1794 after a short illness.

WILLIAM COWPER

DURING the latter half of the eighteenth century the spell which Pope had cast over English poetry began gradually to break. Instead of brilliant satires and descriptions of man in an artificial state of society, Gray and Goldsmith gave exquisite little pictures of nature, and of men living under simpler conditions of life. Finally Cowper, with still simpler language and still truer pictures

of nature, prepared the way for Wordsworth and his fellows.

Cowper was born in 1731 in the rectory of Berkhamstead. He was of good family, for his grand-uncle was a Lord Chancellor, and his mother was descended from Henry III. Unhappily for him she died when he was six years old, and some of his finest verses in later years are those he wrote on seeing her portrait.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no, what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

The little lad was sent away to a boarding school, and was very miserable there; but a little later he went to Westminster School, and spent a pleasant time, gaining friends and excelling in cricket and football. Warren Hastings was one of his friends and schoolfellows.

At eighteen he was articled to an attorney, and had Thurlow, the future Lord Chancellor, for a fellow clerk; but he spent most of his time in the society of his cousins Theodora and Harriet, 'giggling and making giggle' from morning till night. He fell in love with Theodora and she with him, but her father refused his consent to a

union, and the lovers remained single all their lives. Harriet became Lady Hesketh, and was in later years one of Cowper's most constant correspondents.

When Cowper was twenty-one he took chambers in the Temple and was called to the Bar, but gave himself up to literature, writing verses, papers for the 'Connoisseur,' and other light effusions. He was a member of the 'Nonsense Club,' and Lloyd, Colman, and Churchill and other wits and poets were his friends and companions.

He passed a number of years in this frivolous though innocent course of life, till in 1763 the great crash of his intellect came, brought on, it would seem, by religious mania combined with the dread of an approaching examination for the post of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords. In a letter to Lady Hesketh he says:—

O! my good cousin! if I was to open my heart to you I could show you strange sights; nothing, I flatter myself, that would shock you, but a great deal that would make you wonder. I am of a very singular temper, and very unlike all the men that I have ever conversed with. Certainly I am not an absolute fool, but I have more weakness than the greatest of all the fools I can recollect at present. In short, if I was as fit for the next world as I am unfit for this (and God forbid I should speak it in vanity!) I would not change conditions with any Saint in Christendom.

In his madness he was on the point of killing himself, and his friends placed him in a private asylum at St. Albans. There he was kindly and skilfully treated, and in about eighteen months he was restored to reason, but looked back with horror on his former thoughtless life.

By the care of his friends he was placed in lodgings in Huntingdon, and soon made himself comfortable there. Within three months of going there he writes:—

The longer I live here, the better I like the place and the people who belong to it. I am upon very good terms with no less than five families, besides two or three odd scrambling fellows like myself. The last acquaintance I made here is with the race of the Unwins, consisting of father and mother, son and daughter, the most comfortable social folks you ever knew. The father is a clergyman, and the son is designed for orders. The design, however, is quite his own, proceeding merely from his being and having always been sincere in his belief and love of the Gospel.

Cowper soon became an inmate of their house, and the friendship lasted for life. Mrs. Unwin, though only seven years his senior, watched over him with the tenderness and care of a mother. One of Cowper's latest poems is addressed to her when she was enfeebled with sickness.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast ;
Ah, would that this might be the last !
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow ;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary !

The home at Huntingdon was broken up in 1768 by the sudden death of Mr. Unwin, and the family moved to Olney, a sleepy little town on the Ouse in Buckinghamshire. The curate of Olney was the Rev. John Newton.

a famed Evangelical preacher of that day, and Cowper became warmly attached to him, and wrote in conjunction with him the 'Olney Hymns,' several of which are still very popular.

But Newton's influence on Cowper was too exciting, and in 1773 his madness returned for a time. Fortunately Mr. Newton was called to a change in London, and Mrs. Unwin persuaded Cowper to give some attention to general literature, and to try his hand at poetry again. The result was a little volume of poems published in 1781 with the title of 'Moral Satires.' The poems are of no great merit, and they lack the vivid picturesque force which Cowper afterwards showed in the 'Task.' In the following lines from the first of the 'Satires,' Cowper describes with nice discrimination the great writers of Queen Anne's reign.

In front of these came Addison. In him
Humour in holiday and sightly trim,
Sublimity and Attic taste combined
To polish, furnish, and delight the mind.
Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,
In verse well disciplined, complete, compact,
Gave virtue and morality a grace,
That, quite eclipsing pleasure's painted face,
Levied a tax of wonder and applause,
Even on the fools that trampled on their laws.
But he (his musical finesse was such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)
Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
And every warbler had his tune by heart.
Nature imparting her satiric gift,
Her serious mirth to Arbuthnot and Swift;
With droll sobriety they raised a smile
At folly's cost, themselves unmoved the while.
That constellation set, the world in vain
Must hope to look upon their like again.

In 1781 Cowper gained a new friend in Lady Austen, a baronet's widow who came to live in the parsonage in Olney. Both Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were charmed with her conversation, and it became a custom with the friends 'to dine always together alternately in the houses of the two ladies.' In several of Cowper's playful poems she is spoken of as 'Sister Anne.'

Lady Austen's conversation had as happy an effect upon the melancholy spirit of Cowper as the harp of David upon Saul. Whenever the cloud seemed to be coming over him, her sprightly powers were exerted to dispel it. One afternoon, when he appeared more than usually depressed, she told him the story of John Gilpin, which had been told to her in her childhood, and which, in her relation, tickled his fancy as much as it has that of thousands and tens of thousands since in his. The next morning he said to her that he had been kept awake during the greater part of the night by thinking of the story and laughing at it; and that he had turned it into a ballad.¹

To Lady Austen's inspiration we owe the 'Task.' She urged him to write a poem in blank verse, and when he asked for a subject, she answered, 'Oh, you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon any; write upon this sofa!' Cowper alludes to this in the opening lines of the poem :

I sing the Sofa. I who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touch'd with awe
The solemn chords, and, with a trembling hand,
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
The occasion, for the Fair commands the song.

The 'Task' is in six books, and a great variety of subjects is dealt with, and the connection between them is often very slight. But there are passages of much beauty in all of them, and the work became popular, as it

¹ Southey.

deserved. In the first book there is a fine passage describing the beauty of sounds in nature :

Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
 Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
 And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.

In the second book there are the indignant lines on slavery, but the fourth book, 'The Winter Evening,' is perhaps the most beautiful of all. There is in it a succession of delightful pictures : the postman laden with news, the waggoner toiling through the snow, the cosy circle round the tea-table, and the fine apostrophe to winter :

Oh Winter ! ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd ;
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips ; thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age ; thy forehead wrapt in clouds ;
 A leafless branch thy sceptre ; and thy throne
 A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way ;
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art.

The 'Task' was published in 1785, and the next year Lady Hesketh paid him a visit. The cousins had not met for many years, and he writes to her :

My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May or the beginning of June, because, before that time, my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats ; and there you shall sit, with a bed of *mignonnette* at your side,

and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day.

One result of Lady Hesketh's visit was their removal from Olney to a house at Weston, not far removed, but in a much healthier situation. Here he wrote a number of his minor poems, and completed his translation of Homer which he had begun as early as 1784. But none of these works added materially to his fame, which rests now upon the 'Task,' 'John Gilpin,' and his charming letters.

Mrs. Unwin's health now began to fail rapidly, and in 1796 she died. Cowper lived a weary three or four years after her, and died in April 1800.

BURKE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE French Revolution in its early stages of progress was hailed with delight by many pure and ardent young minds in England.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

So sang the poet Wordsworth, and to him and Coleridge and others the fall of the Bastille and the uprising of the French people seemed signs of the dawning of a glorious day of liberty and brotherhood.

But to Edmund Burke this uprising appeared a horrible desecration of liberty and a reckless casting away of all the wisdom of bygone times. With the eye of a prophet he foresaw from the beginning the course of excess and cruelty which the Revolution was to take, and he whose earlier years had been spent in pleading for

conciliation with America, and for justice to the oppressed people of India, spent his later ones in fiercely denouncing any intercourse with the blood-stained rulers of France.

Burke was born in Dublin in 1729, and spent the years from 1743 to 1748 in Dublin University, having Goldsmith for a fellow-collegian, though at that time there was no intercourse between the two friends of later years.

In 1750 he came to London to study the law, but gave himself more to literature, and but little is known of his course of life. In 1756 his first two works were published, 'A Vindication of Natural Society,' and 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful.' The former of these works is in the manner of Lord Bolingbroke, and some of the best judges thought it to be really a work of his. To the last Burke retained many traces of Bolingbroke's influence. There is in both the same nobility of language, and grace and ease of movement, but Burke has more fire and passion. Boswell speaks happily of Burke 'winding into a subject like a serpent,' and the same might be truly said of Bolingbroke.

A few years later Burke became the chief writer in the 'Annual Register,' and attracted the notice of the great political leaders, and in 1765 he was chosen as private secretary by Lord Rockingham, the youthful prime minister. In later years, when Burke was old and weary, and alienated from his party, he looked back with pleasure upon this beginning of his public life.

From this time, 1765 till 1794, he sat in Parliament,

generally as member for some pocket borough ; but from 1774 till 1780 he represented the important City of Bristol. From the outset he refused to submit his judgment of what was just and politic to the wishes or commands of his constituents, and as his actions in regard to American and Irish affairs did not meet with approval, he bade them farewell in 1780, in a speech which makes pathetic reference to the sudden death of one of the candidates on the preceding day.

Gentlemen, the melancholy event of yesterday reads to us an awful lesson against being too much troubled about any of the objects of ordinary ambition. The worthy gentleman, who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager, as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

Burke remained the intimate and attached friend of Johnson and Goldsmith, and Garrick and Reynolds, and they were proud of his triumphs. When he first entered Parliament Johnson said, 'Now we who know Burke know that he will be one of the first men in the country.' He was one of the earliest and warmest admirers of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and he was one of those who sat weeping by the death-bed of Johnson.

One of Burke's finest speeches in Parliament was that on 'Conciliation with America,' delivered in 1775. In the following passage he is showing how great is the folly of ministers in expecting the same degree of obedience in distant colonies as that which is rightly exacted at home.

Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution ; and

the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have indeed winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, 'So far shalt thou go and no farther.' Who are you that should fret and rage and bite the chains of nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan, as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein that he may govern at all, and the whole of the force and vigour of his authority in his centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies too, she submits, she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

There is a whole series of Burke's speeches on the affairs of India, and he burnt with indignation at the tales of wrong-doing and oppression which reached him. In 1783, in a speech on Fox's East India Bill, he says :

The natives scarcely know what it is to see the grey head of an Englishman. Young men (boys almost) govern there, without society, and without sympathy with the natives. Animated with all the avarice of age, and all the impetuosity of youth, they roll in one after another, wave after wave, and there is nothing before the eyes of the natives but an endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing for a food that is continually wasting. Every rupee of profit made by an Englishman is lost for ever to India. Their prey is lodged in England; and the cries of India are given to seas and winds, to be blown about in every breaking up of the monsoon over a remote and unhearing ocean.

Burke's speeches on Indian affairs culminated in the famous impeachment and trial of Warren Hastings. In February 1788 the great trial began, and Burke's

opening speech was one of overpowering eloquence. Ladies were carried out fainting, and Hastings himself felt for the time that he was one of the greatest criminals living. In 1794 the trial ended, and with it the public life of Burke also closed.

In the meantime, the great shock of the French Revolution had come. Burke had visited France in 1773, and had seen there were forces at work in that country which threatened to destroy all loyalty and religion. The events of 1789 seemed to Fox and other statesmen to promise an era of reasonable liberty, but to Burke they appeared as they really were, the harbingers of anarchy and tyranny.

He set himself to compose the most famous of all his works, the 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.' It was finished in November 1790, and eleven editions were issued before a year was past. It roused the English people as few writings have done either before or since; and, as succeeding events showed that Burke's forebodings were true, the national feeling grew more intense; and when news came, in January 1793, of the execution of King Louis, the prime minister, Pitt, was forced against his will to declare war.

The 'Reflections' is a work abounding in passages of splendid eloquence, and we must find room for a few of them.

In the following, Burke laments the loosening of the bonds of religion in France :

All other nations have begun the fabric of a new government, or the reformation of an old, by establishing originally, or by enforcing with greater exactness, some rites or other of religion. All other people have

laid the foundations of civil freedom in severer manners, and a system of a more austere and masculine morality. France, when she let loose the reins of regal authority, doubled the licence of a ferocious dissoluteness in manners, and of an insolent irreligion in opinions and practices; and has extended through all ranks of life, as if she were communicating some privilege, or laying open some secluded benefit, all the unhappy corruptions that usually were the disease of wealth and power.

The revolt of the French was unnatural, as they had risen, not against a tyrant, but against a gentle-hearted king.

They have seen the French rebel against a mild and lawful monarch with more fury, outrage, and insult than ever any people has been known to rise against the most illegal usurper, or the most sanguinary tyrant. Their resistance was made to concession; their revolt was from protection; their blow was aimed at a hand holding out graces, favours, and immunities.

Then, in the finest passage of all, Burke calls up the memories of his visit to France in 1773 :

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an

exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone ! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which, vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

We have space for a few words only on the remaining incidents of Burke's life. In 1794 he resigned his seat in Parliament, and it was proposed to make him a peer ; but his only son died in August, and the king then granted him instead, a pension of between two and three thousand pounds.

The giving of the pension was attacked in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, and this led to one of the most vigorous and effective retorts ever written, ' A Letter to a Noble Lord.'

Burke's last writings were the famous three ' Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France.' The first two were published in 1796, the third in 1797, after Burke's death in July of that year.

ROBERT BURNS

FROM the days of Dunbar and Lyndsay in the sixteenth century the poetical genius of Scotland took a long sleep until it woke once more in the life and work of Burns. Indeed, for a long time after the Union, there was no Scottish literature worthy of mention. During the eighteenth century Scotland produced a number of

famous writers: Thomson, the author of 'The Seasons'; Smollett, the novelist; Robertson, the historian; Hume, the philosopher and historian; and Adam Smith, the author of 'The Wealth of Nations.' But their works are in no true sense national, and show no trace of the intense patriotism which is continually breaking forth in Burns' poems.

Burns was born in January 1759, in a humble clay-built cottage, near the town of Ayr. His father was a small farmer, and a most worthy man, but all his life through he had a sore struggle with poverty and misfortune. Burns himself tells us :

My father's farm proved a ruinous bargain ; and, to clench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my tale of 'Twa Dogs.' My indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent, threatening letters which used to set us all in tears.

The boy's opportunities for learning were very scanty ; but he was an apt pupil, and he was keenly susceptible to influences from every quarter. He tells us :

The two first books I ever read in private were 'The Life of Hannibal' and 'The History of Sir William Wallace.' Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier ; while the story of Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins which will boil along there till the flood-gates of death shall shut in eternal rest.

The father's poverty rendered it needful that the children should early be set to labour, and at thirteen Robert assisted in the thrashing, and at fifteen he was the chief labourer on the farm. These severe exertions overtaxed his strength and probably planted the seeds of ailments which shortened his life.

But the years spent in his father's humble cottage were among the happiest of his life, and he has drawn a beautiful picture of the peace and innocence of these early years in his poem of 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.'

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride ;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And 'Let us worship God !' he says with solemn air.

Burns' earliest poem is a little song composed in honour of his companion, Nellie Fitzpatrick, who worked with him in the harvest field. The song is of little merit, but a few of the stanzas such as the following give tokens of the poet's future powers :

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart ;
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

At the age of nineteen Burns was living away from home at Irvine on the coast of Ayr, and unhappily he here began to give way to dissipation, and one of his letters to his father expresses a weariness of life which is intensely saddening.

In 1784 his father died, and Robert and his brother Gilbert took the farm of Mossgiel, near the village of Mauchline, and here during the next few years he wrote the most famous of his poems. Among them are the

stinging satires on the bigoted intolerant clergy of the 'Auld Light' party, such poems as the 'Holy Fair,' the 'Twa Herds,' 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' and others. They abound in vigorous passages of description, and in bursts of merriment which set the country in a roar.

The 'Address to the Deil' and 'Death and Doctor Hornbook' are filled with grim humour, and 'The Jolly Beggars' with its tumultuous merriment is by some regarded as Burns' masterpiece. Some of his slighter poems have all the sweetness and fidelity to nature of Wordsworth. Such is the address 'To a Mountain Daisy.'

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.
There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Meanwhile the farm did not prosper, and troubles of various kinds beset Burns, and in 1786 he resolved to seek his fortune in the West Indies. To raise money for the passage he was persuaded to gather and publish his poems, and a tiny volume was issued from the press in Kilmarnock. The poems were received with great enthusiasm, and Burns soon abandoned the idea of going abroad, and went to Edinburgh to superintend the issue of a second edition.

From November 1786 to March 1787 he remained in Edinburgh, and was for the time the lion of that literary capital. There are many memorials of his visit, but the most interesting is that written by Sir Walter Scott:

As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him.

I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sate silent, looked, and listened. His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talent. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*), when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.

On the whole, the visit to Edinburgh did Burns harm rather than good. It raised hopes which were not to be fulfilled of an advancement in position, and there is a trace of disappointment and bitterness in many of his letters from this time.

After making several tours through the Border Country and through the Highlands, Burns finally settled in the farm of Elliesland, on the banks of the Nith, a few miles from Dumfries. He married Jean Armour, an old sweetheart of his, and tried to settle down to the sober life of a farmer. But he failed, and we are told of poor Burns that 'he neither ploughed, nor sowed, nor reaped, at least, like a hard-working farmer; and then he had a bevy of servants from Ayrshire. The

lasses did nothing but bake bread, and the lads sat by the fireside, and ate it warm with ale.'

Burns remained at Elliesland from June 1788 to December 1791, and his chief literary works there were a number of songs and ballads, some of which are very beautiful, and his famous poem of 'Tam o' Shanter.' This last work owes its origin to Burns' friendship with the learned and jovial Captain Grose the antiquary, who was travelling through Scotland gathering up the legends connected with its ruined castles and churches. Alloway Kirk, the scene of the poem, is but a mile or two from Burns' birthplace, and the story of the poem is one of the many legends he had listened to when he was a child.

Of all his ballads perhaps the finest is that addressed 'To Mary in Heaven,' in memory of 'Highland Mary,' who was to have been his wife, but who was suddenly cut off by sickness. We are told that on the evening on which he composed it,

as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow very sad about something, and at length wandered out into the barnyard, and remained striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet that shone like another moon, and prevailed on him to come in.

On entering, he at once wrote down the beautiful poem :

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love ?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past—
Thy image at our last embrace !
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green :
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

During these years Burns kept up a constant correspondence on literary and other matters with many of his friends. Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop in Ayrshire, was one of his earliest and warmest friends and patrons, and his letters to her are specially interesting. In one of them he says :

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry.

Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing ? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the *Æolian harp*, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident ? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod ? I own myself partial to such proofs of those

awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or wo beyond death and the grave!

Of the rest of Burns' life little remains to be said. While he was still at Elliesland he received an appointment in the excise, and in 1791 he gave up the farm and came to live in Dumfries, giving his whole time to the excise, with an increased salary, which was, however, only 70*l.* a year.

He continued to write songs, and some of the finest, such as 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled' and 'Auld lang syne,' belong to this period. They were published in a periodical work, Thomson's 'Scottish Melodies.'

Unhappily he continued to give way to dissipation, and his health began to fail. In July 1796 he died at the early age of thirty-seven.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

At the close of the last century a literary controversy of much interest was being carried on in this country. A young poet, William Wordsworth, had published a volume of poems, many of which appeared to general readers to be trivial in subject and ridiculously simple in language, and in his preface he had laid down principles which overthrew the established canons of criticism.

The reviewers and the greater part of the reading public were against him, and for many years he was entirely neglected except by a few persons of finer intelli-

gence, or who were freer from prejudice. A generation passed away and it was seen that Wordsworth was right and his reviewers wrong; his poems were read with enthusiasm, and his rank is now recognised as only a little lower than Milton's.

Wordsworth was born in 1770 at Cockermouth, on the skirts of the lake district which he loved so well. He tells us that as a child he was 'of a stiff, moody, violent temper,' and his mother once said that the only one of her five children about whose future life she was anxious was William; and he, she said, would be remarkable, either for good or for evil.

When he was eight years old his mother died, and he was sent to school at Hawkeshead, on the southern verge of the lake district; and in his poem 'The Prelude' he describes the intense pleasure which he took in bathing, skating, and in lonely walks by night.

I would walk alone,
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
Have felt whate'er there is of power in sound
To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofaned; and I would stand,
If the night blackened with a coming storm,
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.

And he records his intense gratitude for the purifying and ennobling influences of nature upon him.

Ye mountains and ye lakes
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds
That dwell among the hills where I was born,
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
If, mingling with the world, I am content

With my own modest pleasures, and have lived
 With God and Nature communing, removed
 From little enmities and low desires—
 The gift is yours.

When Wordsworth was fourteen his father died ; but, by the care of his uncles, his education was continued, and he was sent to Cambridge in 1787. His college was St. John's, and he tells us :

From my pillow, looking forth by light
 Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold
 The antechapel where the statue stood
 Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
 The marble index of a mind for ever
 Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

During one of the College vacations Wordsworth went with a friend on a walking tour through France and Switzerland. The former country was entering on the early stages of the Revolution, and there was universal hope and joy. The two friends fell in with a merry company of delegates who were returning from Paris brimful of the new enthusiasm of liberty.

Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees ;
 Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,
 And with their swords flourished as if to fight
 The saucy air. In this proud company
 We landed—took with them our evening meal,
 Guests welcome almost as the angels were
 To Abraham of old. The supper done,
 With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts
 We rose at signal given, and formed a ring,
 And, hand in hand, danced round and round the board ;
 All hearts were open, every tongue was loud
 With amity and glee.

In 1791 Wordsworth left Cambridge and lived for nearly a year in London, and then for another year in

France, and watched with interest the gathering storms of the Revolution. From the ruins of the Bastille he picked up a stone and treasured it as a relic, and he felt a shock of pity and shame when England joined the continental powers in making war on France.

In 1795 Wordsworth settled with his sister Dora at Racedown in Dorset, and devoted himself to his life's work. Their means were scanty, but their hopes were high, and Dora's faith in her brother never faltered. He had already published in 1793 two poems, 'An Evening Walk' and 'Descriptive Sketches,' and he now wrote the poem 'Guilt and Sorrow,' and the drama 'The Borderers,' in neither of which is there any great beauty; but 'Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew Tree' are suggestive of some of his best work in years to come. He also wrote 'The Ruined Cottage,' which is now the story of Margaret in Book I. of 'The Excursion'; and Coleridge, who was paying a visit at this time, declared it to be 'superior to anything in our language which in any way resembles it.'

In 1797 the brother and sister removed into Somerset and became neighbours of Coleridge, and in 1798 the famous 'Lyrical Ballads' were published. The work was the joint production of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the latter contributed four poems, of which 'The Ancient Mariner' was one. Wordsworth contributed eighteen, among which were 'We are Seven,' 'The Last of the Flock,' 'The Idiot Boy,' and others.

The second edition was published in 1800, and in it appeared the preface which, even more than the poems, provoked the wrath of the reviewers. It is long and elaborate, and in it Wordsworth investigates the laws

of poetic diction, and reviews the progress of English poetry. A single extract from it may be given :

The principal object proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language.

The finest poem of all in the volume is that entitled 'Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey,' and lovers of Wordsworth regard this poem as one of their choicest treasures. In it the poet recalls the violent raptures of his youth, when

The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms were then to me
 An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye.

But now he is calmer, and his joy is deeper.

For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the loving air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

And above all he has with him his sister to share and
heighten his joys.

My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee : and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations !

After the publication of the 'Lyrical Ballads,'
Wordsworth and his sister sailed to Hamburg, and spent

the winter of 1798-9 at Goslar in Germany. Here Wordsworth wrote several of his most charming poems, such as 'Lucy Gray,' and 'Ruth,' and the four little poems on 'Lucy,' which appear to be the record of some secret sorrow. Wordsworth never wrote sweeter lines than those of the poem :

Three years she grew in sun and shower.

After their return from Germany, the brother and sister settled at Grasmere in Westmoreland, and here the poet remained for the long remainder of his life, living first at Town-end, and afterwards at Rydal Mount. In 1802 the measure of his happiness was filled by his marriage with Mary Hutchinson, of whom he gives a delightful picture in the poem :

She was a phantom of delight.

Earlier in the same year the brother and sister paid a visit to France, and in Miss Wordsworth's diary we read :

July 30, 1802.—Left London between five and six o'clock of the morning, outside the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The City, St. Paul's, with the river, a multitude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge; the houses, not overhung by their clouds of smoke, were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a pure light, that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own grand spectacles.

There is beauty in this description, but in her brother's sonnet the picture is transfused with a more glorious beauty.

Earth hath not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Wordsworth is specially happy as a writer of sonnets, and several of his finest belong to this year, 1802. Among them may be mentioned the following :

Fair Star of evening, splendour of the west.
Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour.
Great men have been among us.

In the year 1803 Wordsworth went on a tour through Scotland, and several of his poems are memorials of his visit, and among the most beautiful is the one entitled 'To a Highland Girl.'

But the most important work of these years is 'The Prelude,' a long poem in fourteen books, which was begun in 1799 and finished in 1805. It was addressed to Coleridge, who speaks of it as

An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted !

It is an autobiography, and sketches the growth of the poet's mind, and it was intended to be an introduction to a grand work in three parts, which should include all the diverse poems which the poet had written. The design remained unfinished ; 'The Prelude' was not published till after the poet's death ; but 'The Excursion,'

which was to form Part II., was finished and published in 1814.

'The Excursion' is in nine books, and, like all of Wordsworth's long poems, has many passages which are bald and prosaic; but there are also many passages of rare beauty. The action of the poem is extremely simple, and the characters are few: the Wanderer, the Solitary, the Pastor, and one or two others. The excursion is through two of the neighbouring valleys, and the 'Churchyard among the Mountains' is that of Grasmere.

The Wanderer is the chief character, and, though he is described as an old Scotch pedlar, he is really Wordsworth himself, and he pours out the meditative wisdom of the poet in grave and lofty verse. Perhaps the finest book is the fourth, 'Despondency Corrected.' In this book a very beautiful description is given of the rise of the Grecian mythology, and a few lines may be extracted from it.

The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymphs
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong.

And a few pages later there occurs the beautiful image:

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract

Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things ;
Of ebb and flow, and ever during power ;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

There are still several poems which must be at least mentioned. The story of 'The White Doe of Rylstone' was written in 1807, and is the pleasant memorial of a summer visit to Yorkshire. 'The Waggoner' belongs to 1805, and describes the mountain road which led from Grasmere to Keswick, where the poet's friends, Coleridge and Southey, lived. The story of 'Michael,' in which the noble simplicity of the mountain peasants is so beautifully described, belongs to 1800, and in the same year Wordsworth wrote 'The Pet Lamb.'

To the period 1803-6 belongs the wonderful 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality,' which Emerson speaks of as the high-water mark of English poetry. From his early youth, without knowing it, Wordsworth had been a Platonist, and he tells us :

I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature.

Many times, while going to school, have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes:

In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines:

Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings, &c.

To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, everyone, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony.

The ode is too long to quote, but Stanzas I, II, V, VI, IX may be pointed out as specially beautiful. Whatever one may think of its truth, no one with a sense of poetic beauty can read without delight the magnificent Stanza V:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

Stanzas VII and VIII may have been partly suggested by the strangely precocious Hartley Coleridge, the infant son of the poet's friend.

The last really beautiful poem written by Wordsworth belongs to 1818, and describes 'An Evening of extraordinary Splendour and Beauty.' He wrote many short poems in later years, of which the most noteworthy were the series of 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets' and 'Memoirs' of towns in Scotland and on the Continent. After 1830 the excellence of the poet's work began to be universally recognised. In 1843, on the death of Southey, he was created Poet Laureate, and in 1850 he died.

COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY.

COLERIDGE and SOUTHEY were kinsmen and fellow-workers, and were both of them ardent and reverent admirers of Wordsworth. In the malicious and thoughtless criticism of the time, the three were classed together as the 'Lakers,' and as the founders of a new school of poetry. But when ridicule gave way to true insight, it was seen that Wordsworth stood alone as the creator of a new style, and his two friends, though each excellent in his own province, had but little in common with him.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in 1772, at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire, where his father, a kindly eccentric man, 'not unlike Fielding's Parson Adams,' was vicar and schoolmaster. The father died when Samuel was nine years old, and he was sent away to Christ's Hospital in London, where Lamb was his school-fellow, and describes him thus :

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard ! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Iamblichus, or Plotinus, or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy.

Wordsworth also in 'The Prelude,' after reviewing his own happy school-time at Hawkshead, speaks thus of his friend :

Of rivers, fields,
And groves I speak to thee, my friend ! to thee,
Who, yet a liveried school-boy, in the depths
Of the huge city, on the leaded roof

Of that huge edifice, thy school and home,
 Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
 Moving in heaven ; or, of that pleasure tired,
 To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
 See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,
 Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
 Of a long exile.

In 1791 Coleridge entered Cambridge just as Wordsworth left it ; and two years later, for some unexplained reason, he suddenly quitted the university, and enlisted, like Steele, in a cavalry regiment under an assumed name. Four months later he was discovered, his discharge was secured, and he returned to Cambridge in April 1794.

Two months later he paid a visit to Oxford, and his life-long friendship began with Southey, who, like himself, was then an undergraduate. They were both equally ardent in their good wishes to France, and they planned and executed a drama, 'The Fall of Robespierre,' and Coleridge contributed some lines to Southey's poem, 'Joan of Arc.'

Later in the year Coleridge visited Southey at Bristol, and became acquainted with Sara Fricker, his future wife, whose younger sister Edith was already engaged to Southey. The two ardent youths were at this time dreaming of a scheme which they called Pantisocracy, and which was to be realised on the banks of the Susquehanna. With England they were profoundly dissatisfied, and even France was beginning to disappoint them. But they believed that a band of noble-minded youths, each accompanied by a loyal and loving wife, might found a pleasant and prosperous Utopia in America.

The scheme was generous, but impracticable ; and after a little while it was given up, for the necessary funds were unattainable.

In 1795 both Coleridge and Southey had left the university, and we find them delivering courses of lectures in Bristol, and being well received. In October of the same year Coleridge was married to Sara Fricker, and the young couple went to live in a pleasant cottage near the sea at Clevedon in Somerset.

In the end the union went to wreck, like so much else in the life of Coleridge ; but it is pleasant to read in his poems such lines as the following :

Low was our pretty cot : our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed ; and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined : the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion.

In 1796 Coleridge published his first volume of poems, and a second edition was called for in the following year. They are about fifty in number, and are distinguished in his collected works as ' Poems written in Youth.' The one showing the greatest marks of genius is ' Religious Musings,' which was finished on Christmas Eve 1794.

The poet was indignant at the English war on France, and shocked that it should be waged in the name of Christianity.

Thee to defend, meek Galilean ! Thee
And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,

Mistrust and enmity have burst the bands
 Of social peace; and listening treachery lurks
 With pious fraud to snare a brother's life;
 And childless widows o'er the groaning land
 Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread,
 Thee to defend, dear Saviour of mankind!
 Thee, Lamb of God! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace!
 From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War.

Then the poet grows calmer, and dreams of the golden age that has been, and of the Pantisocracy that is to come, sweep before him.

Lord of unsleeping Love,
 From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.
 These, even these, in mercy didst Thou form,
 Teachers of Good through Evil, by brief wrong
 Making Truth lovely, and her future might
 Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.
 In the primeval age a dateless while,
 The vacant shepherd wandered with his flock,
 Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.
 But soon Imagination conjured up
 A host of new desires: with busy aim,
 Each for himself, Earth's eager children toiled.
 So Property began, twy-streaming fount,
 Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.
 Hence the soft couch, and many-coloured robe,
 The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast,
 With all the inventive arts, that nursed the soul
 To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
 Unsensualised the mind, which in the means
 Learnt to forget the grossness of the end,
 Best pleased with its own activity.

In 1797 Coleridge removed to Nether Stowey in Somerset, and in the same year William and Dora Wordsworth became his neighbours, and the famous 'Lyrical Ballads' were planned and executed. Coleridge, in the 'Biographia Literaria,' tells us:

During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned chiefly on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination.

The thought suggested itself that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real.

For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

Coleridge's chief contribution to the 'Lyrical Ballads' was the well-known 'Ancient Mariner,' a poem combining in so high a degree simplicity of language, charm of melody, and fascination of story. To the same period belong the first part of the weird but beautiful story of 'Christabel,' and the strange melodious fragment of 'Kubla Khan.' In perfection of melody, if in nothing else, Coleridge in these poems excels Wordsworth, and it is a pity that his works of this kind are so few.

During the same year, 1797, Coleridge wrote his magnificent ode 'France,' in which he sorrowfully recanted his former revolutionary opinions.

When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!

But now France, instead of giving freedom to others, had conquered and enslaved Switzerland.

Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams,
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain snows
 With bleeding wounds ; forgive me, that I cherished
 One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes !

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game
 They burst their manacles and wear the name
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !

In 1798 Coleridge went with the Wordsworths to Germany, and, after his return in 1799, began to write for the *Morning Post*. Some of his poems had already appeared in this paper, notably the amusing doggerel 'The Devil's Thoughts' and the terrible onslaught on Pitt entitled 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter.' The editor, Mr. Stuart, valued Coleridge's help very highly, and, from the summer of 1799 till the end of 1802, Coleridge contributed papers sometimes at the rate of two or three a week.

In 1799 he paid a visit with the Wordsworths to Cumberland, and in 1800 he settled in Keswick at Greta Hall, which afterwards became for so many years the home of Southey. It must have been about this time that he contracted the fatal habit of indulgence in opium.

In 1804 he went seeking health in a voyage to Malta, and afterwards visited Naples and Rome, but returned to England in 1806 worse in health than ever. The next ten years is a period in his life of misery and humiliation. He flitted uneasily about the country, became estranged

from his family, wrote poems expressive of the deepest misery, and tried various journalistic and lecturing enterprises which resulted in failure. During this time Lord Byron was kind to him, and through his interest the play of 'Remorse,' which Coleridge had written in earlier years, was brought out at Drury Lane with great success. Coleridge obtained by this a much larger sum than all that he had hitherto gained by his literary labours; but in little more than a year this great sum was gone, so terrible was the dissipation into which he had fallen.

In 1816 Coleridge placed himself under the care of Mr. Gillman, a doctor at Highgate, and lived with him for the rest of his life. His health was in great measure restored, and with it his mental activity.

In 1817 he published the 'Biographia Literaria,' a work interesting in many ways, but especially for the masterly exposition it gives of the nature and scope of Wordsworth's poetic work. In 1825 he published 'Aids to Reflection,' an interesting theological work, consisting of aphorisms from the writings of Archbishop Leighton and other old divines, together with Coleridge's own comments and developments.

In 1828 he accompanied the Wordsworths on a tour on the Continent, and in 1834 he died.

Carlyle, in his life of 'John Stirling,' has drawn a wonderfully vivid and pathetic picture of Coleridge in his latter years, and a few short extracts from this may be given:

Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill in those years, looking down on London and its smoke tumult like a sage escaped from the

inanity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character.

The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer; but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character, and sat there as a kind of Magus, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak grove (Mr. Gillman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon.

The good man—he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps, and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment.

The life of **Robert Southey** is simpler and happier than that of his more highly-gifted friend. He had not the soaring genius of Coleridge, but he possessed a pure and noble spirit, which enabled him to toil on without flagging to the end of a long and laborious life.

When he was approaching fifty years of age, he set himself to compose, in a series of letters to a friend, the memorials of his early life, and they form a pleasant series of pictures of curious places and people in his West of England home.

He was born in 1774, in Bristol, where his father was a linendraper; but he spent most of his childhood with his aunt, an eccentric maiden lady living in Bath, and who had a passion for the theatre.

I had seen more plays before I was seven years old than I have ever since I was twenty, and heard more conversation about the theatre than any other subject.

Shakspeare was in my hands as soon as I could read ; and it was long before I had any other knowledge of the history of England than what I gathered from his plays.

I went through Beaumont and Fletcher also before I was eight years old ; circumstances enable me to recollect the time accurately. Beaumont and Fletcher were great theatrical names, and therefore there was no scruple about letting me peruse their works.

From a circulating library he obtained a copy of Hoole's translation of ' Ariosto,' and read it with delight ; but Spenser's ' Faery Queen' was delightful beyond measure.

Southey gives entertaining accounts of several schools which he attended, at none of which was the teaching very thorough, and at the age of fourteen he was entered as a scholar at Westminster. There he remained four years, and formed friendships which lasted for life.

He went up to Oxford in 1792, his head all filled with Rousseau and Werther, and in 1794 he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and readily entered into his dreams of Pantisocracy and the regeneration of society.

The dreams could not be realised, and Southey went away to visit his uncle Hill, who was chaplain of the English Legation in Lisbon ; but before starting he married Edith Fricker, in November 1795. The young lovers parted at the church door and hoped for a happy reunion.

In six months Southey was back in England and was busy with literary work. He had published in 1794 a tiny volume of poems, and now there appeared the first of his epics, the story of Joan of Arc in twelve books. There is prefixed to it a graceful sonnet addressed to his wife :

Edith ! I brought thee late a humble gift—
 The songs of earlier youth ; it was a wreath
 With many an unripe blossom garlanded,
 And many a weed, yet mingled with some flowers
 Which will not wither. Dearest ! now I bring
 A worthier offering ; thou wilt prize it well,
 For well thou know'st amid what painful cares
 My solace was in this : and though to me
 There is no music in the hollowness
 Of common praise, yet well content am I
 Now to look back upon my youth's green prime
 Nor idly, nor unprofitably past,
 Imping in such adventurous essay
 The wing, and strengthening it for steadier flight.

The epic was received with much favour, and a second and further editions were soon called for. But to us there is but little beauty discernible in this or indeed in any of Southey's epics. In the preface he tells us how the whole poem with its thousands of verses was composed in a holiday vacation of six weeks in 1793, and verse which is poured forth so profusely can hardly be of the highest excellence.

A year or two later, two more volumes of poems were published, containing, among other works, his 'English Eclogues,' a series of pleasant stories appealing to the affections.

But if we compare these poems, pleasant and graceful as they are, with the tale of Margaret in the first book of 'The Excursion,' or with the 'Michael' or 'The Brothers,' all of them poems kindred in subject, we feel there is an immense difference in the degree of imaginative power. Southey's verses have neither the meditative depth of Wordsworth's, nor the subtle charm of rhythm of those of Coleridge.

For some years the young couple were uncertain where to live, and in 1800 they paid a visit to Lisbon, and remained with the kind uncle Hill for a twelve-month. On their return to England, in 1801, Coleridge wrote to them describing the charms of Greta Hall, and inviting them to join him.

Two years later they went, and Greta Hall became their final resting-place. In 1804 poor Coleridge with ruined health went to Malta, and on his return was a restless wanderer until he finally settled in Mr. Gillman's house at Highgate.

Meanwhile Mrs. Coleridge with her little ones, Hartley and Sara and Derwent, remained at Greta Hall, and the children received from their uncle the loving care of a father. Gradually a little family of his own grew up round Southey, Edith and Bertha and Herbert and others, and there was need for unflagging industry. 'My ways,' he used to say, 'are as broad as the king's high road, and my means lie in an inkstand.'

In 1801 Southey published another epic poem—a wild Arabian story—'Thalaba the Destroyer'; then, in 1805, the story of 'Madoc,' a Welsh prince of the twelfth century, who is supposed to found an empire in America; then in 1810 appeared the Indian epic, 'The Curse of Kehama,' with its strange legends from Hindoo mythology; and in 1814 the Spanish story of 'Roderick the Last of the Goths.' In all of these poems Southey shows the most minute and loving acquaintance with the legendary history of foreign nations, and freely pours out the treasures which he had gathered from many an old folio and manuscript.

In 1805 he published another volume of *Metrical Tales and Ballads*, containing, among other poems, the well-known 'Battle of Blenheim' and the 'Inchcape Rock.'

His visits to Lisbon had inspired him with a passionate love for Spanish and Portuguese literature, and he translated 'Amadis of Gaul,' 'Palmerin of England,' and the 'Chronicle of the Cid,' and wrote also a 'History of Brazil' and a 'History of the Peninsular War.' In these works his genial humour and ripened judgment are well shown; and Lord Byron, who did not love his poetry, declared that his prose was perfect.

In 1813 he published his 'Life of Nelson,' one of his finest works; in 1820 his 'Life of Wesley,' which Coleridge never tired of reading; and in 1835 his 'Life of Cowper,' which, though somewhat prolix, is also admirable. For thirty years he was a constant contributor to the 'Quarterly Review,' and derived from it a great part of his income.

His course of life in later years has been lovingly described by his son Cuthbert:

His greatest relaxation was in a mountain excursion, or a picnic by the side of one of the lakes, tarns, or streams; and these parties, of which he was the life and soul, will long live in the recollections of those who shared them.

Saddleback and Causey Pike, two mountains rarely ascended by tourists, were great favourites with him, and were the summits most frequently chosen for a grand expedition; and the two tarns upon Saddleback were amongst the spots he thought most remarkable for grand and lonely beauty.

But in his books he found his greatest delight.

His house consisted of a good many small rooms, connected by long passages, all of which, with great ingenuity, he made available for

holding books, with which, indeed, the house was lined from top to bottom.

His own sitting-room, which was the largest in the house, was filled with the handsomest of them, arranged with much taste, according to his own fashion, with due regard to size, colour, and condition; and he used to contemplate these, his carefully accumulated and much-prized treasures, with even more pleasure and pride than the greatest connoisseur his finest specimens of the old masters.

A pretty and pathetic poem of 1818 tells us how dearly he loved them.

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

Greta Hall, which had rung for so many years with the merry noise of children, and of a 'comical papa,' himself as noisy, grew sad and silent at last. Sara Coleridge and Edith Southey went away to be married, his darling children Herbert and Isabel died, and in 1834 his much-loved wife lost her reason, and died the next year. The poet himself lingered on till 1843, when he died, and was buried in Crossthwaite churchyard, within sight of Greta Hall.

In Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' there is a pleasant sketch of Southey which helps us to realise what an honest-hearted, impulsive, good man he was.

SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT, like Southey, whom he resembled in more points than one, left a fragment of autobiography, from which we gather some interesting memorials of his childhood and youth.

He was born in 1771, in the 'Old Town' of Edinburgh, and was a healthy child till the age of eighteen months, when he was afflicted with lameness, brought on, it is thought, through teething. For his health's sake he was sent away to his grandfather's pastoral farm at Sandy-Knowe, in the heart of the Borderland which he loved so well, and within a few miles of Melrose and Dryburgh.

It is here, at Sandy-Knowe, that I have the first consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies resorted to to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that, so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed up in the skin, warm as it was flayed from the carcase of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farmhouse, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl.

When the day was fine, I was usually carried out and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run.

When he was nearly four years old he was taken by his aunt Janet to Bath, to try the virtues of the waters, and there he remained for a year, and among the delights which he recalls was that of a visit to the theatre.

The play was 'As You Like It'; and the witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, noise more

than enough, and remember being so much scandalised at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A'n't they brothers?'

A few years later he entered the High School of Edinburgh, and became a fair Latin scholar, but remained ignorant even of the rudiments of Greek. Spenser and Shakspeare were his favourite authors, and when Bishop Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry' appeared, he devoured them eagerly, sitting hour after hour through a long summer day, under a plane-tree in his aunt's garden.

Ruskin, in several chapters of the 'Fors Clavigera,' has very beautifully described the pure and wholesome influences which surrounded little Walter from his cradle onwards; and as the boy grew up to be a youth, he won the affection of all he came in contact with.

At the age of fifteen Scott was apprenticed to his father, who was a Writer to the Signet, and in 1792 he was called to the bar. In 'Redgauntlet,' one of the later novels, he has drawn his father's portrait in Saunders Fairford, while the novelist himself is Allan Fairford; and William Clerk, his bosom friend in those early years, is described in Darsie Latimer.

In the novel Saunders Fairford is thus described:

Punctual as the clock of St. Giles tolled nine, the dapper form of the hale old gentleman was seen at the threshold of the court hall, trimly dressed in a complete suit of snuff-coloured brown, with stockings of silk or woollen, as suited the weather; a bob-wig and a small cocked hat; shoes blacked as Warren would have blacked them; silver shoe-buckles, and a gold stock-buckle. His manners corresponded with his attire, for they were scrupulously civil, and not a little formal.

The whole pleasure of this good old-fashioned man of method, besides that which he really felt in the discharge of his own daily business, was the hope to see his son attain what in the father's eyes was the proudest of all distinctions, the rank and fame of a well-employed lawyer.

He would have shuddered at his son's acquiring the renown of a hero, and laughed with scorn at the equally barren laurels of literature; it was by the path of the law alone that he was desirous to see him rise to eminence; and the probabilities of success or disappointment were the thoughts of his father by day, and his dreams by night.

The good man died in 1799, while his son was still practising as a lawyer, and only coquetting as yet with literature.

One of his father's clients was an old Highland chieftain, Stewart of Invernahyle; and Walter, while only a youth of fifteen, was sent on a visit of business to him, and spent several weeks among the scenes which he was to immortalise in 'The Lady of the Lake,' in 'Waverley,' and 'Rob Roy.'

He records the wonder and admiration with which he gazed on the beauty of the Vale of Perth during the course of this journey :

I recollect pulling up the reins, without meaning to do so, and gazing on the scene before me as if I had been afraid it would shift, like those in a theatre, before I could distinctly observe its different parts, or convince myself that what I saw was real.

After being called to the bar in 1792 Scott went on an excursion into Liddesdale, a wild district in Roxburghshire, in company with Mr. Shortreed, the Sheriff-substitute of the county. So well was he pleased that during each of the six following years he came again with Mr. Shortreed for his guide.

There was no inn nor public-house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity—even such 'a rowth of auld knicknackets' as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose.

'He was makin' himsell a' the time,' said Mr. Shortreed; 'but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun.'¹

It was during these excursions that he gathered the materials for his work on 'Border Minstrelsy,' and a journey on legal business into Galloway, in 1798, introduced him to the scenery and legends which he wove into the story of 'Guy Mannering.'

About this time he studied German literature with much interest, and his first publication was a translation, in 1796, of some of Bürger's ballads, and in 1799 he translated and published Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen.'

To this time too belongs the sore agony of disappointed love through which Scott passed. The lady whom he loved—the 'Lilias' of the 'Redgauntlet'—was married to another, and Scott's little poem of 'The Violet' reveals the bitterness of his heart at the time, while his diary of thirty years later shows that the wound was sore even then.

In 1797, after a short courtship, he married a lively, good-natured, but somewhat superficial young lady—a Miss Carpenter or Charpentier, the daughter of a French refugee. Scott made the acquaintance of the lady at Gilsland Wells, a little watering-place among the lakes of Cumberland, and his story of 'St. Ronan's Well' is a picture of the society that was gathered there.

The young couple took a house in Edinburgh, and a pretty cottage at Lasswade, about six miles south of the

¹ Lockhart.

city; and Scott busied himself in his law duties, and in collecting old ballads and composing new ones. Of the latter, 'Glenfinlas' and 'The Eve of St. John' are two of the finest. In 1799, through the kindness of the Duke of Buccleuch, Scott was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire with a salary of 300*l.* a year. He was by this relieved from the drudgery of an uncongenial profession, and was linked more closely to the land of the Ettrick and Yarrow which he loved so well.

In 1802 he published two volumes of 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' and in the following year a third, the fruits of his 'raids' into Liddesdale and elsewhere, and of his communings with Leyden, and Ritson and Hogg, all of them antiquarians as enthusiastic as himself. The notes and introductions are extremely interesting, as pictures of a state of society long passed away.

'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' the first great original work of Scott, grew naturally out of his labours on the 'Border Minstrelsy.' It was published in January 1805, but the poet had been shaping it since 1802. Wordsworth and his sister paid Scott a visit at Lasswade in September 1803, and the English poet has recorded the pleasure with which he listened to his brother bard:

He partly read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic kind of chant, the first four cantos of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel'; and the novelty of the manners, the clear picturesque descriptions, and the easy glowing energy of much of the verse greatly delighted me.

The beautiful irregular measures of the 'Lay' were inspired by those of Coleridge's 'Christabel,' a poem not published then, but which a friend had recited to Scott.

It is only, however, now and then that Scott attains the faultless music of 'Christabel,' and in general he contents himself with what Ruskin describes and praises as the 'careless glance and reckless rhyme.'

The introductions to several of the cantos are finer than the 'Lay' itself, and the description of the minstrel—of Melrose seen by moonlight—and the noble invocation to Caledonia will always be favourites.

The success of the 'Lay' was instantaneous, and perhaps was the greater because the poetry was not of the very highest order. The genius of Wordsworth waited during many years for recognition, and had first to create an audience for itself; but every one who possessed taste could appreciate the beauty of Scott's verse.

In 1808 'Marmion' appeared, and two years later 'The Lady of the Lake.' The former, with its magnificent battle scene, is perhaps the more widely popular; but lovers of Wordsworth will probably prefer the latter with its beautiful pictures of wood and lake.

During the next few years 'Rokeby,' 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'The Lord of the Isles' appeared, none of which were equal in merit to the first three great poems; but meanwhile Scott had begun the wonderful series of the 'Waverley Novels.'

As early as 1805 Scott wrote the opening chapters of 'Waverley,' and showed them to a friend, whose judgment was unfavourable, whereupon the manuscript was laid aside and forgotten. Eight years later the fragment came to light again, and was taken in hand and completed.

'Waverley' was published in 1814, and 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Old Mortality,' 'Rob Roy,' and 'The Heart of Midlothian' followed in successive years. These magnificent stories were the finest expression of Scott's genius, and on them his fame will rest rather than on his poetry. They were written with the utmost speed; but the materials had been gathering for years in Scott's brain during his excursions into the Highlands and through the Border Country.

Opinions are divided as to their real value regarded as works of imagination. Ruskin would seem to rank Scott only a little lower than Shakspeare as a creator of character; but Carlyle says, 'Shakspeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards: Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them. The one set become living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automatons.'

But to ordinary readers no characters can be more real and lifelike than 'Dandie Dinmont,' 'Jenny Deans,' and a host of others, and Carlyle's criticism seems grudging and inadequate.

The success of the poems and novels caused a great change in Scott's mode of life. In 1804 the pretty cottage of Lasswade was forsaken for Ashestiel, a house beautifully situated on the Tweed, with the Yarrow and Ettrick and Teviot, and all the scenery of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' close at hand.

Then, in 1811, he bought for 4,000*l.* a farm of 100 acres, a few miles lower down the Tweed, and gave it the now famous name of Abbotsford. He removed thither

in May 1812, and in a letter to a friend he gives a humorous description of the flitting:

The neighbours have been much delighted with the procession of my furniture, in which old swords, bows, targets, and lances make a conspicuous show. A family of turkeys was accommodated within the helmet of some *preux chevalier* of ancient Border fame; and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets.

I assure your ladyship that this caravan, attended by a dozen of ragged rosy peasant children, carrying fishing-rods and spears, and leading ponies, greyhounds, and spaniels, would, as it crossed the Tweed, have furnished no bad subject for the pencil, and really reminded me of one of the gipsy groups of Callot upon their march.

As Scott's wealth increased, he bought more and more land, and the modest house, which he had at first intended, grew into a castle, and was filled with all that an antiquarian and man of taste could wish for. The hospitality he dispensed was splendid, and princes and poets and all sorts of distinguished persons were numbered among his guests.

In 1817 Scott suffered a severe attack of illness. It passed off quickly, but returned again, and in 1819 'The Bride of Lammermoor' was written from his dictation while he lay ill in bed, and after his recovery he could not remember any single incident or dialogue in the story.

From this time his novels show declining power, though several of them, such as 'Ivanhoe,' 'Kenilworth,' 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' 'Quentin Durward,' 'Redgauntlet,' and 'Woodstock' are of very high merit.

But during these years Scott had been writing too fast, and had been burdened besides with heavy cares. His early work, 'The Border Minstrelsy,' had been beautifully printed by an old schoolfellow, James Ballantyne,

who was then in a humble position in Kelso. Scott encouraged him to come with his brother John to Edinburgh, and to become publishers as well as printers, and Scott himself became a partner in 1805. Neither the Ballantynes nor Scott possessed the talents required for conducting a great publishing business, and financial ruin, which was threatened more than once, came finally in 1826, and Scott found himself with the Ballantynes to be a debtor for more than 100,000*l*.

He had been created a baronet by the Prince Regent in 1818, and he hoped to found a family at Abbotsford, and the blow to his pride was a terrible one. But he determined to work himself free, and during the next five years he reduced the debt by one-half.

It was, however, a time of intense misery. His wife died in 1826, soon after his bankruptcy, and his own attacks of illness became more frequent. In 1831 the Government placed at his disposal a man-of-war to carry him on a visit to Italy; but he could not rest there, and returned in 1832 to Abbotsford to die.

As we descended the vale of the Gala, he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—'Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee.' As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when, turning himself on his couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight.

The sad story of the next two months is told very beautifully by his son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart, and in September the end came.

About half-past one P.M., on September 21, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so

warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

BYRON

WE have seen that Wordsworth, Scott, and Southey, in their mature age, set down a beautiful record of the recollections of their childhood and of the kindly influences under which they grew up. Of Byron we have no such record, and the story of his childhood, as far as we know it, is an unhappy one.

His father, Captain Byron, was a profligate who married not for love, but for money, and, after wasting his wife's fortune, separated from her. He died in 1791, when the little boy George, their only child, was three years old.

His mother was a Miss Gordon of Gight, a Highland heiress, but she was left as a widow with a pittance of little more than 100*l.* a year, and lived in retirement in Aberdeen. She was passionately fond of her child, but was capricious and violent in temper; and, though the boy loved her, he could not respect her. The boy himself was very beautiful in features, but was deformed in one of his feet, and all his life through he was painfully sensible of this defect.

The family of the Byrons was a very ancient one, and at that time its head was William, the fifth lord, who, from his wild life, was called 'the wicked lord.' In 1794 his grandson died, and the future poet, who was

his grand-nephew, became the next heir. In 1798 the old lord died, and Byron and his mother bade farewell to Scotland, and took possession of Newstead Abbey. Two years later he went to Harrow, and formed there several enthusiastic friendships, and made his first essays in verse.

My first dash into poetry (he says) was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker, one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes, her long eyelashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure. I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards.

A few years later the youth fell in love with another cousin, Mary Chaworth, and it was a terrible disappointment to him when she was married to another. In later years, in a foreign land, he wrote with many tears the poem entitled ‘The Dream,’ which is the sad story of his love :

As the sweet moon on the horizon’s verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him ; he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass away ;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;
She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which coloured all his objects ;—he had ceased
To live within himself ; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.

In 1805 Byron went to Cambridge, and two years later published a volume of poems entitled ‘Hours of

Idleness.' None of the poems show any great merit, though Wordsworth saw in them a promise of future excellence. In one of the pleasantest he recalls his childish recollection of the wild Highland scenery :

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you.
Years must elapse ere I tread you again :
Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar :
Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic !
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr !

A flippant and insulting notice of the poems appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and stung the young poet into fury. In 1809 he responded in the vigorous satire, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' written in the style of Pope's 'Dunciad,' but with far inferior power. He strikes out wildly against Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Scott, and many others of less note, and he compares the critic, Lord Jeffrey, to the infamous judge of that name.

Health to immortal Jeffrey ! once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same ;
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just ;
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.

But a few years later he was ashamed of his 'Satire,' and did his best to suppress it.

It was written (he says) when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since ; more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends.

Immediately after the publication of the 'Satire' Byron set out on his travels to the East, accompanied by his friend Hobhouse, and by one or two servants. He sailed to Lisbon, visited some of the battlefields of Spain, then went on to Malta and Greece, and still further to Smyrna and Constantinople. He visited Athens both in going and returning, and his song 'Maid of Athens' is a pleasant memorial of his sojourn there.

In July 1811 he was back in England, and early in 1812 the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' were published, and Byron 'woke one morning and found himself famous.' These fine poems, though far inferior to some of his later works, show a wonderful advance in power over 'Hours of Idleness,' and nothing is more remarkable in Byron's career than the rapidity with which his mind expanded, until there was no living English poet who could compete with him in sublimity and strength. The following stanza from the first canto of 'Childe Harold' forms part of a glowing description of the battlefield of Talavera :

Lo ! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done ;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Byron was now for a time the idol of London society, and he astonished and delighted the world with a succession of brilliant metrical romances, 'The Giaour,' 'The

Bride of Abydos,' 'The Corsair,' 'Lara,' 'Siege of Corinth,' and 'Parisina,' all of them dashed off with careless haste, and all containing passages of great beauty. Foremost among these passages may be placed the comparison in 'The Giaour' of the present state of Greece with the beauty of a corpse in the first hours of death.

Such is the aspect of this shore ;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth !

Byron now made acquaintance with all the leading men of letters, and became the warm friend of several of them. His intercourse with Scott was especially cordial, and no mean jealousy came in to mar it, though the two were rivals in the fields of romance. 'I gave over writing romances' (says Scott) 'because Byron beat me. He hits the mark, where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow. He has access to a stream of sentiment unknown to me.' On the other hand, Byron never ceased to admire the 'Author of Waverley,' and styled him the 'Wizard' and the 'Ariosto of the North.'

In January 1815 Byron married an heiress, Miss Milbanke, and the marriage proved a most unfortunate one. A daughter Ada was born in December, and in the

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following January his wife separated from him for some cause or causes which have never been explained. But from the first the poet had melancholy forebodings of the result, and on the marriage day the image of his cousin Mary Chaworth haunted him.

I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride ;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood.
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him.¹

Married life begun under such auspices was not likely to be completely happy ; and Byron was subject to violent outbursts of passion, and his way of life was wild and irregular. Still the year had its joys as well as sorrows, and there are many evidences that Byron felt sorely wounded by the separation. The world which had so lately worshipped the poet now turned fiercely against him, and in April 1816 he left England never to return again in life. He went first to Brussels, then up the Rhine and through Switzerland, and settled on the shore of Lake Geneva, where he wrote the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' one of the most beautiful of all his works.

In the opening stanzas he describes the bitterness of heart with which he quitted England :

Once more upon the waters ! yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome, to the roar !
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead !

¹ The Dream.'

Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
 And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
 Still must I on ; for I am as a weed,
 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail,
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

Then, a few stanzas later, comes the magnificent picture of the Eve of Waterloo ; then, a little later, the beautiful song of the Rhine,

The castled crag of Drackenfels ;

and then the description of Lake Leman with its many beauties and its associations with Rousseau, Voltaire, and Gibbon :

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
 Torn Ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

A few months later he wrote 'Manfred,' the best of all his dramas unless we except 'Cain,' and one which Goethe praised warmly. There are passages in it almost without number of lovely description, while tones of remorse and despair are continually recurring.

Manfred. She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
 Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
 Even of her voice, they said, were like to mine ;
 But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty ;
 She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
 The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
 To comprehend the universe ; nor these
 Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,

Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not ;
 And tenderness—but that I had for her ;
 Humility—and that I never had.
 Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
 I loved her, and destroyed her !

Witch.

With thy hand ?

Manfred. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart --
 It gazed on mine, and withered.

‘*Manfred*’ was finished early in 1817 at Venice, and there Byron lived for the next two years, leading a dissolute life, and writing the fourth canto of ‘*Childe Harold*’ and the early cantos of ‘*Don Juan*.’

The fourth canto of ‘*Childe Harold*’ is not more beautiful than the third, but it is far grander, and the magnificent pictures of Venice and Rome in their decay, of Santa Croce, and the tombs of Petrarch and Tasso are the natural outpourings of the melancholy spirit of Byron, while the noble address to the ocean gives a magnificent finish to the whole poem.

‘*Don Juan*’ is the last great work of Byron, and in some respects it is the greatest of all. In his earlier works the poet himself, with his indignant sorrows, has been too constantly present in the picture, but in this poem his painting is thoroughly objective. The earlier cantos especially contain an endless variety, and excite a never-failing interest ; and critics who exclaimed most bitterly against the moral tendency of the work were most ready to acknowledge its unrivalled power. The great Goethe was charmed with it, and said :

‘*Don Juan*’ is a thoroughly genial work—misanthropical to the bitterest savageness, tender to the most exquisite delicacy of sweet feelings ; and when we once understand and appreciate the author, and

make up our minds not fretfully and vainly to wish him other than he is, it is impossible not to enjoy what he chooses to pour out before us with such unbounded audacity—with such utter recklessness.

And Sir Walter Scott, in an affectionate tribute to Byron's memory, says :

Neither 'Childe Harold,' nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of 'Don Juan,' amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off, with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind.

The most beautiful part of the poem is the story in the second and third cantos of Haidée, the innocent maiden, who rescues Juan when he has been wrecked on one of the Cyclades, and is lying heavily sleeping and utterly exhausted in a cave on the shore. The following stanzas give a most charming picture :

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
 And near the cave her quick, light footsteps drew,
 While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
 And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,
 Taking her for a sister ; just the same
 Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
 Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
 Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.
 And when into the cavern Haidée stepp'd
 All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
 That like an infant Juan sweetly slept ;
 And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe,
 (For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
 And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
 Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as death,
 Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.
 For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
 A purple hectic play'd like dying day
 On the snow-tops of distant hills ; the streak
 Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,

Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and weak ;
 And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
 Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,
 Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

'Don Juan' was never completed. The sixteenth canto is imperfect, and the fifteenth ends with the following impressive stanza :

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
 How little do we know that which we are !
 How less what we may be ! The eternal surge
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
 Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
 Lash'd from the foam of ages ; while the graves
 Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

This was written in 1823, and within a year the poet's life was ended. Byron had ever been an ardent lover of liberty, had grieved over the fall of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbons, had plotted with revolutionists in Italy, and now he cast in his lot with the Greeks who were striving to throw off the yoke of Turkey.

In July 1823 he sailed for Greece, and after spending some time in the Ionian Islands he landed at Missolonghi in January 1824. Within a month he was seized with illness, and on April 19 he died, amidst the universal grief of those whom he came to save.

SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, even more than Byron, was a child of the revolutionary age, and inherited its deep discontent with the settled order of things, and its

passionate yearning after a new era of liberty. Like Byron, too, he was cut off at an early age while his genius was still immature, and the works he has left are symbols of more excellent ones which might have been expected had he lived longer.

He was born in August 1792, and belonged to a wealthy family in Sussex. At the age of ten he was sent to a private school at Brentford, and a little later to Eton. He was a dreamy, enthusiastic boy, who took little share in school sports, and was passionately fond of reading and of experimental science.

In 1810 he went to Oxford and formed a warm friendship with Thomas Jefferson Hogg, a fellow-student, who afterwards wrote an interesting life of the poet.

His features (Hogg tells us), his whole face, and particularly his head, were unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word) of anxious thought he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough.

His features were not symmetrical (the mouth perhaps excepted), yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance.

Shelley's favourite study at Oxford was philosophy, and his favourite authors were Hume and the atheistical philosophers of France, and he himself composed a tiny pamphlet with the title, 'The Necessity of Atheism.' The pamphlet was brought before the notice of the college authorities, and in March 1811 Shelley and his friend Hogg were expelled from the university.

He now spent some restless, uneasy months in

London, and at first his father refused him any support, but afterwards allowed him 200*l.* a year. He paid frequent visits to his sisters, who were at a school in Clapham, fell in love with Harriet Westbrook, one of their school-fellows, and in August ran off with her to Scotland, and was there married.

After staying a while in Edinburgh the young couple went to York, where Hogg was settled; then to Keswick, where Shelley gained the acquaintance of Southey; then they crossed to Dublin, where Shelley strove to rouse the Irish on the subject of Catholic Emancipation; and then, a few months later, they left Ireland and settled in Wales.

In 1813 Shelley's first considerable poem, 'Queen Mab,' was printed and was distributed privately among his friends. The poem has beautifully melodious passages, but the thoughts are immature, and the notes are crammed with Shelley's crude atheistical notions. A pirated edition was soon issued, but Shelley regretted that it was ever published.

From Wales Shelley came to London, and in June 1813 his first child Ianthe was born. But from this time a coldness began between the husband and wife, and in 1814 they parted by mutual consent. Shelley almost immediately formed a new connection with Mary Godwin, the accomplished daughter of a philosophical writer whose books Shelley greatly admired. The couple paid a visit to France and Switzerland, and on their return they settled near Windsor Forest, and there Shelley composed his first great poem, 'Alastor.' The opening lines of the poem are very beautiful.

Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !
If our great mother have imbued my soul
With aught of natural piety to feel
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness ;
If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,
And winter robing with pure snow, and crowns
Of starry ice, the grey grass and bare boughs ;
If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me ;
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast,
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my brethren ; then forgive
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw
No portion of your wonted favour now !

We are told that doctors had declared Shelley at this time to be dying rapidly of consumption, and the poem is filled with a pensive melancholy. The story is of a youthful poet who wanders over all the earth and dies at last alone.

There was a poet whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence reared,
But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness ;
A lovely youth—no mourning maiden decked
With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep ;
Gentle, and brave, and generous, no lorn bard
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh.
He lived, he died, he sang in solitude.
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined,
And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
And Silence too, enamoured of that voice,
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

A little later in the poem we are told how the poet wanders through the ruined temples of the East, and spells out their mysteries.

Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his food,
Her daily portion, from her father's tent,
And spread her matting for his couch, and stole
From duties and repose to tend his steps ;
Enamoured, yet not daring for deep awe
To speak her love : and watched his nightly sleep,
Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips
Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath
Of innocent dreams arose ; then, when red morn
Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home,
Wildered, and wan, and panting, she returned.

We have only to compare this figure of the Arab maiden with Haidée in 'Don Juan' to feel the immense superiority of the latter. And indeed we may say of nearly all Shelley's poetry that it is very beautiful, but with the beauty of cloudland or dreamland ; it is filled with sweet sounds and lovely images, but has only a faint trace of the human interest which is so strong in the poetry of Burns and Byron.

In 1816 Shelley and Mary Godwin went again to Switzerland, and spent some months with Lord Byron on the shores of Lake Geneva, and Shelley's influence may probably be traced in the etherial tones that pervade the third canto of 'Childe Harold.'

In the autumn they returned to England, and Shelley received the news that his wife, from whom he had parted two years before, had committed suicide. The sad news filled him with remorse, but he nevertheless married Mary Godwin a few months later. He sought to gain possession of his two children, but they were made wards

in Chancery, and their custody was denied him, on the double grounds of the atheism in 'Queen Mab' and of his conduct to the children's mother.

The summer months of 1817 were spent at Marlow in Buckinghamshire, and here Shelley wrote 'Laon and Cythna; or, the Revolt of Islam,' a poem in twelve cantos in the stanza of Spenser. The poet calls it 'a vision of the nineteenth century,' and he pictures in it

the awakening of an immense nation from their slavery and degradation to a true sense of moral dignity and freedom; the bloodless dethronement of their oppressors, and the unveiling of the religious frauds by which they had been deluded into submission; the tranquillity of successful patriotism, and the universal toleration and benevolence of true philanthropy.

The following lines are from the fifth canto, and are part of a glowing address by the heroine to the assembled multitudes :

My brethren, we are free ! the plains and mountains,
The gray sea-shore, the forests and the fountains,
Are haunts of happiest dwellers ;—man and woman,
Their common bondage burst, may freely borrow
From lawless love a solace for their sorrow ;
For oft we still must weep, since we are human.
 A stormy night's serenest morrow,
 Whose showers are pity's gentle tears,
 Whose clouds are smiles of those that die
 Like infants without hopes or fears,
 And whose beams are joys that lie
 In blended hearts, now holds dominion ;
The dawn of mind, which upwards on a pinion
Borne, swift as sunrise, far illumines space,
And clasps this barren world in its own bright embrace.

My brethren, we are free ! the fruits are glowing
Beneath the stars, and the night winds are flowing

O'er the ripe corn, the birds and beasts are dreaming—
 Never again may blood of bird or beast
 Stain with its venomous stream a human feast,
 To the pure skies in accusation steaming.
 Avenging poisons shall have ceased
 To feed disease and fear and madness,
 The dwellers of the earth and air
 Shall throng around our steps in gladness,
 Seeking their food or refuge there.
 Our toil from thought all glorious forms shall cull,
 To make this Earth, our home, more beautiful,
 And Science, and her sister Poesy
 Shall clothe in light the fields and cities of the free !

In 1818 the Shelleys left England and the poet never returned. They went to Italy and visited the chief Italian cities, and finally settled at Pisa. At Venice they found Lord Byron, who read to them the first canto of 'Don Juan,' while Shelley's poem of 'Julian and Maddalo' gives an interesting picture of the friendly communings of the two poets.

In 1819 Shelley produced his two greatest works, 'The Cenci' and the 'Prometheus Unbound.' Of these two great dramas the former is the story of a hideous Italian tragedy which occurred in 1599, the memory of which is preserved in legal records, and in Guido's beautiful portrait of Beatrice Cenci at Rome. Of all Shelley's works this is the most popular, and in it he attains a realistic vividness which is not found in his other works.

In the following lines the wicked Count Cenci reveals his fiendish nature :

When I was young I thought of nothing else
 But pleasure ; and I fed on honey sweets ;
 Men, by St. Thomas ! cannot live like bees,
 And I grew tired :—yet, till I killed a foe,

And heard his groans, and heard his children's groans,
Knew I not what delight was else on earth,
Which now delights me little. I the rather
Look on such pangs as terror ill conceals—
The dry, fixed eyeball; the pale, quivering lip,
Which tell me that the spirit weeps within
Tears bitterer than the bloody sweat of Christ.
I rarely kill the body, which preserves,
Like a strong prison, the soul within my power,
Wherein I feed it with the breath of fear
For hourly pain.

And when he is exulting in the deaths of his sons and
the ruin of his daughter, he exclaims :

When all is done, out in the wide Campagna
I will pile up my silver and my gold ;
My costly robes, paintings and tapestries ;
My parchments, and all records of my wealth,
And make a bonfire in my joy, and leave
Of my possessions nothing but my name ;
Which shall be an inheritance to strip
Its wearer bare as infamy.

And Beatrice, poor hapless girl ! after her father's
murder, when she is condemned to die, cries in her first
agony :

My God ! can it be possible I have
To die so suddenly ? So young to go
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground ;
To be nailed down into a narrow place ;
To see no more sweet sunshine ; hear no more
Blithe voice of living thing ; muse not again
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost—
How fearful ! to be nothing ! Or to be . . .
What ? O, where am I ? Let me not go mad !
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts ! If there should be
No God, no Heaven, no Earth in the void world ;
The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world !

If all things then should be . . . my father's spirit,
 His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me ;
 The atmosphere and breath of my dead life !
 If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
 Even the form which tortured me on earth,
 Masked in grey hairs and wrinkles, he should come
 And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
 His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down !

But she soon grows calmer, and cheers her step-mother as they go together to execution :

Here, mother, tie
 My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
 In any simple knot ; aye, that does well.
 And yours, I see, is coming down. How often
 Have we not done this for one another ; now
 We shall not do it any more. My Lord,
 We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

Of 'Prometheus Unbound' we have no space to speak except to say it contains some of Shelley's finest lyrics, especially the one beginning—

Life of Life ! thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them.

It abounds, too, in beautiful descriptive passages, among which may be mentioned the speech of Prometheus with which the drama opens, and his speech in the third act, describing the happy place where he and Asia will dwell together.

In 1820 Shelley wrote the well-known 'Ode to a Skylark,' 'The Sensitive Plant,' 'The Witch of Atlas,' and other poems. In 1821 he wrote 'Epipsychidion,' a beautiful but very enigmatical poem, and also 'Adonais,' the eloquent lament over the death of Keats.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep,
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us, and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He is made one with Nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

In the preface to 'Adonais' Shelley describes the burial-place of Keats at Rome:

The romantic and lovely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massive walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

To this quiet resting-place Shelley's ashes were brought in the next year, 1822. He had come to Pisa to welcome

his old friend Leigh Hunt, and was returning in a small coasting vessel, when a terrible thunderstorm came on and the boat was wrecked. A week later the poet's body was found, and was burnt upon the shore in the presence of Byron, Leigh Hunt, and others. The ashes were taken to Rome, and the poet's heart was brought to England.

CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE has exercised in the nineteenth century the same kind of influence that Johnson did in the eighteenth, but a wider and deeper one. As Johnson was surrounded by Burke, and Goldsmith, and Reynolds, and others who loved and revered him, so Carlyle had his circle of admirers—Ruskin, and Browning, and Emerson, and Dickens, and others, not to speak of the hundreds and thousands who never saw him, but whose enthusiasm for learning was first kindled by his wise and earnest words.

He was born in the little village of Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire, in December 1795, a few months before Robert Burns passed away. His father, James Carlyle, was a mason and peasant farmer, a man of little education, but of remarkable natural endowments and force of character. His son's love and reverence for him find a very beautiful expression in the 'Memoir of James Carlyle' which forms the first part of the 'Reminiscences.'

Thomas was sent at the age of nine to the Annan Grammar School, and in 1809 he went to the Edinburgh

University, trudging over the eighty miles of hill and dale with a single companion.

A charming secluded shepherd country, with excellent shepherd population, nowhere setting up to be picturesque, but everywhere honest, comely, well done-to, peaceable, and useful.

No company to you but the rustle of the grass underfoot, the tinkling of the brook, or the voices of innocent primeval things. You had the world and its waste imbrolios of joy and woe, of light and darkness to yourself alone. You could strip barefoot if it suited better, carry shoes and socks over shoulder, hung on your stick; clean shirt and comb were in your pocket; *omnia mea mecum porto*. You lodged with shepherds who had clean solid cottages; wholesome eggs, milk, oat bread, porridge, clean blankets to their beds, and a great deal of human sense and unadulterated natural politeness.

Carlyle was sent to the university that he might be trained for the ministry; but he felt, year by year, less inclination for that vocation, and in 1817 he finally determined against it. Meanwhile he had been engaged in teaching first in Edinburgh, then in his old school at Annan, and in 1816 at Kirkcaldy, where Edward Irving also was a teacher. The friendship between the two youths made the next few years a pleasant time, and in Carlyle's 'Reminiscences of Irving' there are delightful records of excursions and friendly communings.

Such colloquies, and such roving about in bright scenes, in talk or in silence, I have never had since.

The beach of Kirkcaldy in summer twilights, a mile of the smoothest sand, with one long wave coming on gently, steadily, and breaking in gradual explosion into harmless melodious white, at your hand all the way; the break of it, rushing along like a mane of foam, beautifully sounding and advancing, ran from south to north, from the West Burn to Kirkcaldy harbour, through the whole mile's distance. This was a favourite scene, beautiful to me still, in the far away. We roved in the woods too, sometimes till all was dark.

After a while Irving went away to be assistant minister to Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow, and from thence to London to win immense popularity as a preacher, and to end his life in sadness and disappointment in 1834. But the friendship remained warm and true to the end, and Carlyle gave passionate vent to his grief in a short paper in 1835 on the 'Death of Edward Irving.'

In 1818 Carlyle left Kirkcaldy and abandoned the profession of teacher, and the next few years were rendered miserable by ill-health and mental distress. He roamed over the moors of Dumfriesshire and the streets of Edinburgh, almost distracted at times, and he has painted the gloom of this period in 'Sartor Resartus,' in the chapters on the 'Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh,' and on the 'Everlasting No.'

The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only, when I, murmuring half audibly, recited Faust's Death Song—that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom he finds in battle's splendour)—and thought that of this last friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die.

Religious doubts were among Carlyle's bitterest sorrows, and in this respect he differed widely from Irving, whose faith was simple and fervent and unquestioning. At the end of one of their summer excursions, when they were on the point of parting, Carlyle tells us:

We leant our backs to a dry stone fence, and, looking into the western radiance, continued in talk yet a while, loth both of us to go. It was just here, as the sun was sinking, Irving actually drew from me by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for me to expect I ever could or should. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take

well of me, like an elder brother, if I would be frank with him. And right loyally he did so, and to the end of his life we needed no concealment on that head.

In 'Sartor Resartus,' after the chapter on the 'Everlasting No,' there soon follows that on the 'Everlasting Yea,' and we feel that Carlyle has done battle with his doubts, and has silenced them if not quelled them.

To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man—when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish—should be carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there, fronting the Tempter, do grimmest battle with him; defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly.

Name it as we choose: with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness, to such Temptation are we all called. Our wilderness is the wide world in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting; nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me, also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only.

The study of German literature, especially of Goethe, helped to bring calmness and strength to Carlyle's restless spirit, and his two earliest works of consequence were the 'Life of Schiller' and the translation of Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister.'

In 1824 he paid a visit to Irving in London, and there is a pleasant record of the visit in the 'Reminiscences.' Irving was at the height of his own success, and was buoyant and encouraging.

'You will see now,' he would say; 'one day we two will shake hands across the brook, you as first in literature, I as first in divinity, and people will say, "Both these fellows are from Annandale. Where is Annandale?"'

It was now that he paid the visits to Coleridge which enabled him many years later to draw the famous picture in the 'Life of Sterling.'

In November Carlyle paid a short visit to Paris with two of Irving's friends, and saw, with the keen eyes which missed nothing and forgot nothing, the scenery of the great drama of the Revolution. Next year he was back in Scotland, and was busy with his translations of 'German Romance.'

In 1826 he married Miss Jane Welsh, the daughter of Dr. Welsh of Haddington, a lady whom he had known since 1821, and who had been the brightest and best of Irving's pupils.

No married life with its joys and sorrows is better known to us than theirs. Mrs. Carlyle was herself a woman of genius, and the collection of her letters gives the brightest and wittiest picture of their life after they came to London.

The young couple settled first at Comley Bank, near Edinburgh, and Carlyle gained the friendship of the great Jeffrey, and began to write for the 'Edinburgh Review' the series of his well-known articles, 'Jean Paul,' 'Goethe,' 'Heyne,' 'Burns,' and others. In 1828 they moved to Craigenputtock, a lonely farmhouse among the hills of Dumfriesshire, where they lived for six years. Carlyle continued to write articles for the 'Edinburgh' and the 'Foreign Review,' and other periodicals, and in this hilly solitude he meditated and wrote his great work, 'Sartor Resartus.'

The most interesting part of this work is Part II., which is in a sense autobiographical, and, under other

names, Ecclefechan, and Annan, and James Carlyle, and other places and persons can be recognised. The following extract gives a pleasant picture, which may be compared with that of the lame little Walter Scott lying among the tufts of heather at Smailholm.

On fine evenings I was wont to carry forth my supper, and eat it out of doors. On the coping of the orchard wall, which I could reach by climbing, my porringer was placed : there, many a sunset, have I, looking at the distant western mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those lines of gold and azure, that hush of world's expectation as Day died, were still a Hebrew speech for me ; nevertheless, I was looking at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for their gilding.

The beautiful maiden Blumine, who is mentioned in later chapters, is said to have been a Miss Margaret Gordon, a Highland lady, poor and proud, but beautiful and good. She also had been one of Irving's pupils, and some letters of hers to Carlyle, gentle and wise in tone, have been preserved. In later years they met, but as strangers, in London, 'on horseback both of us, and meeting in the gate of Hyde Park, when her eyes (but that was all) said to me almost touchingly, "Yes, yes, that is you."'

The solitude of Craigenputtock was especially wearisome to Mrs. Carlyle, but it was relieved occasionally by the visits of Jeffrey, of Carlyle's father, and in 1833 by a most delightful one of the American Emerson.

I found the house (he tells us) amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command ; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish ; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming

humour, which floated everything he looked upon. He was already turning his eyes towards London with a scholar's appreciation. London is the heart of the world, he said, wonderful only from the mass of human beings. He liked the huge machine.

To London they came the next year, and settled in Cheyne Row, in the house which was to be Carlyle's for nearly fifty years to come. Here, during the next two years, he wrote his great prose poem, the 'History of the French Revolution,' perhaps the most perfect of all his works. The subject had long been deeply interesting to him, and he had already touched it in preliminary sketches in his articles on 'Voltaire,' 'Diderot,' and the 'Diamond Necklace.' In the latter work there is a most pathetic picture of the death of Marie Antoinette which may rival Burke's impassioned outburst of eloquence.

John Stuart Mill was at this time one of Carlyle's most devoted admirers, and gathered books for him treating of the French Revolution, and handed over to him materials which he had himself collected for a work on the subject.

When the first volume was finished, it was lent in manuscript to Mill, and was destroyed through the carelessness of a servant. Poor Mill was in despair, and Carlyle himself scarcely less so; but after infinite trouble the volume was re-written, and Mrs. Carlyle thought it had gained in concentrated force through the terrible ordeal of its birth.

The work was finished at last, and was such a history as had seldom or never been written. It is with rising tears and quickened pulses that we read many of the

chapters, and we feel that Carlyle has the poet's vision and inspiration as well as the historian's knowledge and research. We have space for one extract only—that of the death-bed of Louis XV.

Yes, poor Louis, Death hath found thee. No palace walls or life-guards, gorgeous tapestries or gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial could keep him out; but he is here, here at the very life-breath, and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence hitherto was a chimera and scenic show, at length becomest a reality; sumptuous Versailles bursts asunder, like a dream, into void Immensity; Time is done, and all the scaffolding of Time falls wrecked with hideous clangour round thy soul: the pale kingdoms yawn open; there must thou enter, naked, all unking'd, and await what is appointed thee! Unhappy man, there as thou turnest, in dull agony, on thy bed of weariness, what a thought is thine! Purgatory and Hell-fire, now, all too possible, in the prospect: in the retrospect,—alas! what thing didst thou do that were not better undone; what mortal didst thou generously help; what sorrow hadst thou mercy on?

Frightful, O Louis, seem these moments for thee. We will pry no further into the horrors of a sinner's death-bed.

We must hasten over the remainder of Carlyle's life, though it is a period of forty years. His writings as yet brought him in little money, and they made their way more rapidly in America than in England. Emerson was his enthusiastic friend, and urged him to come to America to lecture, and Harriet Martineau and others urged him to do the same at home.

It was a task which he dreaded above all things, but he gathered himself together and did it well. His first course began on May 1, 1837, and the subject, 'German Literature,' was one he knew well.

In May 1838 another course followed, and another in 1839, and in May 1840 there came the final course,

the 'Lectures on Heroes,' which alone he thought worthy of republication.

In 1839 he addressed himself to what he called the 'Condition of England Question,' in the remarkable work entitled 'Chartism,' and in 1843 returned to it in 'Past and Present,' and once more, in 'Latter Day Pamphlets,' in 1850.

The 'Lectures on Heroes' had set him thinking seriously on Cromwell, and in 1845 he finished the 'Letters and Speeches,' which some reckon as his masterpiece. It is certainly a work of excellent merit, and has wonderfully life-like little pictures of the buried seventeenth century.

In 1851 he dashed off the beautiful sketch of John Sterling's life, and then set himself to what proved a long and weary task, the 'History of Friedrich II. of Prussia.' He read books innumerable, he visited Germany and travelled over Friedrich's battle-fields, and laboured incessantly at the work, though it often wearied and disgusted him.

At the end of 1864 it was finished and was well received in England, and better still in America. Emerson enthusiastically declared that

Friedrich was the wittiest book that was ever written; a book that one would think the English people would rise up in mass and thank the author for by cordial acclamation, and signify, by crowning him with oak leaves, their joy that such a head existed among them.

In 1866 he accepted the invitation to be Lord Rector of the Edinburgh University, and many men now living remember his speech as the grandest they ever listened to. While resting peacefully with his relations in

Dumfries, during the next few days, he received news of his wife's sudden death, and 'the light of his life was gone out.'

In the years that still remained to him of life, his chief literary work was the arranging his wife's letters for publication, and in writing her memoir, and that of his and her early friend, Edward Irving.

He was surrounded by friends who loved and honoured him ; but life was a weary burden, and he passed away in February 1881.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY

SIR WALTER SCOTT's last great novel was published in 1826, and he himself passed away in 1832. Meanwhile, there were growing up to manhood two youths who were to rival him in power, though in style they resembled not him, but rather Smollett and Fielding.

Of the two, Dickens was the younger by a year, but his genius shone out earlier, for 'Pickwick' was published in 1836, while Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' came ten years later. From that time onward for nearly twenty years the two great writers worked in friendly emulation, and Dickens wrote a touching tribute of praise when Thackeray suddenly died in 1863.

Dickens was born in 1812, at Portsea, and his father was a clerk in Portsmouth Dockyard. When Charles was two years old the family removed to London, then two years later to Chatham, then to London again when he was nine years old. Then began for the little boy the years of sordid misery which are faithfully related

in several chapters of 'David Copperfield.' For the Mr. Micawber of that story is no other than Dickens's own father, who, after struggling in vain with money difficulties, was carried away to prison, telling the broken-hearted boy 'that the sun was set upon him for ever.'

Then he describes his first visit to his father in prison in the very words of 'David Copperfield.'

My father was waiting for me in the lodge, and we went up to his room (on the top story but one), and cried very much. And he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy; but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched.

The boy himself was sent to work at a blacking warehouse in the Strand, and felt very wretched and forlorn.

It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me that, even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally—to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school.

The miseries of that time he could never forget, and many years later he writes:

Even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life.

But brighter days were coming. His father was released from prison and became a newspaper reporter. Charles was after a time taken from the blacking manufactory, and sent to a school in the Hampstead Road; then, at the age of fifteen, he became an attorney's clerk; and a little later, like his father, he became a

reporter, first in the law courts, and afterwards in the gallery of the House of Commons.

His first essay in fiction was the amusing sketch of 'Mr. Minns and his Cousin,' which was published in the 'Old Monthly Magazine' in 1833, and Dickens tells us how great was his delight to see himself in print.

I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there.

Other sketches followed, both in this magazine and in the 'Evening Chronicle'; and in 1836 these scattered papers were collected into two volumes entitled 'Sketches by Boz,' and were published with illustrations by Cruikshank.

The same year the immortal 'Pickwick' began to appear in shilling monthly numbers, and soon attained an immense popularity. Old and young, high and low, were delighted with its overflowing fun and its droll characters, and it is still perhaps the most widely read of all Dickens's books.

While 'Pickwick' was still appearing 'Oliver Twist' was begun, and both that story and 'Nicholas Nickleby' appeared during 1838-9. Then, in 1840, 'The Old Curiosity Shop' appeared, with its sweetly pathetic story of Little Nell, and 'Barnaby Rudge' followed in the next year.

In all of these novels Dickens displays a wonderful fertility of invention. Fielding's characters can be numbered by the dozen, but here they are in hundreds, and most of them possess a very high degree of freshness and originality. Sam Weller, in particular, is as wonderful a

creation as Shakspeare's Falstaff. Many of the characters are, however, exaggerated and unreal; but, while the story is one of broad comedy, this seems natural enough. Some of the villains, such as Quilp in 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' and Dennis in 'Barnaby Rudge,' are grotesque rather than horrible; but Fagin and Bill Sikes are powerful and lifelike studies of evil natures. In his pictures of children in their joys and sorrows Dickens is always beautiful and true, and it is this which gives so great a charm to 'Oliver Twist' and 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'

In 1842 Dickens visited America, and on his return wrote 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' This novel was not so popular as its predecessors, and in America it caused much offence by its unflattering descriptions; but the character of Pecksniff is a wonderful creation, and Ruth and Tom Pinch are delightful.

In 1844 Dickens went to Italy, and the next few years he spent chiefly in Genoa and Lausanne and Paris. Before starting, he wrote the first of his Christmas books, the 'Christmas Carol,' and with it delighted the hearts of all good men. 'Who can listen,' said Thackeray, 'to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and, to every man or woman who reads it, a personal kindness.'

His next great work was 'Dombey and Son,' which was meant as a rebuke to pride, as 'Martin Chuzzlewit' had been to hypocrisy. The picture of little Paul Dombey is a very beautiful one, and the description of his death is no less affecting than that of Little Nell.

'Now lay me down,' he said; 'and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you.'

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

‘How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it is very near the sea. I hear the waves; they always said so.’

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

In 1849 ‘David Copperfield’ was written, and, two years later, ‘Bleak House’ and ‘Hard Times.’ Dickens then went once more on the Continent, and for three years spent most of his time in Boulogne and Paris. ‘Little Dorrit’ was written in 1855, and the ‘Tale of Two Cities’ in 1857. This last book is the fruit of his sojourn in Paris, and is a picture of the stormy times of the Revolution.

It has been one of my hopes (he says) to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time, though no one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle’s wonderful book.

With the exception of ‘Barnaby Rudge,’ this is the only instance of Dickens making an incursion into the domain of history, and here his success falls far short of that of Thackeray and Scott. His great and peculiar strength lay in the delineation of life as it passed around him, and especially of the crowd of whimsical characters that were to be met with in the great London which he knew so well.

In 1858 Dickens began his series of public readings

from his works, and continued them nearly till the time of his death. He was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and the lectures were a great financial success; but the fatigue and excitement were most injurious, and certainly hastened his death. In 1867 he crossed once more to America to give a course of readings, and he gave a final course in England after his return in 1868.

His last novels were 'Great Expectations' in 1860, 'Our Mutual Friend' in 1864, and 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood,' which was left unfinished. The fragment is a very beautiful one, and shows little or no decay of power, either in the sketching of the persons and places, or in the management of the plot, so far as it is unfolded.

On the 9th of June 1870 he died.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in 1811 in Calcutta, where his father was in the Civil Service. He was sent home when a child to be educated in England, and in one of his lectures he recalls the time.

When I first saw England she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a walk over rocks and hills till we passed a garden where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man; 'that is Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day, and all the children on whom he can lay hands.' There were people in the British dominions, besides that poor black, who had an equal terror and horror of the Corsican ogre.

Thackeray was sent to the Charterhouse, the school of Steele and Addison, and the genius of the place may have helped to kindle his love for these two writers. He

often refers to his old school in his writings, and it is the Grey Friars where Colonel Newcome ends his days.

In 1829 he went to Cambridge, but remained only a year, and then he spent some time on the Continent, at Weimar, where he saw the great Goethe, and at Paris, where he studied as an artist. He always retained his love for art, and his works abound with descriptions of the merry vagabond life of artists. He never himself became a master, but he illustrated some of his own writings, and, though the drawing is defective, the humour is often exquisite.

In 1832 he was back in England, and came into possession of his fortune, but lost it all within a year or two in newspaper speculations. Then he became a writer for the newspapers and magazines, and Carlyle makes mention, in 1837, of an enthusiastic review of the 'French Revolution' which appeared in the 'Times.'

The writer is one Thackeray, a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent, who is now writing for his life in London. His article is rather like him, and I suppose calculated to do the book good.

About the same time he began a series of sketches and stories in 'Fraser's Magazine,' and they were continued during the next six or seven years. The series opened with the 'Memoirs of Jeames Yellowplush,' and 'The History of the Great Hoggarty Diamond' and the 'Memoirs of Barry Lyndon' were among the stories which followed.

In the 'Memoirs of Yellowplush' Thackeray adopted the device of the comically inaccurate spelling which

Smollett had used in 'Humphrey Clinker,' and in his hands it becomes still more amusing.

These stories in 'Fraser' are full of wit and comic touches, but there is a tone of sadness and bitterness running through them. The story of 'Mr. Deuceace at Paris' is as terrible as one of Balzac's, and the 'Poor thing! Poor thing!' with which it ends, comes from the writer's heart.

Thackeray had his own private griefs, which reflected themselves in his writings. He married in 1837; but in a few years his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, lost her reason, and he was left without the comforts of a home. *Vanitas vanitatum*—bright hopes, bitter disappointments—is the sermon which he never tires of preaching. He was a cynic, but one of the most genial and compassionate, with the keenest eye for the folly and meanness of human nature, but with a heart full of sympathy for its weakness.

After his death a friend wrote of him :

He was a cynic! By his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways;
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.
He was a cynic! You might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair;
In those blue eyes, with childlike candour lit,
In that sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

About 1840, or a little later, Thackeray joined the staff of 'Punch,' and continued to be a contributor for ten years or more.

In 'Punch' his amusing 'Snob Papers' appeared, and in his introductory chapter he tells us :

I have (and for this gift I congratulate myself with a Deep and Abiding Thankfulness) an eye for a Snob. If the Truthful is the Beautiful, it is Beautiful to study even the Snobbish; to track Snobs through history, as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles; to sink shafts in Society, and come upon rich veins of Snob-ore. Snob-bishness is like Death in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you never have heard, 'beating with equal foot at poor men's doors, and kicking at the gates of Emperors.' It is a great mistake to judge of Snobs lightly, and think they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense percentage of Snobs, I believe, is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of Snobs; to do so shows that you are yourself a Snob. I myself have been taken for one.

Then follow the chapters on Military Snobs, Clerical Snobs, Snobs in the Country, Snobs in Town, and Snobs everywhere. The account of Major Ponto and Mrs. Ponto is a most amusing picture of some Country Snobs.

In 1846 'Vanity Fair' began to come out in monthly numbers, and Thackeray was now to take rank with Dickens as a great master in fiction. The work is a wonderful mingling of pathos and satire, of grave and gay, and, among the host of characters which fill it, Becky Sharp and Colonel Dobbin stand out as two of the finest creations in the language.

We are told that, after he began to write the novel, he could not think of a suitable name, till at last it flashed upon him as an inspiration in the middle of the night. 'I jumped out of bed,' he says, 'and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, "Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair!"'

'Pendennis' appeared in 1850, and 'Esmond,' the finest of all Thackeray's novels, two years later. The latter is a tale of the time of Queen Anne, a period which Thackeray loved and had studied most carefully. 'Tom

Jones' is scarcely more real and lifelike, and there are touches of beauty in it such as Fielding never rose to. The chapter entitled 'The 29th December,' which describes the return of Henry Esmond to the gentle lady of Castlewood, is like a beautiful poem. 'The Newcomes' came out in 1854, and in Clive Newcome, as in Arthur Pendennis, Thackeray describes his own youthful struggles as an author. The Colonel Newcome of the story is one of his finest creations, and the old man's death in the old Grey Friars is a most pathetic picture.

In 1857 'The Virginians,' which is a continuation of 'Esmond,' appeared, and in 1859 Thackeray undertook the editorship of the new magazine, 'The Cornhill.' His novel, 'Lovel the Widower,' and the 'Adventures of Philip' were written for the magazine, as were also his delightful 'Roundabout Papers.' He resigned the editorship in 1862, and on Christmas Eve of 1863 he died, leaving a new story, 'Denis Duval,' unfinished.

Thackeray will probably never be as widely popular as Dickens, though by a limited class of readers he may be more highly valued. Dickens possessed a teeming fancy which produced new and original characters apparently without any effort, while Thackeray's range was narrower, and his old Indian officers and his young authors and painters reappear under new names again and again. On the other hand, Dickens's characters are often grotesquely unreal, while Thackeray's appear to be careful studies from real life.

To both these great men belongs the glory of enlisting wit and fancy on the side of purity and virtue, and we

see in Thackeray's letters how full his heart was of love and religion.

What we see here of this world is but an expression of God's will, so to speak—a beautiful earth and sky and sea—beautiful affections and sorrows, wonderful changes and developments of creation, suns rising, stars shining, birds singing, clouds and shadows changing and fading, people loving each other, smiling and crying, the multiplied phenomena of Nature, multiplied in fact and fancy, in Art and Science, in every way that a man's intellect or education or imagination can be brought to bear.

JOHN RUSKIN

CARLYLE, in his last letter to Emerson (April 1872), says:

Do you read Ruskin's '*Fors Clavigera*,' which he cheerily tells me gets itself reprinted in America? If you don't, *do*, I advise you. There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as those fierce lightning-bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of Anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have. Unhappily, he is not a strong man; one might say a weak man rather; and has not the least prudence of management; though, if he can hold out for another fifteen years or so, he may produce, even in this way, a great effect. God grant, say I.

Fifteen years and more have passed, and Ruskin is still with us; but his voice is silent, and we who have gained comfort and inspiration from his writings fear that we may hear at any moment that his life has closed. His latest, and to general readers and admirers his most delightful, writing is the autobiography '*Præterita*,' the first chapter of which has the date June 1885, and the twenty-seventh that of June 1889.

Ruskin was born in 1819, and his father was a wine

merchant living in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square ; but, when the boy was four years old, the family moved to Herne Hill, and the delights of the garden are lovingly remembered, especially its wealth of fruit, which, however, the boy was not allowed to touch. Nor, though his parents loved him dearly, had he any wealth of toys, and a radiant Punch and Judy, which an aunt bought for him, were quietly put away, and he never saw them more.

John was an only child, and his early education was given him by his mother, and the part which in after years he valued above all was a very stringent course of Bible reading.

As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through, to the last verse of the Apocalypse ; hard names, numbers, Levitical law and all ; and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken.

The daily routine of lessons was delightfully broken for two summer months in each year, when his father travelled to see customers, taking his wife and child with him.

At a jog-trot pace, and through the panoramic opening of the four windows of a post-chaise, I saw all the high roads, and most of the cross ones, of England and Wales, and great part of Lowland Scotland as far as Perth, where every other year we spent the whole summer.

For at Perth his father's only sister lived in a house with a pleasant garden sloping down to the Tay, and John found there much enjoyment with his cousins, especially with Jessie, and he records

the impression left on me when I went gleaming with Jessie, that Scottish sheaves are more golden than are bound in other lands, and that no harvests elsewhere visible to human eyes are so like the 'corn of heaven' as those of Strath-Tay and Strath-Earn.

Ruskin has elsewhere described the beauty of the Scottish Lowlands, especially the music of its gliding streams, and in his latest writing he tells us :

It seemed to me that this space of low mountain-ground, with the eternal sublimity of its rocky sea-shores, of its stormy seas and dangerous sands ; its strange and mighty crags, Ailsa and the Bass, and its pathless moorlands, haunted by the driving cloud, had been of more import in the true world's history than all the lovely countries of the South, except only Palestine.

A few years later and the whole of the pleasant family at Perth had been removed by death, except one cousin, Mary, who came to live with the Ruskins at Herne Hill. Their summer journeys now took a wider range, and in 1833 they were at Schaffhausen, and from thence Ruskin got his first lovely vision of the Alps

It was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe ; and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue—gazing as at one of our distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent—suddenly—below—beyond.

There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the setting sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us ; not more awful, round Heaven, the walls of sacred Death.

It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of such a temperament as mine. I went down that evening from the garden-terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return

to this day, in every impulse that is nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.

In 1837 Ruskin went to Oxford, and his father fondly hoped he would carry all before him and become in time a bishop. He himself had no such aim ; but his progress in Greek was creditable, and he was intensely interested in Thucydides, regarding the subject of his history as 'the central tragedy of the world, the suicide of Greece.'

But in 1840 he had an alarming attack of illness, and was obliged to leave the university and seek rest and change in Italy. The next few years were spent mostly in travel, and in 1843 the first volume of his great work, 'Modern Painters,' was published.

When Ruskin was thirteen years old, his father's partner gave him a copy of Rogers' 'Italy' with Turner's engravings, and the boy's enthusiasm for the great painter was thus kindled. His father, some years later, delighted him with a present of Turner's drawing of 'Richmond Bridge,' and he himself, when he came of age and received an allowance, gave seventy guineas for the drawing of 'Harlech.'

In June 1840 he first met Turner, and made the following entry in his diary :

Introduced to-day to the man who beyond all doubt is the greatest of the age ; greatest in every faculty of the imagination, in every branch of scenic knowledge ; at once the painter and poet of the day, J. M. W. Turner.

It was in this spirit that 'Modern Painters' was begun, and it was continued with ever widening knowledge and increasing power. The second volume ap-

peared in 1846, the third and fourth in 1856, and the final volume in 1860.

Our concern is with literature, not with art, and we must not linger over these noble volumes. But there is in them very much which is deeply interesting to others than to students of art. There are criticisms of poetry, criticisms of life and religion, and beautiful descriptions of natural objects, of rocks, and clouds, and streams, and flowers.

He thus lovingly describes the mosses :

Meek creatures ! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks ; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet finger on the trembling stones to teach them rest. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love token ; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us ; when all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time ; but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

In the ' *Præterita* ' we get pretty glimpses of Ruskin working in the Campo Santo of Pisa, in the church of Santa Maria Novella of Florence, and such-like places during these years. Of the latter place he says :

Nobody ever disturbed me in the Ghirlandajo apse. There were no services behind the high altar ; tourists, even the most learned, had never in those days heard Ghirlandajo's name ; the sacristan was paid his daily fee regularly, whether he looked after me or not. The lovely chapel, with its painted windows and companies of old Florentines, was left for me to do what I liked in, all the forenoon ; and I wrote a complete critical and historical account of the frescoes from top to bottom of it, seated mostly astride on the desks. When the chief bustle in the

small sacristy was over, with the chapel masses of the morning, I used to be let in there to draw the Angelico Annunciation, about eleven inches by fourteen, as far as I recollect, then one of the chief gems of Florence. The monks let me sit close to it and work, as long as I liked, and went on with their cup-rinsings and cope-foldings without minding me. If any priest of the higher dignities came in, I was careful always to rise reverently, and get his kind look or bow, or perhaps a stray crumb of benediction.

After 'Modern Painters,' Ruskin's chief works on art are 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' (1848) and 'Stones of Venice' (1851-3). Then, in later years, a number of smaller works appeared, some of which, as 'Aratra Penteliei' (1870), 'The Eagle's Nest' (1872), 'Ariadne Florentina' (1872), and 'Val D'Arno' (1873), were the courses of art lectures delivered before the University of Oxford.

But in these years Ruskin had become an ardent disciple of Carlyle, and in a series of works such as 'Unto this Last' (1860), 'Crown of Wild Olive' (1866), and 'Fors Clavigera' (1871), he continues and develops with passionate energy the teaching of 'Past and Present,' and the 'Latter Day Pamphlets.'

'Unto this Last' is an eloquent denunciation of the current doctrines of political economy, and it has no doubt helped to bring that so-called science into its present discredit.

The 'Crown of Wild Olive' is a series of four lectures on 'Work,' 'Traffic,' 'War,' and 'The Future of England,' and it is preceded by an introduction of singular beauty and power. In it Ruskin divides his rich hearers into two classes: those who honestly believe in the immortality of the soul, and those who honestly

disbelieve it ; and to the latter he addresses this touching appeal :

This fate, which you ordain for the wretched, you believe to be all their inheritance ; you may crush them, before the moth, and they will never rise to rebuke you ; their breath, which fails for lack of food, once expiring, will never be recalled to whisper against you a word of accusing ; they and you, as you think, shall lie down together in the dust, and the worms cover you ; and for them there shall be no consolation, and on you no vengeance—only the question murmured above your grave : ‘ Who shall repay him what he hath done ? ’ Is it therefore easier for you, in your heart, to inflict the sorrow for which there is no remedy ? Will you take, wantonly, this little all of his life from your poor brother, and make his brief hours long to him with pain ? Will you be more prompt to the injustice which can never be redressed ; and more niggardly of the mercy which you *can* bestow but once, and which, refusing, you refuse for ever ?

The ‘ *Fors Clavigera* ’ is a series of ‘ Letters to the Labourers and Workmen of Great Britain.’ The first letter was published in January 1871, and for some years one appeared each month, until the writer’s illness broke the series, and the eighth volume is the last. The contents of these letters are very varied. There are pleasant bits of autobiography, pleasant chapters from the life of Sir Walter Scott, descriptions of Italian sculpture and scenery, and there is a constant uplifting of the voice against what Ruskin regards as the falseness of modern civilisation.

There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the Vale of Tempe ; you might have seen the Gods there morning and evening—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the light—walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for Gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get) ; you thought you could get it by what the ‘ Times ’ calls ‘ Railroad Enterprise.’ You Enterprised a Railroad through the valley, you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone,

and the Gods with it ; and now every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton ; which you think a lucrative process of exchange—you Fools Everywhere.

In place of such a false state of society Ruskin cherished his own ideal, and by founding a St. George's Society he made some little progress in actually realising it.

We will try (he says) to take some small piece of English ground, beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads ; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures on it ; none wretched, but the sick ; none idle, but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it ; but instant obedience to known law, and appointed persons : no equality upon it ; but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness.

When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely, not at forty miles an hour, in the risk of our lives ; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts, or on our own, or in carts or boats ; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields, and few bricks.

We will have some music and poetry ; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it ; perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover ; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. The Greeks used to paint pictures of gods on their pots ; we probably cannot do as much, but we may put some pictures of insects on them, and reptiles ; butterflies and frogs, if nothing better. There was an excellent old potter in France who used to put frogs and vipers into his dishes, to the admiration of mankind ; we can surely put something nicer than that.

We must now hasten to a close, and can only mention 'Sesame and Lilies' (1865), one of the most delightful of Ruskin's works, treating of the influence of good books and good women ; 'Ethics of the Dust' (1865), a beautiful and playful work on precious stones ; and 'Love's Meinie' (1873), 'Proserpina' (1875), and 'Deucalion' (1875), which are respectively most charming chapters on birds, flowers, and rocks.

Since 1872 Ruskin has lived at Brantwood, on the shores of Coniston Water, in the beautiful Wordsworth country. His house is kept for him by his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Severn, who is described in the final chapter of 'Præterita,' 'Joanna's Care.'

TENNYSON AND BROWNING

THE present age has been so happy as to possess two poets who have worthily continued if they have not excelled the poetic glory of the early part of the century—Tennyson, with the simplicity and freshness of Wordsworth combined with a music and splendour which Wordsworth seldom reached; and Browning, with the passion and magical command of language of Shelley combined with the deep wisdom which Shelley did not live to attain.

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809, in the rectory of Somersby, a village buried among the Lincolnshire Wolds. He was the youngest of three brothers, and they all loved poetry and began early to write verses. Thomson was at first Alfred's favourite poet, and then Byron; and when news came, in 1824, of the great poet's death, Tennyson thought 'the whole world was at end,' and he wandered out disconsolately and carved 'Byron is dead' upon the sand-hills.

Like his brothers, he was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and, after his father's death, he returned to Somersby to live with his mother and sisters, and to write poems instead of seeking promotion in ordinary ways.

In this retreat he was visited from time to time by college friends who loved him, and especially by his dearest friend of all, Arthur Hallam, the son of the historian.

In 1833 this dear friend died suddenly while travelling with his father in Austria, and Tennyson's deep sorrow found expression at last in the greatest of his poems, 'In Memoriam.'

The earliest volume of Tennyson's poems was published in 1830, then a second in 1833, and in 1842 they were republished with additions and alterations. The collection includes such well-known favourites as the 'May Queen' and 'Locksley Hall,' and such beautiful pictures of antiquity as 'Ænone' and 'Ulysses.'

In 1844 Carlyle, in writing to Emerson, says :

Alfred Tennyson is one of the few British or foreign figures who are, and remain, beautiful to me;—a true human soul to whom your own soul can say, 'Brother!'

One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musically metallic—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous: I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe.

Carlyle also describes Tennyson as 'a man solitary and sad, dwelling in an element of gloom, and carrying a bit of chaos about him,' and the poem 'The Two Voices' seems to be a picture of his condition at this time.

In 1847 'The Princess' appeared, a beautiful mock heroic poem in blank verse. It is a story in seven chapters of a princess who founded a university for women, and of a prince and his companions who by

subtlety gained admission to it. There is much in the poem which is only sportive fancy, but there is also much which appears to express Tennyson's deepest convictions as to the relations of the sexes. Especially beautiful is the passage in the seventh chapter beginning,

For woman is not undevelop't man,
But diverse.

There are scattered through the poem little gems of song such as

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean ;

and the passionate lyric beginning,

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums.

In 1850 'In Memoriam' was published without the author's name ; but no name was needed ; and the pathos, the wisdom, and the noble simplicity of the poem found instant recognition. 'Lycidas' and 'Adonais' are the only English poems with which we can compare it, and Tennyson's is a more splendid memorial of friendship than either Shelley's or Milton's.

'In Memoriam' consists of more than a hundred short poems, all written in the same simple metre, and each one striking a new chord of grief. Sometimes it is a picture of the happy days of friendship that have fled, sometimes a description of the desolation in which he now finds himself, and often it is a passionate yearning after the life to come, and an eager questioning of philosophy and religion concerning the aspirations and hopes of man.¹

¹ As examples of these various moods of grief may be mentioned the poems numbered 89, 6, 83, and 54.

On the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson was appointed 'Poet Laureate' with the hearty approval of all men.

In 1855 he published 'Maud,' but it added little to his fame, though it has some magnificent passages. In 1859 the 'Idylls of the King' appeared—the longest and perhaps the finest of all his works.

The story of Arthur, which had captivated Spenser and tempted Milton and Dryden, had haunted Tennyson for many years, and among his early poems there is a first essay, the 'Mort d'Arthur.' He now selected some of the most interesting of the old legends, 'Geraint and Enid,' 'Merlin and Vivien,' 'Lancelot and Elaine,' and 'Guinivere,' and set them to the music of his own noble language. Nothing can well be finer in execution than the description of the last parting between the king and the guilty queen in the last of these poems.

Since the 'Idylls' Tennyson has written several fine poems, among which may be specially mentioned the beautiful story of 'Enoch Arden' (1864), and the short but exquisite poem, 'Lucretius' (1868).

He has also written several dramas, such as 'Harold' and 'Queen Mary,' but they are not equal in merit to his descriptive and lyrical works. In 1892 Tennyson died.

The question would be hard to determine whether Tennyson or Browning is the greater poet. The former will almost certainly be more widely popular; for, with the exception of a few stanzas, all which he has written is as intelligible as it is beautiful, while much of Browning's work is dark in meaning. The admirers of the latter poet will however maintain that he has a greater

creative power, a wider range of faculties, and that he has given us a greater wealth of new ideas.

Robert Browning was born in Camberwell in 1812, and is the last of a long line of poets who were Londoners. His father was a well-to-do banker's clerk, and was, besides, a scholar, poet, and artist. In 'Asolando,' Browning's latest work, he recalls the wise way in which, when he was a child of five, his father began to give him a love for Homer.

He began to write poems from an early age, and at twelve had enough to fill a small volume. At thirteen he secured a copy of Shelley's works, which were then almost unknown, and he was kindled with a new enthusiasm, and felt that all which he had written hitherto was worthless.

In 'Pauline,' the earliest of his published poems, there is a beautiful tribute to Shelley :

Sun-treader, life and light be thine for ever !
Thou art gone from us ; years go by, and spring
Gladdens, and the young earth is beautiful,
Yet thy songs come not ; other bards arise,
But none like thee.
But thou art still for me who have adored
Tho' single, panting but to hear thy name,
Which I believed a spell to me alone,
Scarce deeming thou wast as a star to men.

'Pauline' was published in 1833, and attracted little attention, though here and there a good judge recognised that a new poet of rare though immature genius had arisen.

Browning then went for a year into Italy, and on his return wrote 'Paracelsus,' which was published in

1835. It is a kind of drama in five parts. In the first, Paracelsus, who is young, ardent, and thirsting for knowledge, is parting from his dearly loved friends, Festus and Michal. They seek to restrain him from venturing into the wide unknown world, but he resists their fond entreaties.

I go to prove my soul ;
 I see my way as birds their trackless way.
 I shall arrive ; what time, what circuit first,
 I ask not : but unless God send His hail
 Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
 In some time, His good time, I shall arrive :
 He guides me and the bird in His good time !

In the last part Paracelsus is an old man lying at the point of death. He has seen much, has sinned and suffered. Men have regarded his discoveries as witchcraft or trickery, and he feels that his name will be held in scorn. But all will be clear at last, and in that hope he dies :

If I stoop
 Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud
 It is but for a time ; I press God's lamp
 Close to my breast ; its splendour, soon or late,
 Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge one day.

'Paracelsus' is, like several of Browning's greatest works, the history of a soul, the subtle analysis of the influence which adverse surroundings have upon an earnest but imperfect nature, marring and staining it, and yet calling forth its utmost strength in the struggle for victory.

'Paracelsus' was enthusiastically welcomed by a few finer spirits, and among others by the great actor Macready, for whom Browning in the following year wrote the play of 'Strafford.' Half a dozen years later the

beautiful play of 'The Blot on the 'Scutcheon' was brought out by the same great actor, and Charles Dickens was in raptures over it, and declared it to be the greatest work of the century.

Browning's next work after 'Strafford' was 'Sordello,' which is again the history of a soul; but it was and is the most abstruse of all the poet's works. Amusing stories are told of the bewilderment of readers. Tennyson said, 'There were only two lines in it that I understood, and they were both lies; they were the opening and closing lines, *Who will may hear Sordello's story told*, and *Who would has heard Sordello's story told*.' Carlyle also bore witness, 'My wife has read through "Sordello" without being able to make out whether Sordello was a man, or a city, or a book.'

In 1841 appeared the beautiful poem or drama, 'Pippa Passes,' which at once gained public favour. Browning in these years spent much of his time in the woods of Dulwich, wandering there in the early morning or late at night, and there he beheld the marvellous sunrise with which the poem opens:

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

'Pippa Passes' was the first of a series of eight little volumes or pamphlets of poetry, which came out at intervals between 1841 and 1846 under the pretty title of 'Bells and Pomegranates.' Several of the numbers were dramas, 'King Victor and King Charles,' 'The Return of the Druses,' 'Colombe's Birthday,' and 'Luria,' and among the smaller poems were 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin,' 'How they brought the Good News,' 'The Lost Leader,' 'The Tomb at St. Praxed's,' 'The Boy and the Angel,' and 'Saul,' which are all very beautiful.

In 1846, after the eighth number of 'Bells and Pomegranates' was published, Browning was married to Miss Elizabeth Barrett, who was herself a writer of fine genius, and the poet and poetess left England and made Italy their home. They lived first at Pisa, then at Florence, and, except for one or two short visits to France and London, there they remained till Mrs. Browning's death in 1861.

Her chief work during this Italian sojourn was the beautiful poem, 'Aurora Leigh,' which placed her above all English poetesses. Her husband's work during the same period was the poem, 'Easter Eve and Christmas Day,' and two other volumes of shorter poems entitled 'Men and Women.'

The closing poem of this series is entitled 'One Word More,' and is addressed to E. B. B.

There they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished !
Take them, Love, the book and me together ;
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

Then he goes on to tell how Raphael wrote a little

volume of sonnets, and Dante painted a picture of an angel, not for the world, but for the one soul whom he loved, and he regrets that he cannot imitate them.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me ;
So it seems : I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me ;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing :
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love !

After his wife's death Browning's chief work was 'The Ring and the Book,' his masterpiece. He bought in Florence, in 1865, the little vellum-covered volume, two hundred years old, which contained the story of the trial of Count Guido Franceschini for the murder of his wife and her foster parents. The story fascinated him ; he brooded over it, and it grew up in his mind into the wonderful creation which is unfolded in the twelve books of the poem.

The incident itself is vulgar enough, though piteous and horrible ; but Browning shows his wonderful power of mental analysis in depicting the murder and the causes which led up to it, as they appeared to one portion of the public and then to another. The chief actors themselves give their presentment of the story : Count Guido ; his child-wife Pompilia, whose life is flickering to an end ; the Canon Caponsacchi, who attempted to rescue her ; and the aged Pope Innocent XIII., on whose final judgment Guido's fate hangs.

The most beautiful of the books is the one entitled 'Pompilia,' in which the poor child-wife tells her story

to the pitying bystanders, how she was married, without giving consent, by her fond scheming mother to Count Guido, how he drove her friends from her and ill-treated her, how she escaped from him and enjoyed a little time of sweet rest with her baby and her parents, until her husband with his confederates burst in upon them and did their murderous work.

Of her husband she says :

We shall not meet in this world nor the next,
But where will God be absent? In His face
Is light, but in His shadow healing too :
Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed !
And as my presence was importunate —
My earthly good, temptation and a snare—
Nothing about me but drew somehow down
His hate upon me—somewhat so excused.
Therefore, since hate was thus the truth of him,
May my evanishment for evermore
Help further to relieve the heart that cast
Such object of its natural loathing forth !
So he was made ; he nowise made himself :
I could not love him, but his mother did.

And of her baby who is safe, and whom she will never see again, she says :

So is detached, so left all by itself,
The little life, the fact which means so much.
Shall not God stoop the kindlier to His work,
His marvel of creation, foot would crush,
Now that the hand He trusted to receive
And hold it, lets the treasure fall perforce ?
The better ; He shall have in orphanage
His own way all the clearer ; if my babe
Outlived the hour—and he has lived two weeks—
It is through God, who knows I am not by.
Who is it makes the soft gold hair turn black,
And sets the tongue, might lie so long at rest,

Trying to talk? Let us leave God alone!
Why should I doubt He will explain in time
What I feel now, but fail to find the words?
My babe nor was, nor is, nor yet shall be
Count Guido Franceschini's child at all—
Only his mother's, born of love, not hate!

Since 'The Ring and the Book' Browning has written many works, but none so great. In 'Balaustion's Adventure' (1871), 'Aristophanes' Apology' (1875), and 'The Agamemnon of Æschylus' (1877) he has caught the spirit and beauty of Greek tragedy. 'Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau' (1871) is a picture of Napoleon III., and the complex problems of life which beset him. 'Fifine at the Fair' (1872) is regarded by many of the poet's admirers as one of his very greatest works. Even an ordinary reader will catch in its perusal glimpses of great beauty; but the poem as a whole, though not so obscure as 'Sordello,' remains an enigma.

Browning died in December 1889, a day or two after the publication of 'Asolando,' his last book of poems. There are in the little volume many true-hearted songs, and the epilogue is especially noble and pathetic.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

WE have passed in review the great names which have made this century famous, but others remain which may not be omitted. The writers of the past centuries—all except a few of the greatest—have ceased to be generally interesting; but it is different with those of the age in

which we live. They are interesting to us, though they may not be so to our grandchildren. Besides, the final judgment of posterity is sometimes very different from that of contemporaries, and it may be that some who are now counted greatest may finally change places with those who are in the second rank.

The famous '**Edinburgh Review**' was started in 1802 by three young men of great energy and talent, Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham. The first of these gives a witty account of the origin of the '**Review**.'

One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the '**Edinburgh Review**.' The motto I proposed for the '**Review**' was *Tenui musam meditamur avena* ('We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal'). But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal.

The '**Review**' soon became a great power in the country on account of the brilliancy of its articles, and its boldness in attacking abuses in government and in the administration of the law. Sir Walter Scott was a contributor for a few years, but the politics of the '**Review**' were distasteful to him, and he ceased to write in it about 1808.

The tone of the '**Review**' towards young authors was often one of merciless severity. Brougham is thought to have been the writer of the insulting review of Byron's '**Hours of Idleness**,' which called forth the indignant re-

joinder, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' Jeffrey became editor in 1803, and continued in that post till 1829, and to him more than to any other the great and well-merited success of the 'Review' was owing. There is an interesting account of him in Carlyle's 'Reminiscences.' He was a man of fine gifts and culture, a kind of 'Scotch Voltaire'; but he was deficient in imagination, and failed to recognise the beauty and power of Wordsworth's poetry, or of the strange, new ideas of Carlyle.

The '**Quarterly Review**' was started in 1808 as a Tory organ in opposition to the Whig 'Edinburgh.' Sir Walter Scott and Southey were two of its most constant contributors. The editor was William Gifford, who was well known as an editor of the old dramatists, and Byron had the highest respect for his critical skill and judgment.

Southey says of Gifford, 'He had a heart full of kindness for all living creatures except authors; them he regarded as a fishmonger regards eels, or as Isaac Walton did slugs, worms, and frogs.'

The '**Quarterly**' was no less severe than the 'Edinburgh,' and its pitiless criticism of Keats' poems called forth the indignant 'Adonais' of Shelley.

The witty **Tom Moore**, the friend and biographer of Byron, was born in Dublin in 1779. He began to write verses when he was fourteen, and in 1800 he published a translation of the 'Odes of Anacreon.' He then obtained a post in Bermuda, and paid a visit also to Canada, of which the 'Canadian Boat Song' is a melodious memorial. He soon returned to England and published

two volumes of 'Odes and Epistles,' which were severely reviewed by Jeffrey in the 'Edinburgh.' The poet challenged the reviewer, and they met at Chalk Farm; but the police interrupted the duel, and the affair created much merriment.

In 1810 he gained the friendship of Byron, and never lost it. A few years later Byron said of him :

Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice—all his own; and an expression in each, which never was nor will be possessed by another. In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted.

In 1812 Moore wrote a collection of satirical political poems under the title of 'The Twopenny Postbag,' and fourteen editions were issued in the year. In 1813–14 he published his 'Irish Melodies,' many of which are very beautiful, though the beauty is somewhat artificial and affected.

Hazlitt said Moore 'converted the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box'; but this is too spiteful a judgment.

In 1817 he wrote the oriental romance, 'Lalla Rookh,' which was immensely popular in England, and we are told it delighted the Persians themselves.

In 1825 he wrote the 'Life of Sheridan,' and in 1830 the 'Life of Byron.'

He died in 1852.

Samuel Rogers was another of the trusted friends of Byron. He was born in 1763 and lived till 1855. His chief poems were: 'Ode to Superstition,' 1786; 'Pleasures of Memory,' 1793; 'Human Life,' 1819; and

'Italy,' 1823. His poems were splendidly illustrated with drawings by Turner and Stothard at a cost of 15,000*l.*, and these beautiful volumes were the means by which Ruskin's love for art was first kindled.

Rogers's poems are filled with a tranquil beauty, and they are the works of a man of fine taste and culture. His treatment of Italian legends is especially beautiful, and 'Ginevra,' 'The Foscari,' and 'The Brides of Venice' may be mentioned as instances of this.

Byron, in speaking of Rogers, says :

On all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is as pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing-room, his library—you of yourself say, This is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book, thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor.

Charles Lamb, the gentle and genial author of 'Elia,' was born in 1775. His father occupied a humble post in the Inner Temple, and one of the most delightful of the 'Essays of Elia' is filled with old memories of that place :

I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river—I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places? These are of my oldest recollections.

He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where Coleridge was his schoolfellow, and there the friendship began which ended only with their lives. In 1792 he obtained a post in the service of the East India Company, and the first of his pleasant essays is on the old 'South Sea House,' where he was a clerk for many a year :

The clerks were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Humourists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay monastery.

Lamb himself remained a bachelor for life that he might watch over his sister Mary, who was subject to fits of madness, and who unhappily killed her mother during one of these attacks.

His first publication was in 1797, when a volume of poems was issued, the joint production of Coleridge, Lamb, and Lloyd. 'Rosamund Gray' appeared the next year, and the play of 'John Woodvil' in 1802; but none of these were works of great merit. In 1807 the pleasant 'Tales from Shakspeare' appeared, the joint work of Lamb and his sister, and in the following year he published 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets,' and in this work he displayed great power and delicacy as a critic and interpreter.

But his choicest work, his one work that will not die, is the 'Essays of Elia,' published in 1823, and filled with quaint and delicate humour worthy of Addison or Goldsmith. All the chapters are delightful; some have been already quoted; others specially beautiful are 'Oxford in the Vacation,' 'Poor Relations,' and 'Dream Children.'

Lamb died in 1834, and his sister outlived him twelve years.

Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow in 1777, and was the youngest of eleven children. He went at a very early age to the University, and gained immediate distinction by his translations of Greek poetry. From 1794 to 1797 he served as a tutor in a gentleman's family in the Western Highlands, and to this period belong his ballads of 'Glengara' and 'Lord Ullin's Daughter.'

He then settled in Edinburgh, and was engaged in miscellaneous literary work and in private teaching. Here, in 1799, he published his chief poem, 'Pleasures of Hope,' which became at once a favourite with the public. The title of the poem and the treatment of the subject suggest a comparison with Rogers' 'Pleasures of Memory,' which was published in 1798, and on the whole the preference is to be given to the earlier poem.

In 1800 Campbell went to Hamburg, and visited also Ratisbon, Munich, and Leipzig, and caught a glimpse of actual warfare. 'I stood with the good monks of St. Jacob to overlook a charge of Klenaw's cavalry upon the French encamped below us.'

He was in Hamburg again in December 1800, and in that month the battle of Hohenlinden was fought. Campbell's stirring poem on this subject is perhaps the best of all his works. Scott used to recite it with enthusiasm, and Byron declared it to be 'perfectly magnificent.'

While in Germany Campbell wrote 'Ye Mariners of England' and 'The Soldier's Dream,' which were

published in the 'Morning Chronicle'; and soon after his return to England, in 1801, he wrote 'The Battle of the Baltic.' In 1803 he married and settled in London, and in 1805 he received from the Government a pension of 200*l.* as a reward for his patriotic poems.

In 1809 Campbell published 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' a simple and graceful poem describing the destruction of a Pennsylvanian village by the Indians during the War of Independence. Washington Irving in speaking of this poem says :

There is no great scope in the story, nor any very skilful development of the plan, but it contains passages of exquisite grace and tenderness, and others of spirit and grandeur, and the character of Outalissi is a classic delineation of one of our native savages :

'A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.'

From this time forward Campbell laboured in London as a literary man. He lectured on poetry at the Royal Institution, published 'Specimens of British Poets' in 1819, and became editor of the 'New Monthly Magazine' in 1820.

He was one of the chief workers in the founding of the London University, and he was elected for three successive years Rector of his own University of Glasgow.

In 1843 his health failed, and he died the next year at Boulogne. At his funeral, in Westminster Abbey, a Polish noble scattered upon his coffin a handful of earth from the grave of the Polish hero Kosciusko, whose praises are sung in the 'Pleasures of Hope.'

Leigh Hunt was born in 1784, and when he was more than sixty years old he wrote his 'Autobiography,' a collection of delightful reminiscences of bygone men and times. He, like Coleridge and Lamb, was a scholar at Christ's Hospital, and came a few years after them, while the memory of them was still fresh there.

After leaving school, Hunt wrote a volume of verses, which his father published in 1802. Then he began to write sketches in newspapers and came in contact with shoals of poor authors.

One of them, poor fellow ! might have cut a figure in Smollett. He was a proper ideal author, in rusty black, out at elbows, thin and pale. He brought me an ode about an eagle, for which the publisher of a magazine, he said, had had 'the inhumanity' to offer him half-a-crown. His necessity for money he did not deny; but his great anxiety was to know whether, as a poetical composition, his ode was not worth more. 'Is that *poetry*, sir?' cried he; 'that's what I want to know—is that *poetry*?' rising from his chair, and staring and trembling in all the agony of contested excellence.

In 1808 he with his brother John established a weekly paper called the 'Examiner,' and in it he made, a few years later, a sharp attack upon the Prince Regent, whom he called 'a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, and a companion of gamblers,' and for this libel the brothers were sentenced to two years' imprisonment in separate gaols.

Leigh Hunt's prison was the old Horsemonger Lane Gaol, and he passed his time not uncomfortably.

I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up with their busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a

handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise, on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a gaol, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale.

He came out of prison in 1815, and in succeeding chapters of the 'Autobiography' we have pleasant accounts of intercourse with Byron and Shelley, with Keats and Wordsworth, and in later times with Carlyle. The following is a striking little picture which he gives of Wordsworth's eyes :

I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires, half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes.

While in prison Leigh Hunt wrote the 'Story of Rimini,' a graceful Italian tale in verse, and he also wrote two other small volumes of poems. During his long lifetime he established several periodicals, and wrote several little works filled with his pleasant vein of fancy and imagination. The best of these are 'The Town,' 'Men, Women, and Books,' 'A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla,' and, above all, the book of his old age, the 'Autobiography.'

For some years he was a near neighbour and an intimate friend of the Carlyles at Chelsea, and there are interesting references to him in Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' and in Mrs. Carlyle's 'Letters.' He died in 1859.

John Keats, the poet whose sad fate Shelley mourned for in the 'Adonais,' was born in 1795. He was educated at a school at Enfield, and learnt no

Greek there, though in later years he became so passionately fond of Greek legends, and reproduced them in his poems with rare truth and beauty. He is described as being a youth 'of much beauty of feature: his eyes were large and sensitive, flashing with strong emotion or suffused with tender sympathies.' Like other young poets, he was enthusiastically fond of Spenser. 'He ramped through the scenes of the romance like a young horse turned into a spring meadow; he could talk of nothing else: his countenance would light up at each rich expression, and his strong frame would tremble with emotion as he read.'

His delight in Chapman's Homer was equally great, and he would 'read it all night long, with intense delight, even shouting aloud when some especial passage struck his imagination.' His sonnet 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer' is very beautiful.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Fill I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

After leaving school Keats was apprenticed to a surgeon; but he soon resolved to make poetry instead of

medicine the business of his life. Leigh Hunt was one of his friends and advisers, and the reviewers contemptuously classed them together as the founders of a new style—‘the Cockney School of poetry.’

In 1818 he published ‘Endymion,’ of which the opening lines are so beautiful:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

The legend which follows shows much vagueness and immaturity of taste and judgment; but there are passages of great beauty, and the poem as a whole is far from deserving the scurrilous severity of the ‘Quarterly Review.’

Two years later another volume of poems was published, containing among others the ‘Eve of St. Agnes,’ ‘Lamia,’ and ‘Hyperion.’ They all showed an increase in poetic genius, and they were criticised with kindly appreciation by Jeffrey in the ‘Edinburgh.’ Lord Byron said of the fragment ‘Hyperion’ that it ‘seemed actually inspired by the Titans and as sublime as Æschylus.’

Meanwhile the young poet was dying of consumption. Shelley begged him to come to Pisa, and in September 1820 he sailed for Italy. He went first to Naples, and then to Rome, and died there in the following February, his friend Severn, the artist, watching tenderly over him to the last. His burial-place in the Protestant cemetery at Rome was lovingly described by Shelley, and over the

grave the line is inscribed which the poet himself directed : ' Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the brilliant essayist and historian, was born in 1800. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was a man of energy and enterprise, had been governor of Sierra Leone, was greatly interested in negro emancipation, and was an intimate friend and fellow-worker with Wilberforce.

The early years of the boy were spent in the heart of the City, then at Clapham, then at a private school, and in 1818 he entered the University of Cambridge. In the Union Debating Society he was one of the most brilliant orators ; but he did not love mathematics, and his name did not appear in the Tripos lists.

With other talented young men of the university he began to write in Charles Knight's ' Quarterly Magazine,' and in 1825 he won a splendid and instant reputation by his article on Milton in the ' Edinburgh.' Five years later he was enabled, through the help of Lord Lansdowne, to enter Parliament, and his speech in favour of parliamentary reform won warm praise even from opponents. ' Portions of the speech,' said Sir Robert Peel, ' were as beautiful as anything I have ever heard or read. It reminded one of the old times.'

In 1833 he was elected a member of the Supreme Council of India, and he spent the next four or five years in that far-off land. His labours there were great and beneficent, especially in connection with education and the administration of the law, and he gained the experience

which lends so rich a colour to the articles on Clive and Warren Hastings.

In 1838 he was home again, and paid a visit to Italy, and shortly afterwards wrote his beautiful and stirring 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' His series of articles in the 'Edinburgh' had never been quite interrupted, even when he was in India, and in 1839 he wrote his review of Mr. Gladstone's book on 'The State in its relations with the Church.' But he was meditating his own 'History of England,' and hoped 'to produce something which should for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.' His hopes were more than realised, and the instant popularity of the first two volumes delighted himself and his friends and his publishers. The constant succession of striking pictures, the lucid and vigorous language, and the never-ceasing flow of illustrations appeal to even the meanest intellects, and the History will long continue to be one of the most popular of books.

Yet it is not one of the greatest, not one of those to which we return again and again, allured by new and inspiring ideas, or the charm of a noble style. Compared with Carlyle's exquisite pictures of men and things, so magical, so truthful, Macaulay's are often commonplace and superficial, and the music of some of his finest passages has a hard and metallic ring. Yet it is honest, genuine work, based on the widest knowledge of books and men, and on the most untiring research.

Macaulay died in December 1859, and Thackeray lovingly commemorates him in one of the 'Roundabout Papers.'

John Henry Newman was born in 1801, and in his 'Apologia' he gives occasionally interesting glimpses of his early life :

I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible ; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true ; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world.

In later years we find this childish fancy still lingering, but in a nobler form. In his sermon on ' St. Michael and All Angels ' he says :

Whenever we look abroad we are reminded of those most gracious and holy Beings, the servants of the Holiest, who deign to minister to the heirs of salvation. Every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven. Suppose an inquirer, when examining a flower or a herb, or a pebble, or a ray of light, which he treats as something so beneath him in the scale of existence, suddenly discovered that he was in the presence of some powerful being who was hidden behind the visible things he was inspecting, who, though concealing his wise hand, was giving them their beauty, grace, and perfection, as being God's instrument for the purpose, nay, whose robe and instruments those wondrous objects were which he was so eager to analyse, what would be his thoughts ?

In due course Newman went to Oxford, was a student at Trinity, and afterwards a fellow at Oriel, and became, with Keble and Pusey, the soul of the great revival known as the 'Oxford Movement.' In 1828 he became vicar of St. Mary's, the university church, and many are the testimonies to the thrilling effect of his sermons there. Matthew Arnold says :

Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition gliding, in the dim afternoon light, through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the

pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, subtle, sweet, mournful?

I seem to hear him still saying, 'After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggles and succeeding: after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.'

In 1833 the series of the famous 'Tracts for the Times' was begun, and Newman was the editor. The series closed in 1841 with 'Tract XC.,' of which Newman was the writer, and which raised so great a storm of opposition that in 1843 he resigned the living of St. Mary's, and in 1845 he joined the Church of Rome. A few years later he wrote the extremely interesting story, 'Loss and Gain,' the hero of which, Charles Reding, has a life experience similar in many points to that of the author.

Nearly twenty years later, Charles Kingsley rashly charged Dr. Newman with insincerity, and the charge drew from him the splendid vindication, the 'Apologia pro vita sua,' which is a beautiful delineation of the history of a soul. The present pope, soon after his accession, created Dr. Newman a Cardinal, and Englishmen of all creeds were proud of the honour conferred on one of the most gifted of their countrymen.

The list of Cardinal Newman's works is a long one, comprising more than thirty volumes, and they all display great beauty of language and subtlety and power of argument; but the volumes we turn to with greatest pleasure, are those which contain his parochial sermons preached while he was still within the fold of the Anglican Church.

John Stuart Mill was born in 1806, and he has left us a marvellous account of his early education. He did not remember when he began to learn Greek, but before he was eight he had read the whole of Herodotus and parts of Plato and Xenophon. His teacher was his father, James Mill, a man of great force of character, who wrote a very able history of India, and works on philosophy and political economy.

The father was a sceptic, what we now call an Agnostic, and the son tells us :

I was one who had not thrown off religious belief, but never had it; I grew up in a negative state with regard to it. I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me.

The boy became acquainted with his father's philosophical friends, and among others with David Ricardo, the political economist, and Jeremy Bentham, the father of the Utilitarian system of philosophy, and in 1822 he founded, with Charles Austin, George Grote, and other like-minded young men, the Utilitarian Society for the discussion of Bentham's views.

James Mill held the office of Examiner in the East India House, and in 1823 his son was appointed under him and remained in that service for many years. In the same year the 'Westminster Review' was started by Bentham as a Radical organ of opinion in opposition to the Tory 'Quarterly' and the Whig 'Edinburgh,' and the Mills, both father and son, were frequent contributors.

For some years the young Mill continued ardent, eager, hopeful, full of enthusiasm for the good of mankind. Then, at the age of twenty, a cloud fell upon him,

and all his ideals seemed unsatisfying. Coleridge's lines, he tells us, exactly described his state :

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet or relief
In word, or sigh, or tear.

At length he found relief in the sweetness and healing influence of Wordsworth's minor poems :

What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings which I was in quest of.

When Carlyle settled in London, he found Mill was one of his ardent admirers, and, though in later years they stood far apart, Mill still thought of him with justice and good feeling.

I did not deem myself a competent judge of Carlyle. I felt that he was a man of intuition, which I was not ; and that, as such, he not only saw many things long before me, which could only, when they were pointed out to me, hobble after and prove, but that it was highly probable he could see many things which were not visible to me even after they were pointed out.

In 1843 Mill published his greatest work, the 'System of Logic,' a work far in advance of any previous work on the subject, in luminous method, in fulness of illustration, and in adaptation to the latest advances in scientific discovery.

Five years later he published his 'Principles of Political Economy,' which is in many respects an excellent work, but some of its fundamental principles have been rudely shaken by Ruskin and others.

In 1859 he published a little book on 'Liberty,' which he rated as the best of all his works, and two years later there appeared a work on 'Representative Government.'

Mill died in 1873, and the 'Autobiography' and 'Three Essays on Religion' appeared after his death.

Charles Darwin is placed by his admirers on as high a pinnacle as Newton, and for somewhat similar reasons. The 'Law of Gravitation' was a master idea which many minds had been feeling after, and which harmonised a host of isolated truths, and supplied a firm basis on which to build a vast structure of astronomical science. So, too, in the world of natural history, the accumulation of facts and observations was enormous, and men were seeking after some law or master idea which should bind all the countless facts together in due order and connection. Darwin's law of 'Natural Selection,' or, as it is now more aptly called, 'Survival of the Fittest,' supplied the clue that was needed, and the most eminent naturalists, both in England and abroad, have accepted and welcomed it.

Darwin was born at Shrewsbury in 1809, and was a pupil in the Grammar School there. At the age of sixteen he went to Edinburgh University, and two years later to Cambridge, where he greatly enjoyed the teaching of Henslow the botanist.

Then, in 1831, he accepted an offer to accompany, as naturalist without pay, H.M.S. *Beagle* in a voyage round the world. He tells us that the voyage was the most important event of his life and determined his whole career. It lasted for five years, and they visited South

America, Australia and New Zealand, and many of the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific. After his return he wrote his 'Journal of Researches,' and it is a wonderful record of patient and sagacious observation.

He then married and settled at Down House, near Orpington in Kent, where he spent the rest of his days, among his plants and birds, maturing his observations and meditating the great ideas which they gave birth to. It is remarkable that his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, an eminent botanist of the last century, disbelieved the orthodox notion that all species of plants and animals had been distinct from the beginning. Buffon in France and Goethe in Germany believed that species were not immutable, that the endless varieties had been derived from one or more types, and that they were still slowly but constantly changing.

To Goethe and Buffon this truth remained only as a belief, but Darwin fortified it with so complete an array of observed facts that it seemed to gain the surety of a law.

In 1859 his great work 'On the Origin of Species' was published, and even those who would not accept the author's conclusions could not but admire his luminous method, and the ease with which he marshalled his countless array of facts. Lapse of time has confirmed his conclusions, has turned opponents into advocates, and has proved the 'Origin of Species' to be an epoch-making book.

In 1871 'The Descent of Man' was published, which to old-fashioned people was a more startling book than the 'Origin of Species.' Darwin wrote various other

works on interesting points in natural history and geology, and his last, on the 'Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms,' is an admirable example of his patience and skill and sagacity as an observer.

In April 1882 he died, and his 'Life and Letters,' since published by his son, give a beautiful picture of a gentle-natured seeker after truth.

James Anthony Froude, the trusted friend and literary executor of Carlyle, was born at Dartington, in Devon, on April 23 (Shakspeare's birthday), in 1818. His father was Archdeacon of Totnes, and his elder brother, Richard Hurrell Froude, was the bosom friend of Newman, and one of the moving spirits of the 'Oxford Movement.' James also was intended for the Church, and was entered at Oriel (Newman's college) in 1836, and in due course gained a fellowship at Exeter College.

Like other young men, he came under the strong influence of Newman, and took some part with him in writing certain 'Lives of the English Saints.' But his heart was perhaps never entirely in this work, and Carlyle's influence was telling upon him and proving stronger than Newman's :

I wrote an account of St. Neot at the request of a person for whom I had a profound personal admiration. But in my reading on that occasion, and in my subsequent hagiological studies, I found myself in an atmosphere where any story seemed to pass as true that was edifying. I did not like my occupation, and drew out of it.¹

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, April 1879.

In 1844 Froude took deacon's orders, but in each succeeding year he felt his position become more and more untenable. In 1847 he published anonymously 'Shadows of the Clouds,' and in 1848 'Nemesis of Faith,' and thereupon surrendered his fellowship.

The 'Nemesis of Faith' is a series of letters written by a youth, Markham Sutherland, to a friend, and picturing the mental conflicts through which he passed in losing first his early faith, and then in making shipwreck of his life. The first part of the work is undoubtedly a picture of Froude himself, but happily not the latter.

Markham Sutherland speaks thus of the rival influences that were attracting him :

Newman grew up in Oxford, in lectures and college chapels and school divinity ; Carlyle in the Scotch Highlands and the poetry of Goethe.

And as an outcome of the conflict he says :

I do not dishonour the Bible. I honour it above all books. The New Testament alone, since I have been able to read it humanly, has to me outweighed all the literature of the world.

Froude, after surrendering his fellowship, maintained himself by literature, writing articles in 'Fraser's Magazine' and the 'Westminster Review,' which have been reproduced and preserved in 'Short Studies on Great Subjects.' The article on 'England's Forgotten Worthies' appeared in 1852, that on 'Job' in 1853, and that on 'Spinoza' in 1854, and all of them show a rare descriptive power and a keen and delicate critical insight.

In 1856 the first two volumes of his 'History of England' appeared; other volumes followed at intervals, and the final volumes, the eleventh and twelfth, appeared in 1870. This great work treats of the period from the fall of Wolsey to the destruction of the Armada, and gives wonderfully vivid pictures of the persons and the incidents of those eventful times.

Froude has been bitterly accused by Freeman and others of carelessness and inaccuracy in the use of his materials, and of unscrupulous partiality. That he was somewhat careless seems established, but that he was honest in his convictions is beyond all doubt. His great theme was the story of the Reformation, and in 1891 he wrote:

I believe the Reformation to have been the greatest incident in English history, the root and source of the expansive force which has spread the Anglo-Saxon race over the globe, and imprinted the English genius and character on the constitution of mankind.

In 1872 Froude published in three volumes his work on 'The English in Ireland,' describing the period from 1641 to 1798. In 1874 he was sent on a mission of inquiry to the Cape, and his visit to that and other parts of the world resulted in the little volume 'Oceana,' which was published in 1886.

Shortly after Carlyle's death, in 1881, Froude, as his literary executor, edited the two volumes of the 'Reminiscences'; then in 1882 he published the first two volumes of his 'Life of Carlyle'; two years later the final two volumes; and shortly afterwards he edited the three volumes of 'Letters of Mrs. Carlyle.'

After the death of his antagonist, Professor Freeman, Froude was appointed to succeed him in the Chair of Modern History at Oxford, and delivered lectures which were greatly admired, notably those on Drake and Erasmus.

Froude died, after a short illness, in October 1894.

George Eliot did for the Midland Counties of England what Scott did for the Lowlands of Scotland, though with a lower degree of power and beauty. 'Silas Marner' and 'Adam Bede,' in their truth to nature, are akin to 'The Heart of Midlothian'; but Scott possessed a range and richness of fancy to which George Eliot could not rise.

The authoress, Mary Ann Evans, was born in Warwickshire in 1819. Her father was a land agent who had once been a carpenter, and his simple but noble nature is reproduced in 'Adam Bede.' 'Dinah Morris' is said to be a portrait of Elizabeth Evans, an aunt of the authoress, who is herself portrayed in 'Maggie Tulliver.'

Her first publication was a translation of Strauss' 'Life of Jesus' in 1846, and a few years later she became sub-editor of the 'Westminster Review.' In 1857 her first work of fiction, 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' appeared, then 'Adam Bede' in 1859, and 'The Mill on the Floss' in 1860. Her first publication had been anonymous, and she now adopted and retained the *nom de plume* of 'George Eliot.' Other novels followed, and one of the best of them, 'Romola,' was published in the 'Cornhill Magazine.' 'Daniel Deronda,' which was one

of her latest stories, has some beautiful studies of Jewish character, but it lacks the charm of her earlier and simpler stories.

George Eliot was a poetess as well as novelist. She wrote the 'Spanish Gypsy,' the 'Legend of Jubal,' and a few shorter poems. In these she shows something of Wordsworth, his high and noble purpose, but little of the charm of his imagination. One of the best of the shorter poems is the noble one beginning,

O may I join the choir invisible.

George Eliot died in December 1880.

Matthew Arnold, the brilliant critic from whom we have so often quoted, was born in 1822. His father was the well-known Dr. Arnold, and he was appointed Head Master of Rugby School when Matthew was six years old. For summer holidays Dr. Arnold took a pleasant house at Fox Howe in Westmoreland, and enjoyed there the friendship of Wordsworth.

Matthew went in due course to Oxford at the time when Newman's influence was at its highest, and his eloquent description of that great man has been already quoted. His love for Oxford never faded, and in one of his prefaces he apostrophises the university in language of extreme tenderness and beauty.

In 1849 Arnold published anonymously 'The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems,' and in 1852 another volume, 'Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems.' These volumes were re-issued with additions in 1853, in 1855, and in 1867, and in 1858 he published a tragedy, 'Merope.' Many of the poems are exquisitely beautiful,

though they do not move us like Tennyson or Browning. Some of them, such as 'The Strayed Reveller,' have caught the spirit of Greek poetry, but we miss the yearning passion of Tennyson's 'Ænone.' The poems, 'The Forsaken Merman,' 'Heine's Grave,' and 'Rugby Chapel,' are some of the best.

But many who do not care for Arnold's poetry greatly enjoy his prose with its sparkling wit and delicate irony. The volume of 'Essays in Criticism' (1865) is a charming work. The essay on Heine in its delicate insight is equal to some of Carlyle's best critical work.

In 1871 he published a whimsical book, 'Friendship's Garland,' sparkling with wit, and humorously attacking British Philistinism, especially as exemplified in G. A. Sala and the 'Daily Telegraph.' Two years earlier he had written 'Culture and Anarchy,' in which he preached his favourite doctrine of 'Sweetness and light.'

The popular religion of England, the unreasoning reliance upon the mere letter of the Scripture, has been handled somewhat freely and severely by him in a series of books, 'St. Paul and Protestantism,' 'Literature and Dogma,' and 'God and the Bible.' Arnold shows a fine and true perception of the spiritual excellence of the Old and New Testaments, but the final effect of his criticisms is unsatisfying.

Arnold wrote numerous articles in magazines on current questions in politics, especially in regard to Ireland, and he had a deep-rooted distrust of Mr. Gladstone's proposed remedies.

Matthew Arnold died in April 1888.

SUMMARY.

The Beginnings of English Literature.—The cultivation of literature followed the introduction of Christianity, and first in the North. During the seventh century Northumbria was the supreme power in Britain, and for another century it was foremost in learning and literature. During this period Lindisfarne, Whitby, and Jarrow were great centres of spiritual and intellectual influence.

Bæda.—Bæda was born in 673, and spent his life in the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow. He became proficient in all kinds of learning, and crowds of pupils gathered to hear him teach. On his death-bed he composed some verses in English, and laboured to complete his translation of the Gospel of St. John. His extant works are in Latin, and are very numerous. The best is the 'Ecclesiastical History.'

Cædmon.—All we know of Cædmon we learn from Bæda. He was miraculously endowed with the gift of song. His first song is preserved in what is thought to be its primitive form. On the Ruthwell Cross there is a Runic inscription which is a fragment of a poem on the Rood, and this is thought to be the work of Cædmon. 'Cædmon's Paraphrase' is now considered to be the work of several writers. Milton probably had some knowledge of it.

'Beowulf.'—'Beowulf' is a fine poem of over 6,000 lines, which is preserved in a single manuscript. In its earliest form it belongs to remote pagan times, but it has been re-written by a later Christian poet. The first part describes the beautiful palace of King Hroðgar, the ravages wrought by the fiend Grendel and his mother, and the deliverance wrought by the hero Beowulf. The second part describes the combat between the aged King Beowulf and the dragon which was wasting the land of the Goths.

King Alfred.—During the ninth century the greater part of England was wasted by the Danes, and literature almost perished. King Alfred did his best to restore it, and translated several Latin works into English. Among these was the 'Pastoral Care' of Pope Gregory, and in the preface Alfred gives an interesting picture of the ignorance into which England had relapsed. He also translated

the *Chronicles of Orosius*, and added an account of the voyages of Othere and Wulfstan, two travellers from the land of the Norsemen.

The Saxon Chronicles.—There are seven Saxon Chronicles now existing, and the one marked A is probably the oldest and the parent of the others. It begins B.C. 60, and ends A.D. 1079. Down to 731 it is compiled chiefly from *Bæda*. During the greater part of the ninth century the entries have the marks of contemporary freshness, and Alfred's wars with the Danes are well described. During a great part of the tenth century the entries are meagre, but four fine odes are inserted. During the eleventh century the entries are very few and scattered. Chronicle D is specially rich in Mercian and Northumbrian annals of the eighth and ninth centuries. It is the only one of the Chronicles which gives an account of the Battle of Hastings.

Ælfric.—After Alfred's death literature flagged. War desolated the country and many monasteries lay in ruins. A revival was effected by Dunstan and his followers. Famous schools arose at Glastonbury, Abingdon, and Winchester, and from them came forth the great scholar and writer Ælfric. He became head of the minster of Cerne Abbas, and later Abbot of Eynsham. He wrote two series of homilies, and at the entreaties of his friends he added a third series on the lives of English saints. He also translated parts of the Old Testament, and wrote several grammatical works.

The Latest Saxon Chronicle.—The Peterborough Chronicle is the latest, as it reaches to the year 1154. Down to the year 892 it is copied from the Winchester Chronicle, but with many spurious interpolations. From 1088 to 1090 the entries are by one who knew the Conqueror well, and they appear to have been made at Worcester. The description of the misery of Stephen's reign is by a Peterborough writer, and is very vivid.

Remains of Saxon Literature.—Many Saxon writings are anonymous, and their dates are doubtful. Many perished in the desolating Danish wars. The *Codex Exoniensis* preserved in Exeter Cathedral is one of the chief collections of Saxon poems. The Vercelli book discovered in 1832 is a further important collection. Archbishop Parker, Archbishop Laud, and Sir Robert Cotton were three great collectors of Saxon writings. To them we owe the *Chronicles*, the '*Beowulf*,' and other important works.

Influence of Norman Conquest.—English literature flagged in the eleventh century in consequence of the desolating Danish wars, and also because of the growing intercourse with Normandy. At the Conquest English ceased to have any recognition at court, and the language underwent a great change, case-endings and other in-

flections being rapidly cast off. Three languages, Latin, French, and English, were used side by side in England. From the time of Edward I. for 80 or 90 years French took the place of Latin. Then English once more gained the supremacy.

Latin and French Literature of the Norman Period.—The literature of England during the twelfth century was almost entirely Latin and French. Eadmer, Florence of Worcester, Simeon of Durham, William of Malmesbury, and Henry of Huntingdon, were Englishmen, who wrote in Latin histories of England. Guy of Amiens, William of Poitiers, and Ordericus Vitalis, were Normans, who wrote in Latin an account of the Conquest. Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote a history of the Britons, which is a storehouse of romantic fables. Wace, a native of Jersey, wrote the French metrical romances, 'Brut d'Engleterre' and the 'Roman de Rou.'

Old English Homilies.—The later entries in the Peterborough Chronicle and a few homilies are almost all that we have left of the literature of the twelfth century. Some of these homilies are copied or imitated from those of Ælfric.

The 'Ormulum.'—The 'Ormulum' is a collection of metrical homilies, one for each day of the year, but the single existing copy gives the homilies for thirty-two days only. There are very few French words in the poem, but Scandinavian words and constructions abound. The writer, Orm, or Ormin, belonged to the East of England, and he and his brother Walter were Augustinian monks. He makes no use of alliteration or rhyme, but his verses are smooth and regular. He doubles his consonants after short vowels in a peculiar manner.

Layamon.—The 'Brut' of Layamon is a long poem which is a translation and expansion of the 'Brut' of Wace. The additions excel the original, and there are but few French words in the work. The writer was a priest living at Ernleye on the Severn. His treatment of the legends of King Arthur is specially beautiful.

The 'Ancren Riwe.'—This work was written for a sisterhood of nuns who lived at Tarente on the Stour, in Dorset, and the author is thought to have been Richard le Poor, Bishop of Salisbury, who died in 1237. The work is in eight books, and it is a description of the spiritual life.

The same writer is thought to be the author of the 'Life of St. Juliana,' and several other similar works which are written in praise of virginity. St. Juliana was a Christian maiden of Nicomedia, who suffered martyrdom gladly rather than marry a heathen man.

'The Owl and the Nightingale.'—This is a fine pastoral poem be-

longing to the middle of the thirteenth century. The author is thought to be one Nicholas de Guildford, of Portesham, in Dorset. The poem describes a scolding match between the two birds after the manner of the French troubadours. After each bird has sung its own praise and reviled its opponent, they agree to submit the matter to Nicholas de Guildford.

'King Horn.'—This is a metrical romance which was very popular in the thirteenth century. It is translated from the French, but the story seems to be Old English in original. Alliteration is not used, but instead of this the French device of end-rhymes. King Horn is a beautiful young prince who is carried away by pirates; but his life is spared, and after many wonderful adventures he weds a princess, and regains his father's kingdom.

Robert of Gloucester.—He is said to be the author of a long rhyming Chronicle of over 12,000 lines, but the poem is thought to be the work of more than one writer. The language and local allusions belong to Gloucestershire. In the early part of the Chronicle the writer follows Geoffrey of Monmouth, but makes use of William of Malmesbury and other writers. In the latter part he speaks as a contemporary. The work has no poetical merit.

Literature of the Thirteenth Century.—**'Proverbs of Alfred,'** a poem which became very popular in the thirteenth century, and which professed to be a collection of the wise sayings of King Alfred.

'Genesis and Exodus,' a fine poem of the same period, written in the Midland dialect by an unknown author.

'A Moral Ode.'—A poem of about 400 lines, written by one who in old age looked back with regret over a misspent life.

Dialects.—The literary works of the thirteenth century are in many dialects, no one of which had then attained any recognised supremacy. There were three well marked, the Northern, Midland, and Southern, corresponding to the three kingdoms and races of Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex.

Romances.—The French troubadours composed an abundance of romances and sung them at the courts of the Norman kings. Richard I. was himself a troubadour. The subjects of the romances were generally the deeds of Charlemagne and his knights, or of King Arthur and his knights, and then a little later tales of the Crusaders became popular. Old tales were retold, and the incidents were transferred to Eastern lands. From the time of Edward II. many of these tales were translated into English. The romance of Richard Cœur de Lyon describes the hero's parentage and birth, and his wonderful deeds in the East.

Northumbrian Literature in the Fourteenth Century.—The *'Cursor*

Mundi is a long poem which goes through the whole course of the Bible history. The writer draws his materials from homilies, legends, apocryphal Scriptures, as well as from the Bible.

'*Metrical Homilies.*'—This is a collection of homilies for all the Sundays in the year, and in plan it is somewhat similar to the 'Ormulum.'

'The Hermit of Hampole' was born in Yorkshire about 1290, and died in 1349 at Hampole, near Doncaster. At nineteen or twenty he became a hermit, and was thought to have miraculous powers. He wrote a long poem called the 'Pricke of Conscience.' Some parts of the poem are very fanciful.

(Robert of Bourne.)—This writer has been called the patriarch of the new English, for the dialect in which he wrote became the established literary language. He was born at Bourne about 1260, and was a monk in Sempringham monastery. He translated a French religious work called the 'Manuel des Péchés,' which was a collection of pious precepts and anecdotes, and to these he added many new anecdotes. He also wrote a longer work, the 'Chronicles of England.' For the first part of this he translated Wace; for the second a French metrical chronicle written by a monk of Bridlington. Robert of Bourne was very desirous to write in a style that could easily be understood.

English Prose Writers in the Fourteenth Century.—From the Conquest for three centuries there was little or no prose writing in English. In the fourteenth century prose began to be cultivated.

Sir John Mandeville's 'Travels' became very popular on account of the marvellous tales contained in the book. The writer was born at St. Albans about 1300, started on his travels in 1322, returned in 1356, and died in 1371. He wrote his travels after his return, in Latin, French, and English, with the object of stirring up Christian nations to rescue the Holy Land from the heathen. His description of places which he certainly visited is filled with marvellous incidents, and still stranger stories are told of Cathay, Tartary, and the Isles of the sea, which places he probably did not visit himself.

Wyclif was born at Spreswell, in Yorkshire, about 1320. He was educated at Oxford, became one of the foremost scholars there, and was made Master of Balliol in 1360. He was a stern opponent of the degenerate mendicant monks, and he supported John of Gaunt in his endeavour to strip the Church of some of its enormous wealth. He was summoned in 1377 before the Bishop of London to answer for his teaching, and some years later he was summoned to Rome, but died before he could obey. His last years were spent in Lutterworth, in translating the Bible and in training his order of poor priests.

John of Trevisa was a Cornishman who spoke and wrote in the West country dialect. He was chaplain to Lord Berkeley, and translated for him Higden's 'Polychronicon,' a Latin work of great authority, a compendium of universal history and geography.

'*Piers Plowman*.'—William Langland was born about 1332 in Shropshire, was educated, so it is thought, at Malvern, entered the Church, but remained all his life miserably poor. At about the age of thirty he came to London, and lived on Cornhill with his wife and daughter. The first edition of his poem '*Piers Plowman*' appeared about 1362, a longer edition in 1377, and one still longer in 1390. In the poem there are many Norman-French words, but alliteration is used instead of rhyme. The work is a series of visions, and the story is an allegory, so that Langland is an earlier Bunyan. The poet attacks the selfishness, luxury, and oppression which were then so prevalent, especially among the clergy. '*Piers Plowman*' himself is an honest rustic, who holds fast to truth while all the world is lost in error. In the latter parts of the poem Piers becomes identified with Christ Himself.

Chaucer.—Chaucer was born in London, where his father and grandfather were vintners. The date of his birth is uncertain. Some place it in 1328, but 1340 is a more probable date. There is a tradition that he was educated at Oxford or Cambridge, but nothing is certainly known on this point. In 1357 he was in service at court, and in 1359 was with King Edward in France, and was taken prisoner. Between 1370 and 1380 he was several times sent abroad on diplomatic business, and in 1373 it is thought that he met Petrarch at Padua. For his services he received rewards and pensions, and an office in the Customs which he held for twelve years. He was now married and lived at Aldgate. In 1386 he was Knight of the Shire for Kent, and in 1389, after some reverses of fortune, he was appointed Clerk of the King's Works. In two years' time he lost this office, and in his later years he suffered poverty. The accession of the new king in 1399 brought him relief, but the poet died the next year.

Chaucer's Earlier Poems.—*Romaunt of the Rose*.—This is a translation of a very popular French poem. It abounds in pleasant descriptions of flowers and birds, of singing and dancing, and other pleasant things.

The Boke of the Duchesse is in memory of Blanche, the wife of John of Gaunt. In a deep forest the poet represents the widower lamenting his loss and describing his lady as he first saw her.

The Parlement of Briddes is thought to describe in allegory the wedding of Anne of Bohemia with Richard II. It abounds in beautiful descriptive passages, and shows marks of Italian influence.

'**Canterbury Tales.**'—The plan of the tales was suggested by the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio, but in the grouping of the characters and incidents Chaucer excels the Italian. The prologue is one of Chaucer's finest pieces of work, and its excellences are unborrowed. The Knight, the Prioress, and the Poor Parson are described with loving minuteness, but the male ecclesiastics are depicted as sensual worldly men.

The 'Tales.'—Chaucer's work is unfinished, for there were twenty-nine travellers, and there are only twenty-three tales. The first and longest is the Knight's, which is an adaptation of Boccaccio's poem, the 'Teseide.' The story is of two friends, Palamon and Arcite, who fall in love with the same lady, Emelie, and their friendship is turned to hatred. In a great tournament Arcite, though the victor, is killed, and after an interval Palamon and Emelie are wedded.

The Clerk's tale of the patient Griselda is from the 'Decameron,' but the tale had already been turned into Latin by Petrarch.

The Squire's tale is a fragment which deals with the wonders of magic, and it appears to be derived from some Arabian books, many of which were translated into Latin during the middle ages. Chaucer gives in his own person a portion of the tale of Sir Thopas, and appears in it to ridicule the long and tedious romances which were then fashionable.

Contemporaries and Followers of Chaucer.—John Gower died eight years later than Chaucer. He was of good family, had lands in Kent, and was a benefactor of St. Mary Overie, where he lies buried. His chief works were '*Speculum Meditantis*' in French, '*Vox Clamantis*' in Latin, and '*Confessio Amantis*' in English. The latter poem is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor. It is very long and contains many stories well told. It also contains several allusions to his friendship with Chaucer.

Thomas Occleve was a young man when Chaucer died, and he mourned for him as his dear master. His poems are of little merit, but on the manuscript of one of them he has painted the best portrait of Chaucer which we possess.

John Lydgate was of about the same age with Occleve, but possessed more genius. He was a monk of Bury, had travelled, and was familiar with the literature of France and Italy. He wrote many poems, and they enjoyed great popularity. His chief works were the 'Fall of Princes,' the 'Troy Boke,' and the 'Story of Thebes.' The last is introduced as an additional 'Canterbury Tale.' Some of his minor poems, like the 'London Lyckpeny,' give pleasant pictures of the manners of the time.

The Fifteenth Century.—This century is one of the most barren

in the literary history of England and of Europe. Hugh Campeden, Thomas Chestre, John Harding, Juliana Berners, and Henry Bradshaw wrote poems which are forgotten and deserve to be forgotten. Two reasons for this intellectual slumber have been suggested: (1) the scholastic philosophy had for three centuries captivated the best intellects of Europe, but it was now found to be barren and unsatisfying; (2) innovations in religion were sternly repressed and the spirit of inquiry was checked. In the preceding century Wyclif and his followers set an example of a simpler faith and purer life, but the new House of Lancaster persecuted the Lollards and postponed the Reformation for a century.

Invention of Printing.—This is the glory of the second half of the fifteenth century. The inventor was Guttenberg of Mentz, who in 1455 printed the beautiful Mazarin Latin Bible. The new art was brought into England by Caxton, who was born in Kent about 1422, was apprenticed to a London mercer, was sent to the Low Countries, and remained there for thirty years in positions of trust. He then entered the service of the Duchess of Burgundy, and began to translate books from the French into English, and in order to multiply copies he mastered the new art of printing. His ‘Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye,’ and the ‘Game and Playe of the Chesse,’ were probably printed at Bruges, but in 1477 he issued from his press, in the Abbey at Westminster, ‘The Dictes and Notable Wyse Sayenges of the Phylosophers.’ From that time till his death, in 1491, Caxton printed and translated many works, and was in great favour with nobles and kings. He gratified their tastes in his selection of books to be printed, and there is no Bible in the list.

The *Morte d'Arthur* is one of the most interesting of Caxton's books. He tells us in the preface that many noble men, and especially King Edward IV., urged him to print the life of King Arthur, who was a greater hero than Charlemagne or Godfrey, or any other of the nine worthies. The work was not written by Caxton, but by Sir Thomas Malory, of whom little is known, but who was probably a priest. He translated and compiled the work from various French romances, of which the finest was that of ‘Sir Launcelot of the Lake.’ Malory's work was finished about 1470, and it was printed in 1485.

Chevy Chase.—Several ballads of great beauty were composed in the fifteenth century in the north of England, but the authors are unknown. Of these the finest is that of Chevy Chase, which has been highly praised by Ben Jonson, Sir Philip Sidney, and others.

It describes Earl Percy marching out of Northumberland with

a great band of archers to hunt in the Cheviot, in despite of Douglas, the Warden of the Scottish Marches. The hunt begins, but before noon the Douglas comes marching by the Tweed with two thousand spearmen. The battle began and raged till night; both leaders were slain, and only a scanty remnant on either side was left. There was great lamentation in Edinburgh and London when news of the battle came.

Early Scottish Poetry.—John Barbour came as a student to Oxford in the reign of Edward III. He afterwards became Arch-deacon of Aberdeen, and wrote the epic poem of 'The Bruce.' It is in twenty books, and it describes the perils and triumphs of the Scottish hero, and it finishes with his death and the wedding of his son, Prince David.

Barbour died in 1395, and in that year was born the poet-king, James I. At the age of ten, while on a voyage to France, he was captured and brought to England, where he remained in captivity till 1424. He was kindly treated and carefully educated, and he became an admirer and imitator of Chaucer. His chief, if not his only poem, is called the 'Kingis Quhair,' and in it he describes, in the manner of Chaucer, how he first saw from the window of Windsor Tower the lady who became his wife.

Hawes and Skelton.—Stephen Hawes, in the reign of Henry VII., wrote the 'Passetyme of Pleasure,' after the model of Chaucer's 'Romaunt of the Rose.' It is a picture of the life and training of an ideal knight. The language is musical, but the story is rather wearisome. Graunde Amoure, the hero, seeks and at last wins La Belle Pucell, and in the course of the poem the Arts and Sciences, Courtesy, Old Age, and many other abstractions, appear as persons.

John Skelton, poet laureate in the reign of Henry VIII., wrote 'rude railing rimes,' attacking vigorously the corruptions of the clergy. In the 'Boke of Colin Cloute' the luxury of the bishops is described, and in the poem 'Why come ye nat to Courte?' he fiercely attacks the pride and insolence of Wolsey. His 'Phyllyp Sparowe' is an elegy on a pet bird belonging to a nun.

Dunbar and Douglas.—The Scotch poets of the first half of the sixteenth century are the truest successors of Chaucer. Dunbar wrote in 1508 a fine poem, 'The Thistle and the Rose,' to celebrate the marriage of James IV. to Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. As in Chaucer's 'Parlement of Briddes,' the poet describes Nature summoning all beasts, and birds, and flowers, to meet her on a May morning. The lion of Scotland, the rose of England, and the Scotch thistle are exalted above all other beasts and

flowers. Dunbar also wrote 'The Golden Terge' and 'The Daunce.'

Gawen Douglas was a son of the great Earl of Angus. He entered the Church, and Queen Margaret became his friend and patroness, and he was raised to the bishopric of Dunkeld. He incurred the enmity of the Duke of Albany and was forced to take refuge in England, and he died in London in 1522. His chief work is a translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, and his introductions to the different books are original poems of much beauty. Sir Walter Scott introduces the poet-bishop in 'Marmion.'

Berners, Tyndale.—Lord Berners, who translated Froissart, was in his youth a friend and companion of Henry VIII. In 1520 he was made governor of Calais, and he died there in 1538. In beauty of language the translation often excels the original. *William Tyndale* was born in 1477, and after studying at Oxford and Cambridge he entered the Church, and was chaplain to a knight in Gloucestershire. He afterwards went to Germany, and at Wittenberg he completed his translation of the New Testament. He was bitterly attacked by Sir Thomas More, and he defended himself in a work called 'Obedience of a Christian Man.' Many attempts were made to destroy Tyndale, and in 1536 his enemies compassed his death. His translation is very beautiful, and it is the basis of our authorised version.

Sir David Lyndsay was the most popular of the early Scottish poets. At about the age of twenty he was in service at court, and was chief usher to the infant King James V. His wife Janet was also in service at court. His chief works are 'The Dreme,' which bears some resemblance to Dante's great poem, and which contains notices of the poet's life; the 'Satire of the Three Estates,' which is a rude example of the early drama; and the 'Monarchie,' in which in the form of a dialogue between Experience and a Courtier the story of the world is traced from the Creation to the Fall of Jerusalem, and from thence to the Day of Judgment. Among his minor poems is a description of the murder of Cardinal Beaton. Sir Walter Scott introduces Lyndsay in 'Marmion.'

The New Learning—Ascham.—The capture of Constantinople in 1453 by the Turks caused Greek learning to be dispersed over Western Europe. England shared in this revival of learning, and in 1511 St. John's College was founded in Cambridge, and speedily became famous. One of the most illustrious pupils of this college was Roger Ascham, who entered it in 1530, and in 1538 he was appointed Greek reader. He wrote 'Toxophilus or the Schole of Shooting' in 1545, and received a pension from King Henry VIII., and he was soon afterwards appointed private tutor to the Princess

Elizabeth. In 1550 he went abroad as secretary to the ambassador to Charles V., and visited Louvain and Cologne and Venice and other famous places. After his return he was appointed Latin secretary to Queen Mary, and then once more private tutor to Queen Elizabeth, and she greatly regretted his death in 1568. During his last few years he wrote 'The Scholemaster,' which is his most interesting work.

Italian Influence—Lord Surrey.—In the sixteenth century it was a common custom to send young English gentlemen into Italy to be educated, and Ascham speaks of the evil influences to which they were there exposed. Petrarch was the favourite poet of Italy, and his sonnets became the great models of composition. In 1557 Tottel the printer published a book of 'Songes and Sonnettes,' the authors of which were various gentlemen of the Court of Henry VIII., and chief among them were Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry, Earl of Surrey. The latter was in his youth a companion of the young Duke of Richmond, King Henry's natural son, and in one of his poems he recalls the happy days they spent together at Windsor. Most of Surrey's sonnets are in praise of the fair Geraldine, the daughter of the Earl of Kildare. Surrey also made metrical versions of parts of the Bible, and translated two books of the *Æneid*.

✕ **Sir Philip Sidney** was born at Penshurst in 1554, and Ben Jonson celebrates the oak which was planted at his birth. As a youth he was remarkable for his grave and dignified bearing. He was in Paris at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, and he travelled through other parts of Europe. He was a favourite with the Earl of Essex, who would gladly have had him for son-in-law. But the earl's daughter was married to Lord Rich, and Sidney's grief is expressed in the series of beautiful sonnets of *Astrophel and Stella*. In 1580 he wrote at Wilton for his sister's diversion the famous romance of the '*Arcadia*.' The story is long and involved, but the language is melodious and many of the descriptions are very beautiful. In 1581 he wrote the '*Apology of Poetrie*,' in answer to the '*Schoole of Abuse*' of Stephen Gosson. In 1586 Sidney fell fighting at Zutphen against the Spaniards in aid of the Dutch.

The Reformers.—*Hugh Latimer* was the son of a Leicestershire yeoman, and was born in 1491. He was sent to Cambridge, and studied the scholastic philosophy and neglected the Bible till his heart was touched by the words of the martyr Bilney. He preached before King Henry VIII., and was made Bishop of Worcester in 1534, but he resigned the dignity in 1539. In the reign of Edward VI. he was again in favour, and often preached before the king or at St. Paul's Cross. During the last few years of

Edward's reign he was in Lincolnshire, and a number of the sermons he preached there have been preserved. He was burnt at Oxford in 1555. The language of his sermons is vigorous and effective, and they are full of homely wit and racy anecdotes and illustrations.

John Knox was born in 1505, and like Latimer he was at first fond of the scholastic philosophy, but was converted by the example of the martyr Wishart. After the death of Cardinal Beaton, Knox with others took refuge in the Castle of St. Andrews, and there he received his call to the ministry. The Castle was besieged and taken by the French, and for about two years Knox was a prisoner in the galleys. From 1549 till the death of Edward VI. Knox was in England, and was in great favour with the king. From 1553 to 1559 he was a wanderer over Europe, and he was then recalled to Scotland by the Lords of the Congregation, and he laboured unweariedly as Minister of Edinburgh till his death in 1572. His 'History of the Reformation of the Church in Scotland' contains many striking pictures of the times. His 'First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women' gave great offence to Elizabeth, though it was not directed against her.

Euphuism.—The 'Euphuës' of John Lyly enjoyed a wonderful popularity until Italian influence gave way before that of the French literature of the age of Louis XIV. Lyly was attached in some capacity to Elizabeth's court, and he wrote some six or eight plays, which were often acted before the queen. The 'Euphuës' is a story of a young Athenian gentleman and the adventures he met with in a visit to Naples. He gained a bosom friend, Philautus, and then robbed him of his lover, Lucilla. The lady is false to both, the friends are reconciled, and Euphuës returns to Athens and philosophy. The peculiarities of Lyly's style are a perpetual striving after alliteration and antithesis, and a most ingenious stringing together of similes.

Hooker.—Hooker's life has been charmingly written by Izaak Walton, who tells of the kindness Bishop Jewel had for him, and also of his ill luck in marrying. He was appointed Master of the Temple at a time when the Puritan party were striving to remodel the Church of England, and the controversies into which he was led caused him to determine to write a sober exposition and defence of the position of the Church of England. The first four books of his great work, the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' were written at Boscum, near Sarum, and were published in 1594. The rest of the work was written at Bishopsborne, near Canterbury, where Hooker died in 1600. The fifth book was published in 1597, but the last three not till 1662, and it is thought they are not in the state in

which the author left them. The language of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity' is nobler and more majestic than that of any preceding prose work.

Spenser.—Spenser, like Chaucer, was a Londoner, but was distantly connected with the noble family of the Spencers. His first great work was the 'Shepherd's Calender' which gained him hearty and immediate recognition as 'the new poet.' It is in twelve eclogues, one for each month, and real persons and states of society are described under the allegory of shepherd life. In 1580 Spenser went with Lord Grey to Ireland, where he remained for the rest of his life, and where he wrote the 'Faerie Queene.' The first three books were finished in 1589, and the poet was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, who persuaded him to come with it to London to present it to the queen. Spenser describes this visit in a poem called 'Colin Clouts come Home again.' In 1594 Spenser was married, and his 'Epithalamium' is the finest marriage ode in any language. Three other books of the 'Faerie Queene' were written, and a fragment of a seventh book. In 1598, in the great Irish rebellion, Spenser's house was burnt, and he and his wife barely escaped with their lives. He died in London in the next year.

The Early English Drama.—As early as the eleventh century plays of the 'Passion' or of the lives of Saints were performed in monasteries by the monks and choristers. At a latter date the guilds of various cities performed such plays, and a series of forty-three Coventry plays has been preserved. When Elizabeth visited Kenilworth in 1575 the people of Coventry performed their play of 'Hock Tuesday' before her, and Shakspeare may have been one of the spectators. There were also companies of professional players who travelled the country under the protection of some nobleman's name. In London the chief players were the choir children of 'Paules' and of the 'Chapel Royal.' At their head was Richard Edwards, who was a famous poet, player, and singer, and who died in 1566. Plays were acted in London at first in the yards of inns, but in 1575 the Puritans expelled the players from the city, and theatres were built beyond the 'liberties.' We are told that the theatres were crowded on Sundays while the churches were empty.

Christopher Marlowe was the greatest of the immediate predecessors of Shakspeare. He was born in 1564, and his first great drama, 'Tamburlaine the Great,' was performed in 1588. The language and the plot are very extravagant, but the play has many magnificent passages. Marlowe also wrote 'Faustus,' 'The Jew of Malta,' 'Edward II.,' and fragments of other plays. He is also thought to be the author of parts of some of Shakspeare's

earliest plays. Izaak Walton claims for him the pretty song, 'Come live with me and be my love.' Marlowe led a wild reckless life, and he was killed in a tavern brawl in Deptford in May 1593.

Shakspeare was born in April 1564. His father was chief magistrate of Stratford in 1568, and appears to have been a small landed proprietor. William was sent to the Stratford Grammar School, and there his school education ended, and at the age of fourteen he was probably required to help his father, who was then greatly reduced in circumstances. In 1582 Shakspeare married Anne Hathaway, who was seven years his senior, and a few years later he went to London, leaving his wife and children at Stratford. In 1589 his name appears in the list of players in the 'Blackfriars' theatre, and here his 'Love's Labour's Lost' and other early plays were performed. Shakspeare's success as a poet excited the envy of his fellow poets, and one of them, Robert Greene, speaks of him as 'an upstart crow beautified with our feathers.' In 1591 Spenser, in his poem of the 'Teares of the Muses,' has some very beautiful lines which seem to refer to Shakspeare. In 1598 he dedicated his poem of 'Venus and Adonis' to the young Earl of Southampton, and in the following year the 'Lucrece' was dedicated to the same patron. In 1598 Francis Meres bears witness to the growing fame of Shakspeare, and enumerates a number of his plays. In the same year his intimacy and friendship with Ben Jonson began. The accession of the new king, James I., brought fresh honour to Shakspeare, but he appears to have retired not very long afterwards to Stratford. He died in 1616, and his wife outlived him seven years.

Shakspeare's Sonnets are specially interesting as they seem to refer to real incidents in his life. The sonnets are 154 in number, and they are dedicated to 'Mr. W. H.,' whom some take to be the young Earl of Pembroke, others the young Earl of Southampton. Many of the sonnets seem to be addressed to some high-born and beautiful youth in whose society Shakspeare took delight

Shakspeare's Earlier Plays.—The true chronology of the plays cannot now be certainly fixed, as the first authorised collection was published seven years after the poet's death. One of his earliest plays was the 'Henry VI.,' of which the second and third parts are recastings of two older plays, which have been preserved. It is thought that Greene, Marlowe, and Shakspeare were joint authors of these older plays. 'Richard III.' also is thought to be one of Shakspeare's early plays written while he was still under the influence of Marlowe. In 'Richard II.' Shakspeare entered on a path more natural to his own genius, and he com-

pleted the series with 'Henry IV.' and 'Henry V.' At the same time he produced the series of beautiful comedies, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Much Ado about Nothing,' 'Twelfth Night,' and others, which are poetical rather than dramatic, and in which the outpouring of beautiful fancies is so great as to be almost a defect.

Shakspeare's Later Plays.—The plays written after 1600 are not less beautiful than the earlier ones, but they are filled with a deeper and sadder meaning. It seems to have been 'a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience.' The plays of 'As You Like It' and 'Measure for Measure' seem to reflect this feeling. The Roman plays and the four great tragedies, 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' belong also to this period. 'The Winter's Tale' and 'The Tempest' are two of the poet's very latest works, and in them he seems once more to be at peace with himself and to delight in depicting scenes of romantic beauty. Some of the speeches of Prospero in 'The Tempest' read like the poet's farewell to the world.

Raleigh.—Sir Walter Raleigh was great in action rather than as a writer. He was born in Devonshire in 1552, and in 1580 he went with Lord Grey to Ireland and gained great renown for valour and judgment. On his return to court in 1582 he was received with great favour, and the queen conferred great riches on him. In 1591 he wrote an account of the last fight of the 'Revenge,' which Sir Richard Grenville defended with such desperate valour against the Spaniards. In 1595 he went to Guiana to seek the famous city of El Dorado, and on his return wrote an interesting account of his voyage. Raleigh's good fortune ended with the queen's reign. He was charged with conspiring against the king, and was condemned to die. His life was spared, but he remained a prisoner in the Tower from 1603 to 1616, and there he wrote his 'History of the World.' When he was released he was permitted to go on an expedition to Guiana, and on his return he was executed.

Bacon.—Francis Bacon was the son of the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and as a boy he engaged the attention of the queen, who used to call him 'The young Lord Keeper.' When he was nineteen his father died, and his prospects of advancement were greatly clouded. Lord Burleigh, though a kinsman, seemed to distrust him and kept him in the background. The Earl of Essex was his one friend at court, but the shipwreck which he made of his own fortunes prevented him from effectually helping Bacon. In 1597 Bacon published the first edition of his famous Essays, and other editions with increased numbers of essays were published in 1612

and in 1625. With the accession of James, Bacon's fortunes brightened. He was one of the weightiest speakers in Parliament, and he was knighted by the king. In 1605 he presented to James his two books of 'The Advancement of Learning.' In later years he rewrote this work in Latin and added to it the famous '*Novum Organon*.' In 1616 Bacon became Lord Chancellor, with the title of Baron Verulam, and four years later he fell. His public life was now over, and he gave himself up more entirely to his scientific and literary pursuits. He wrote his 'History of Henry VII.,' a work filled with passages of grave and pleasant irony. He died at Highgate in April 1626. Aubrey, the antiquary, gives in his gossiping manner some interesting peculiarities of Bacon.

Ben Jonson (1573-1637), the greatest of Shakspeare's companions, was born nine years later, and died twenty-one years later, than the great poet. He was born in London, but his father came from Annandale. He was a boy at Westminster School, and he gratefully records his obligations to his master, Camden, the antiquary. It is doubtful whether he was at the University, but it is certain that he served in the wars in the Netherlands. On his return to London he became an actor and play-writer. After killing in a duel a fellow-actor he joined Shakspeare's company, and in 1598 his first play, 'Every Man in his Humour,' was brought out.

In this and in his other plays Jonson is careful to maintain the unities of place and time, which Shakspeare generally disregarded. His chief characters, too, are intended to exemplify some peculiarity which by its excess becomes a vice, and these peculiarities he calls humours.

Between 1598 and 1614 Jonson wrote four other great plays, 'The Alchemist,' 'The Fox,' 'The Silent Woman,' and 'Bartholomew Fair.' In 'Every Man in his Humour,' the most original and amusing character is the braggart Captain Bobadil. In the 'Alchemist' there is the powerfully drawn character of Sir Epicure Mammon, and in 'Bartholomew Fair' the Puritans are amusingly caricatured in the preacher Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

Jonson wrote several plays after 1614; but no masterpiece; and the ill-success of one caused him to write an indignant ode beginning 'Come leave the loathed stage.'

Jonson also wrote many masques for court festivals, and Inigo Jones the architect devised the scenery. These masques are not now interesting except for the sparkling songs which are scattered through them.

In 1618 Jonson travelled on foot to Scotland, and spent some little time with Drummond of Hawthornden, who has left a record of his conversation.

Jonson lived on terms of friendship with the best and noblest in

the land, and he recorded the veneration he felt for Shakspeare in the verses prefixed to the folio edition of 1623. The poets Herrick and Beaumont celebrated the merry meetings in the London taverns, where Jonson reigned supreme. His life was, however, a careless and reckless one, and in his latter years he suffered want and sickness.

Only a small part of Jonson's work is worthy of comparison with Shakspeare's, and he has no excellently drawn female character. Some of his lyrics are excellent, and so also are his epitaphs, especially the one on the Countess of Pembroke.

The Minor Dramatists of Shakspeare's Age.—Within the half-century from 1590 to 1640 'nearly all that we have of excellence in serious dramatic literature was produced,' and in this period, besides Shakspeare and Jonson, there is a crowd of other writers worthy to be mentioned.

Thomas Dekker (1570-1637) wrote many plays, and seems to have led a life of alternate want and merriment. Charles Lamb said of him that 'Dekker had poetry enough for anything' He assisted other dramatists with some of the best of their plays. His own chief play is 'Old Fortunatus,' with the story of the wonderful purse and wishing-cap.

Thomas Heywood was a University man and a Fellow of Peterhouse. He was a very prolific writer, and he speaks of two hundred and twenty plays which he wrote wholly or in chief part. Charles Lamb calls him 'a sort of *prose* Shakspeare,' and especially praises his characters of country gentlemen. His chief plays are 'A Woman Killed with Kindness,' 'The English Traveller,' and 'The Fair Maid of the West.'

John Webster came nearer than all his fellows to Shakspeare in his power of delineating tragic scenes and characters. Eight of his plays have been preserved, and the two greatest are 'Vittoria Corombona' and 'The Duchess of Malfi.' Each gives a terrible picture of the depravity of Italian society in the fifteenth century, and in each there are many pathetic scenes.

Philip Massinger (1583-1638) was connected in some sort of honourable dependence with the noble family of Pembroke. He went to the University of Oxford, and it is thought that he there became a Roman Catholic. Little is known of his life in London as a writer. He wrote many plays which have been lost, but his best are 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' 'The Great Duke of Florence,' and 'The Virgin Martyr.' In the first of these is the powerfully drawn character of Sir Giles Overreach.

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher were the most famous of the followers of Shakspeare. Unlike their companions, they belonged to the higher ranks, and Dryden thought they excelled even

Shakspeare in the imitation of the conversation of gentlemen. It is almost impossible in their joint works to separate the parts belonging to each, but it is thought that Beaumont's work shows the greater depth of imagination, while the light and graceful scenes are Fletcher's.

Beaumont was held in high esteem by Ben Jonson, and Fletcher took part with Shakspeare in writing 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' and 'Henry VIII.' The best plays written jointly by the two poets are 'Philaster,' 'The Maid's Tragedy,' and 'A King and no King.' Fletcher outlived Beaumont, and wrote among other plays the beautiful pastoral 'The Faithful Shepherdess.'

Other dramatic writers of this period are Chapman, Middleton, Ford, Tourneur, and Shirley.

Two brothers, Edward and George Herbert.—*George Herbert's* life has been pleasantly written by Isaac Walton. He was one of seven brothers, and his father died when George was an infant, but his mother reared her children well. George went to Westminster School, and thence to Cambridge, and he was there held in great esteem by King James, Sir Francis Bacon, and others. After the death of King James he became a clergyman, and was at first rector of Layton Ecclesia, in Huntingdonshire, and then on account of failing health he changed to Bemerton, near Salisbury.

While he was in Huntingdonshire his dearest friend was Nicholas Ferrar, who was at the head of the Protestant nunnery at Little Gidding, and Herbert on his death-bed in 1633 commended his book of poems, 'The Temple,' to the care of Ferrar. The book contains about one hundred and fifty little poems, and the best are perhaps those on 'Vertue,' on 'Sunday,' and on 'Peace.' Some of the poems are rather quaint than beautiful.

Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury was the elder brother of George, and outlived him fifteen years. He was one of the earliest and ablest of English freethinkers, and he wrote a Latin work, 'De Veritate,' on the subject of natural religion. He wrote also a 'History of Henry VIII.,' but his best-known work is his autobiography, which lay in manuscript for a century after his death. It contains many interesting pictures of society both at home and abroad, but doubts have been felt as to its trustworthiness.

Jeremy Taylor (1618–1667) excels all the other great writers and preachers of the Church of England in his rich flow of imagination and fancy and in the charm of his language. He was born in Cambridge, where his father was a barber; but Jeremy entered the University, and by his excellent preaching he gained the notice and friendship of Laud. He lost his rectory of Uppingham when the Civil War broke out, and he joined King Charles at Oxford. In the dedications of some of his works he speaks of his wanderings and privations

during this time of trouble. With some other dispossessed clergymen he opened a school at Newton Hall in Caermarthenshire, and the Earl of Carberry, who lived at Golden Grove, in the neighbourhood, became his friend and patron.

In this retreat Taylor composed his two chief works, the 'Liberty of Propheying' and 'Holy Living and Dying.' In 1658, on the invitation of the Duke of Ormond, he settled at Lisburne in the North of Ireland, and at the Restoration he was made bishop of Down and Dromore. Among other works which he published was a year's course of sermons preached at Golden Grove.

Two prose writers—Burton, Browne.—*Robert Burton* (1576-1640) was educated at Oxford, and spent the greater part of his life in the University in seclusion and study. He was an astrologer, and predicted the exact time of his own death.

His life's work was the writing of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' with which he hoped to relieve his own melancholy, but it only confirmed and strengthened it. He styles himself in his work Democritus Junior, and he gives a long account of the philosopher Democritus of Abdera, whose life was like his own.

The 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is one of the strangest books. At first sight it appears to be little more than a collection of quotations, but it has always been a fascinating book to thinkers, and Dr. Johnson was especially fond of it. A little poem which is prefixed to the work is thought to have suggested to Milton the idea of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso.'

Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and devoted himself to the study and practice of medicine. He travelled on the Continent, and took a doctor's degree at Leyden about 1633. After his return he wrote in retirement in Yorkshire his best work, the 'Religio Medici.' It was not intended for publication, and it got abroad by accident, but it at once became famous, and was translated into several foreign languages.

Browne then settled at Norwich as a physician, and spent the rest of his long life there, and was visited by some of the most learned men of the time. In 1671 he was knighted by Charles II. His other chief works were 'Enquiries into Vulgar Errours,' 'The Garden of Cyrus,' and 'Urn Burial.'

John Milton (1608-1674) was born in London, like Chaucer and Spenser. His forefathers were landed proprietors in Oxfordshire, but his father was a London scrivener. John was educated at St. Paul's School and at Cambridge, but his University course was not a pleasant one. On leaving Cambridge he spent five years in seclusion and study at his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire. Here he wrote 'Comus,' 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' and 'Lycidas,' besides other minor poems.

In 1638 he visited Italy, and met Galileo at Florence. In 1639 he

hastened home on account of the political troubles that were rising, and from that time till his death he lived in London. His unfortunate marriage with Mary Powell took place at this time, and her leaving him caused him to write his fierce pamphlets on divorce.

In 1641 Milton published two pamphlets on 'Reformation in England,' and he followed these up with further pamphlets, in which the bishops and the principle of episcopacy were fiercely attacked. In 1644 he addressed to Parliament his famous 'Areopagitica' in defence of the right of unlicensed printing. In 1649 he was appointed Latin Secretary to the new Government, and held the office till the Restoration. He wrote several Latin works in defence of the Government, and a few of his sonnets belong to this time.

In 1650 he lost the use of his left eye, and two years later he was quite blind. His blindness is pathetically alluded to in several passages of his works.

'Paradise Lost' was commenced about 1658, but the idea was conceived much earlier. Milton at first proposed to treat the 'Fall of Man' as a drama or mystery, and a rough sketch of this drama still exists. In 1667 the poem was finished and published.

Milton has been greatly praised by some critics both for the choice of his subject and for the manner of the execution. Others have condemned the plan of the poem as lacking reality and human interest. The unbroken majesty and beauty of the style is admitted by all.

In his later years Milton wrote 'Paradise Regained' and 'Samson Agonistes,' and some prose works of minor importance.

Dr. Johnson gives some interesting particulars of Milton's manner of life in these latter years.

Isaac Barrow (1630-1677) was born in London, where his father was linendraper to Charles I., but his uncle was a bishop. He was a scholar at the Charterhouse, but was fonder of fighting than of learning, and was careless in his dress.

In 1645 he went to Cambridge, and made excellent progress, especially in physical science and mathematics. He continued a staunch Royalist, while the ruling powers of the University were on the side of the Parliament.

In 1654 he travelled on the Continent, and went as far as to Constantinople and Smyrna. After the Restoration he was appointed Professor of Greek and of Mathematics at Cambridge, and the latter post he resigned in 1669 to his pupil Isaac Newton.

In 1672 Charles II. appointed him Master of Trinity, styling him 'the best scholar in England.' He was already one of the King's chaplains, and Charles listened attentively to his sermons, and passed a shrewd judgment upon them.

Barrow's sermons were published after his death by Tillotson.

They are models of manly eloquence, and the elder and younger Pitt studied and greatly admired them.

Two historians—Clarendon, Burnet.—*The Earl of Clarendon* (1609-1674) rose from the position of a country gentleman to be Lord Chancellor of England. He was educated at Oxford, and then studied law at the Temple, and was acquainted with Ben Jonson, Selden, and other men of letters. He gained the confidence and friendship of Archbishop Laud, and when the war broke out he was the trusted adviser of Charles I., and afterwards of Charles II. At the Restoration he was created Chancellor, but he fell from power in 1667, and in retirement in France he wrote his 'History of the Rebellion,' and a history of his own life. The language of both works is noble and stately, and Clarendon shows great skill in the delineation of the characters of the men of the time.

Bishop Burnet (1643-1715) was the son of a Scotch lawyer who refused to take the oath of the Covenant. He was educated at Aberdeen, and he afterwards visited the English Universities, and travelled through Holland and France. He was then made Professor of Divinity at Glasgow, and with Archbishop Leighton he endeavoured by peaceable means to bring all the Presbyterian clergy within the Episcopal Church.

He was one of the chaplains of Charles II., but his very plain speaking caused him to lose all court favour, and he was obliged to withdraw to the Continent in 1684. He settled at the Hague, and his advice was of great service to William of Orange, with whom he returned to England in 1688. After the Revolution he was made bishop of Salisbury. He opposed pluralities in the Church, and he was one of the chief agents in founding Queen Anne's Bounty. His chief works were the 'History of His Own Life' and the 'History of the Reformation.'

Isaac Walton (1593-1683) kept a linendraper's shop, first in the Royal Exchange, then in Fleet Street, and then in Chancery Lane. When the war broke out he retired from business, and spent most of his time in the families of eminent clergymen, by whom he was much beloved. The five charming little biographies which Walton wrote are, with one exception, the lives of English clergymen. His chief work is 'the Compleat Angler,' which was first published in 1653. Five other editions were published during the author's lifetime, and it grew in length from thirteen chapters to twenty-one.

John Bunyan (1628-1688) was the son of a tinker at Elstow near Bedford, but the family of the Bunyans had been peasant freeholders in the county from the end of the twelfth century. At the age of sixteen Bunyan entered the army, but whether on the side of the King or Parliament is not known. Soon afterwards he

married a poor but godly woman, and he became a great frequenter of the church. But a change came over him : his life appeared to him to be unspeakably wicked, and he suffered a long and terrible agony of spirit before he found peace.

In 1653 he joined a Nonconformist congregation in Bedford, and four years later he was himself a preacher. At the Restoration Nonconformist meetings were forbidden, and Bunyan was arrested. The authorities wished to deal gently with him, but he would not promise to cease preaching, and he was kept a prisoner till 1672. His confinement was by no means strict, and he was allowed to preach in prison. During this time he wrote and published several works, of which 'Grace Abounding,' his spiritual autobiography, was one. Whether the first part of 'Pilgrim's Progress' was written now or later is uncertain. It was first published in 1678, and the second part in 1684. When Bunyan was released, in 1672, he was licensed as a preacher, and he became a minister in Bedford. He exercised a supervision over surrounding congregations, and was often called Bishop Bunyan. His fame as a preacher was very great, and enormous congregations gathered to hear him in London.

His other chief works were 'The Life and Death of Mr. Badman' and the 'Holy War.' In all he wrote and published nearly sixty works.

John Dryden (1631-1700) was the inaugurator of a new age, an age of prose and reason rather than of lofty imagination. He was born in Northamptonshire, and his father possessed a tiny estate in the county, which the poet retained all his life through. He was a pupil under Dr. Busby at Westminster, and he afterwards went to Cambridge, but he retained little love for that University.

His first considerable poem was a noble eulogy of Oliver Cromwell, but two years later he wrote 'Astræa Redux,' as a welcome to Charles II. In 1667 he wrote 'Annus Mirabilis,' describing the Dutch War and the Fire of London of 1666.

He had also by this time taken to play-writing, and during his life he produced nearly thirty plays, but no masterpiece. Most of these plays were in the rhyming heroic metre of the French theatre, which Sir William Davenant's 'Siege of Rhodes' had made fashionable in this country.

Dryden's most famous plays of this kind were the 'Indian Emperor,' 'The Conquest of Granada,' and 'The Royal Martyr.' They are filled with swelling bombastic speeches, and they were cleverly parodied by the Duke of Buckingham in 1671 in 'The Rehearsal.' Dryden about this time wrote an elaborate essay on Dramatic Poesy, in which the characters of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson are finely sketched.

In 1681 Dryden wrote his brilliant satire 'Absalom and Achito-

phel,' and its accompanying satires, 'The Medal,' and 'MacFlecknoe,' in which he bitterly attacked the Earl of Shaftesbury and his adherents. In 1682 he wrote 'Religio Laici,' a fine poem in defence of the Church of England; but five years later he had become a Roman Catholic, and he wrote 'The Hind and the Panther,' in which the Church of England is represented as fierce and inexorable towards all other Churches.

At the Revolution, Dryden lost all his posts and pensions, and was obliged to depend upon the labours of his pen. During the twelve remaining years of his life he did much excellent work, especially his translation of Virgil and his adaptations of Chaucer. His magnificent ode 'Alexander's Feast' also belongs to this time.

In London the young poets looked upon him with reverence, and he sat as a king in Will's Coffee House in Covent Garden. He died on May Day in 1700, and he was buried with much pomp in the Abbey.

John Locke (1632-1704) was a fellow-pupil with Dryden at Westminster. He then went to Oxford, and 1660 he was Greek lecturer for his College. In 1666 he became acquainted with the Earl of Shaftesbury, and a friendship ensued which lasted till the earl's death. He was tutor to the earl's only son, chose a wife for him, and carefully educated his children.

In 1682 Shaftesbury fled to Holland, and Locke soon followed, and remained there till the Revolution, when he returned to England in the train of the Princess of Orange.

During his stay on the Continent Locke composed his famous 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' and it was published in 1690. His first letter 'On Toleration,' and his 'Two Treatises on Government,' and also his interesting work 'On Education,' were published about this time.

Locke now retired on account of health from London to a pleasant retreat in Essex, where he enjoyed cheerful society, and yet was well within reach of London. In conjunction with some of the leading statesmen he gave much attention in these years to the question of the coinage, and also to that of the linen manufacture of Ireland.

Locke was a pious Christian man, and he wrote several theological works, but they are now seldom read.

The Age of Queen Anne has been compared to the Age of Augustus and to that of Leo X. The rival political leaders were patrons of learning; Montague befriended Congreve and Prior and Addison, while Bolingbroke was the warm friend of Swift and his companions, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Pope. Arbuthnot was a witty Scotch physician, who wrote the 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus'

and the 'History of John Bull.' Gay wrote many poetical works, of which the chief were the 'Fables' and the 'Beggar's Opera.' Addison, like Swift, was surrounded by his circle of friends who met daily at Button's Coffee House, and admired and praised each other's works, and by doing so they aroused the jealousy and indignation of Pope. Eustace Budgell wrote some of the 'Spectators.' Ambrose Philips was the author of several plays and poems, and Tickell wrote a very fine poem on the death of Addison.

Swift was born in Dublin, but was of English extraction. At school and college he was an idle student; but after leaving the University he spent ten years in the family of Sir William Temple, and there wrote two of his most famous works, the 'Battle of the Books' and the 'Tale of a Tub.'

After Temple's death in 1699, Swift spent ten or twelve years as a country clergyman in Ireland, but paid frequent visits to England, and took a keen interest in politics. The three years from 1710 to 1713 he spent in London, and was the confidential adviser of Harley and Bolingbroke. On the downfall of the Tories in 1714 he retired to Ireland to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, and from that time he seldom left Ireland.

He was a fierce champion of Ireland's rights against English oppression, and he gained the love and reverence of the Irish. During this period of his seclusion he wrote 'Gulliver's Travels,' the finest of all his works.

The story of Swift's life is closely linked with that of 'Stella,' to whom, it is believed, he was secretly married; and whose death in 1728 caused him great agony.

Steele and Addison were born in the same year, and were lifelong friends. They were fellow-pupils in the Charterhouse, and together they went to Oxford. Steele left the University suddenly, entered the Life Guards, and wrote several plays. Addison became a Fellow at Oxford, then travelled on the Continent, and on his return he gained praise and preferment by writing the 'Campaign.'

Steele was appointed Gazetteer in 1706, and in 1709 he started the 'Tatler,' and much of his finest work is in it. His papers on women and children are especially beautiful.

Addison contributed about forty papers, and there was universal regret when the 'Tatler' ceased in Jan. 1712. Two months later the 'Spectator' was commenced, and the two friends bore each an equal share in writing it. After the 'Spectator' came to an end, the 'Guardian' was brought out, and a little later Steele brought out the 'Englishman,' and Addison the 'Freeholder.' Addison died in 1719, and Steele lived for another ten years, but wrote nothing more of special excellence.

Pope was born in 1688. He was a delicate child, who very early

showed his taste in poetry. His first great poem was the 'Essay upon Criticism,' which Addison warmly praised. Then in 1712 he wrote his dainty poem, the 'Rape of the Lock,' and he then acquired fortune and fame by translating Homer.

His great success excited the envy of inferior writers, and in answer to their attacks he wrote the 'Dunciad,' of which three books were published in 1728.

Pope then wrote the 'Essay on Man,' addressing it to Bolingbroke, whose philosophical views the poem appears to be intended to express. He afterwards wrote a series of poetical 'Moral Essays,' and his last great work was a fourth book of the 'Dunciad.'

The philosopher **Berkeley** was born in Kilkenny in 1689. He spent the years from 1700 to 1713 in Trinity College, Dublin, and there wrote three of his chief works, the 'New Theory of Vision,' the 'Principles of Human Knowledge,' and the 'Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous.' In the two latter works he unfolded his great doctrine that matter does not exist.

In 1713 he came to London, and was welcomed by the chief men of letters, and he then spent some years in Italy. Next he returned to Ireland, and was made Dean of Derry. Then in 1729 he went to America to promote a scheme for converting the Indians, but he returned disappointed in 1732. While in America he wrote the 'Minute Philosopher.'

The rest of his life, except the few closing months, he spent in Ireland as Bishop of Cloyne. His last work was 'Siris,' a treatise on the virtues of tar water.

Lady M. W. Montagu was born in 1690. Her education was superintended by Bishop Burnet. In 1712 she married Edward Wortley Montagu, who was sent as ambassador to Constantinople. She accompanied him, and wrote home a series of most interesting letters, chiefly to her sister, but a few of them were to Pope, who was then her friend.

After her return to England she became a neighbour of Pope at Twickenham, but they quarrelled and became bitter enemies. In 1739 she went abroad once more, and till nearly the end of her life lived in Italy. Her letters from Italy to her daughter have been preserved, and many of them are most interesting.

Horace Walpole, another famous letter writer, was born in 1717. He travelled on the Continent with the poet Gray, but a disagreement arose between them and they parted at Venice. A few years later they were friends again. After his return to England he bought a pretty villa at Twickenham, which became a great gathering place for wits and men of letters. His descriptions of passing events in his letters to various correspondents are very

amusing and satirical. He wrote the 'Castle of Otranto,' 'Anecdotes of Painting,' and a few other works.

Bishop Butler, born in 1692, showed by his letters to Dr. Samuel Clarke that while he was still a young man the idea of his great work, the 'Analogy,' was occupying his mind. In 1718 he was appointed preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and fifteen of his sermons have been preserved. The first three 'On Human Nature' have been greatly praised.

The 'Analogy' was written during seven years of seclusion in Durham. The work attracted the attention of Queen Caroline, and Butler was made Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Durham. His Charge to the Clergy of that diocese is his latest work.

The poet **Gray** was born in 1716, and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. After travelling on the Continent with Walpole he returned to Cambridge, and lived there, except for a few short intervals, for the rest of his life.

His famous 'Elegy' was completed in 1750, and he had written the poem on the 'Prospect of Eton College,' as well as a few other odes. A few years later he wrote the 'Progress of Poetry,' the 'Bard,' and other poems, but none of them approached the 'Elegy' in excellence. Good judges have preferred his letters before his poems.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, while poetry was almost ceasing, prose romance rose to great excellence. The first of the novelists, **Daniel Defoe**, was a great pamphleteer, and did not produce his masterpiece, 'Robinson Crusoe,' till he was nearly sixty years old.

Samuel Richardson was a printer, who did not produce the first of his three great novels till he was fifty years old. The second of his novels, 'Clarissa Harlowe,' is the greatest, and in its highly-wrought pathetic scenes it has probably never been equalled.

Henry Fielding, the greatest of the novelists, wrote many plays, but few of them were of any special merit. His first romance, 'Joseph Andrews,' was intended as a satire on Richardson's 'Pamela.' Sophia, the heroine of Fielding's second novel, and Amelia, the heroine of the third, are portraits of his first wife.

Tobias Smollett was a young Scotch surgeon who came to London in 1740. He went as surgeon in the expedition against Carthage, and there gained the materials for his inimitable sketches of seamen. 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' and 'Humphrey Clinker' are his best novels.

Lawrence Sterne was born at Clonmel in 1713. His father was an ensign in a foot regiment, and it is thought that traits of his

character are preserved in *Mr. Shandy* and in *Uncle Toby*. Sterne had relations holding high positions in the Church, and through their interest he was ordained and obtained a living in Yorkshire.

The first two volumes of '*Tristram Shandy*' were published in 1760, and other volumes followed at intervals till Sterne's death in 1768. His '*Sentimental Journey*' is almost as famous as '*Tristram Shandy*.' *Yorick*, and *Uncle Toby*, and *Corporal Trim* are some of the most original creations in our literature.

Johnson was a sickly child, and was all his lifetime strangely afflicted. He came to London in 1737 to gain a living by literature, and for years the struggle was almost a hopeless one. During this period his chief works were his two satires, '*London*' and the '*Vanity of Human Wishes*;' the '*Rambler*,' and the '*Dictionary*.' In 1762 he received a pension of 300*l.* from the king. In later years he wrote the '*Lives of the Poets*.'

Boswell's acquaintance with Johnson began in 1763, and from that time forward we have a marvellous picture of Johnson and of the friends who surrounded him.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in 1728, and his father was a poor village pastor in Ireland. He made poor progress in Dublin University, and he was sent to study medicine in Edinburgh and Leyden. He then travelled through various parts of Europe, and came to London without a penny in 1756. During the next few years he wrote several works of considerable merit, but the first which attracted general notice was his poem '*The Traveller*.' Two years later, in 1766, the '*Vicar of Wakefield*' appeared, and in 1770 '*The Deserted Village*.' Goldsmith also wrote two fine comedies, '*The Good-natured Man*' and '*She Stoops to Conquer*.'

Gibbon was born in 1737 at Putney. He was a sickly child, and amused himself with reading, devouring immense masses of historical and geographical knowledge. He went to Oxford, but gained little there, and was withdrawn suddenly, as he had turned Roman Catholic. His father then sent him to Lausanne, and in this pleasant place he spent from choice many years of his after life.

The idea of writing the '*Decline and Fall*' broke upon his mind in Rome in 1764, but the first volume was not published till twelve years later. The sixth and final volume was finished in Lausanne in 1787. Besides the '*Decline and Fall*,' Gibbon wrote an autobiography, an extremely interesting work.

Cowper was born in 1731. His mother died when he was a child, and he has recorded his grief at her loss in one of his finest poems. He was educated for the bar, and while he was a young man he devoted himself to literary pursuits of a trifling nature. In 1763 his mind gave way, and the whole course of his life was

changed. When his reason was restored he was placed by his friends in lodgings in Huntingdon, and he there became friendly with the Unwins.

Mrs. Unwin watched over him with a mother's care, and she incited him to the writing of his first volume of poems, the 'Moral Satires.' Lady Austen, another friend, incited him to write the 'Task,' which is a much finer poem, and she also told him the story of 'John Gilpin.'

Cowper also translated the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' but they did not add greatly to his fame. He was one of the best of letter writers.

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin in 1729, and was a fellow student with Goldsmith in the University of Dublin. He came to London in 1750, and published his first two works in 1756. In 1765 he was appointed private secretary to Lord Rockingham, and from that time till 1794 he sat in Parliament. He was warmly attached to Johnson and Goldsmith.

In Parliament his most eloquent speeches were made on American and East Indian affairs, and he was one of the chief conductors of the State prosecution of Warren Hastings. He was a resolute opponent of the principles of the French Revolution, and his greatest work, the 'Reflections on the Revolution in France,' is filled with passages of splendid eloquence. He died in 1797.

Robert Burns was born in 1759 in a humble cottage near Ayr. His father was a worthy man who had a long and sore struggle with poverty, and he is lovingly described in 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' The earliest poems of Burns are love songs and humorous satires on the 'Auld Light' clergy. His poems were published in 1786, and he paid a visit to Edinburgh, where he was feasted and made much of for a time. Sir Walter Scott, who was then a boy, saw him, and in later years described him. After leaving Edinburgh, Burns settled as a farmer near Dumfries, and then gave up farming to become an exciseman. In his last years his chief works were 'Tam o' Shanter' and a number of beautiful songs. He died in 1796.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in 1770. In one of his later poems, 'The Prelude,' he gives an interesting picture of his life at school and at Cambridge, and also of his travels in France.

In 1795 he settled with his sister Dora, in Dorset and began to write poems. In 1797 he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and in 1798 they published the 'Lyrical Ballads.' The finest poem in the volume is the one entitled 'Lines composed above Tintern Abbey.' Wordsworth and his sister then visited Germany, and

there 'Lucy Gray' and several of his finest minor poems were written. To 1802 belong some of his finest sonnets, especially the one on 'Westminster Bridge.' 'The Prelude' was then written, but was not published during the poet's lifetime; but 'The Excursion,' a poem in nine books, was published in 1814. 'The White Doe of Rylstone,' 'The Waggoner,' and the 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality' are poems belonging to these years. Wordsworth's last beautiful poem was written in 1818, but he himself lived till 1850.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in 1772, in Devonshire. He lost his mother at an early age, and he was sent to school at Christ's Hospital, where Charles Lamb was his schoolfellow. In 1791 he went to Cambridge, and a few years later became a friend and fellow-worker with Southey. In 1795 he married, and the next year published his first volume of poems. In 1797 he became the neighbour and friend of Wordsworth, and they planned and wrote the 'Lyrical Ballads.' He then visited Germany, and on his return began to write for the press. His course of life was then for many years very unsettled and miserable, but in 1816 he found a peaceful refuge at Highgate, where in 1834 he died. In these later years he wrote 'Biographia Literaria,' 'Aids to Reflection,' and other prose works treating of philosophy and religion.

Robert Southey was born in 1774, at Bristol, and spent most of his childhood with an aunt who gave him a very early acquaintance with the drama. During his youth and early manhood he was an ardent lover of liberty and a well-wisher of the French Revolution. His first epic poem, 'Joan of Arc,' was published in 1796, and in later years he wrote 'Thalaba,' 'Madoc,' 'The Curse of Kehama,' and 'Roderick.' He twice visited Lisbon, and his great love for Spanish and Portuguese literature and history is shown in a number of prose works. His biographies of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper are perhaps his best works. He lived for many years at Greta Hall in Keswick, and died there in 1843.

Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and in a fragment of autobiography he has given a pleasant picture of his childhood. His father was a Writer to the Signet, and he himself was called to the bar in 1792. His summer holidays were spent in excursions through the Border country, and 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' (1802) was his first considerable work. Then followed his three great poems, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' (1805), 'Marmion' (1808), and 'The Lady of the Lake' (1810). 'Rokeby' and other poems followed, but they showed a decline in excellence. 'Waverley' was published in 1814, and then followed in quick succession the great novels on which Scott's fame rests. His latter

years were rendered miserable by business troubles, and his last novels have little merit. He died in 1832, and his life has been beautifully written by his son-in-law, Lockhart.

Byron was born in 1791, at Aberdeen, and on the death of a grand-uncle he became Lord Byron and possessor of Newstead Abbey in 1798. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 he published his first volume of poems, 'Hours of Idleness,' which was savagely criticised in the 'Edinburgh Review.' In response he wrote 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' in 1809. He then went on his travels, and on his return wrote two cantos of 'Childe Harold,' which at once made him famous; and then there appeared in quick succession, 'The Giaour,' 'Bride of Abydos,' and other metrical tales, all of which contained passages of great beauty. In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke, but within a year they were parted, and Byron took his last leave of England. The third canto of 'Childe Harold' and the drama of 'Manfred' were his earliest works after leaving England, and were composed on the shores of Geneva, where he enjoyed the society of Shelley. He then settled in Venice, and wrote the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold' and the early cantos of 'Don Juan.' This poem was his last, and was left unfinished when he died in 1823.

Shelley was born in 1792, and belonged to a wealthy Sussex family. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, but was expelled from the university on account of his atheistical opinions. His first considerable poem, 'Queen Mab' (1813), is a work of immature genius; his next, 'Alastor,' is full of solemn beauty, and was written while the poet was expecting an early death. 'The Revolt of Islam' (1818) is the poet's dream of a new society where all oppression is ended. From 1818 till his death in 1822 Shelley lived in Italy, and there produced his three greatest works, 'The Cenci,' 'Prometheus Unbound,' and 'Adonais.' The last is an eloquent lament over John Keats.

Thomas Carlyle was born in 1795, at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire. In his 'Reminiscences' he has given a beautiful picture of his parentage and education. He was intended for the ministry, but in 1817 he finally determined not to enter on that calling, and devoted himself first to teaching, and then to literature. His first works were on the subject of German literature, and in 1827 the first of his well-known critical reviews appeared in the 'Edinburgh.' 'Sartor Resartus' was written in the solitude of Craigenputtock. In 1834 he came to live in London, and in 1837 'The French Revolution,' the most perfect of his works, was published. 'Cromwell' (1845) and 'Friedrich' (1864) were two other historical works of excellent merit. Carlyle died in 1881.

Charles Dickens was born in 1812, and suffered great hardships in his childhood, which he has described in 'David Copperfield.' His first published story appeared in 1833, and in 1836 this and other stories were published as 'Sketches by Boz.' 'Pickwick' and 'Oliver Twist' quickly followed, and Dickens became the most popular writer in England. From this time till his death in 1870, novel followed novel in quick succession, and his unfinished novel, 'Edwin Drood,' shows little, if any, failing of power.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in 1811, in Calcutta, but was sent to England while he was a child, to be educated. He went from the Charterhouse to Cambridge, and then for a time to Weimar and Paris. After his return he began to write comic stories and satirical sketches in 'Fraser's Magazine' and in 'Punch,' and in 1846 his first great work, 'Vanity Fair,' came out. 'Pendennis,' 'Esmond,' 'The Newcomes,' and 'The Virginians' appeared in later years. In 1859 the 'Cornhill' was established with Thackeray as editor, and he wrote for it 'Philip' and the pleasant 'Roundabout Papers.' Thackeray died in 1863.

John Ruskin was born in London in 1819. 'Præterita,' his latest writing, is a very beautiful record of his childhood and education. In 1837 he went to Oxford, and in 1843 the first volume of his 'Modern Painters' appeared. In later years he wrote many fine works on art, of which the chief are 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' and 'Stones of Venice.' He was an ardent disciple of Carlyle, and in 'Unto this Last,' 'Crown of Wild Olive,' 'Fors Clavigera,' &c., he enforces and develops his master's teaching.

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809. He was educated at Cambridge, and then returned to his mother's house and gave himself up, like Wordsworth, to poetry. His first volume of poems appeared in 1830; then a second in 1833. In 1847 'The Princess,' which is one of his most beautiful poems, appeared, and three years later 'In Memoriam,' which is the noble record of his friendship for Arthur Hallam. In 1859 the 'Idylls of the King' appeared, and this is generally regarded as the poet's masterpiece.

Robert Browning was born in 1812, in Camberwell. When he was a youth he was an ardent lover of Shelley, and in his first published poem, 'Pauline,' he pays him reverent homage. In 1835 'Paracelsus,' the history of a soul, appeared, and gained enthusiastic praise from a few. 'Sordello,' which is also the history of a soul, is the most abstruse of Browning's works. 'Pippa Passes' (1841) was the first poem which gained popular favour, and during the next few years a great number of beautiful short poems was published with the title 'Bells and Pomegranates.' From 1846 until his wife's death in 1861 Browning lived in Italy. His greatest work, 'The

Ring and the Book, is a wonderful presentment of a story of Italian crime. Browning died in December, 1889.

The *Edinburgh Review* was founded in 1802 by Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, and Brougham. Jeffrey became editor next year, and under his guidance the Review became a great power. There is an interesting account of Jeffrey in Carlyle's 'Reminiscences.'

The *Quarterly* was started in 1808, in opposition to the 'Edinburgh.' Gifford was the editor, and Scott and Southey were among the chief contributors.

Tom Moore (1779-1852) was the friend and biographer of Byron. He was also a witty song-writer. His greatest work is the Oriental romance, 'Lalla Rookh.'

Samuel Rogers (1763-1855) was a poet of refined taste, and his poems were very beautifully illustrated by Turner and Stoddart. His treatment of Italian legends is very beautiful.

Charles Lamb (1775-1835) was a school-fellow with Coleridge at Christ's Hospital. He was a clerk for many years in the South Sea House. He wrote poems and a tragedy, but the one work which will live is the delightful collection of 'Essays of Elia.'

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) spent several years of his youth as a tutor in the Western Highlands, and there wrote 'Glengara' and 'Lord Ullin's Daughter.' He wrote 'Pleasures of Hope' in 1799, and visited Germany next year. On his return he wrote 'Hohenlinden' and other stirring martial poems. In 1805 he received a pension of 200*l.* from the Government. In 1809 he published 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' a poem which Washington Irving greatly admired. For the rest of his life he was engaged in various kinds of literary work, lectured on poetry, edited 'Specimens of British Poets,' and was editor of the 'New Monthly Magazine.'

Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was imprisoned for two years for writing a stinging satire on the Prince Regent. He gained the friendship of Byron and Shelley, and in later times he was a neighbour and friend of Carlyle. He wrote one or two volumes of poems, and several prose works, of which the best is his 'Autobiography.'

John Keats (1795-1821) was passionately fond, when a youth, of Spenser and Chapman. He learnt no Greek at school, but no poet has caught the spirit of Greek legend more truly than he has in 'Endymion' and 'Hyperion.' He died in Italy, of consumption.

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859) was one of the most brilliant orators at Cambridge, and became one of the most brilliant writers in the 'Edinburgh.' He entered Parliament in 1830, and in 1833 he went out to India to discharge important duties. After his return he wrote the articles in the 'Edinburgh' on 'Clive' and 'Warren Hastings,' and then gave himself up to the writing of his 'History of England.'

John Henry Newman (1801-1890) went to Oxford and became the soul of the 'Oxford Movement.' Matthew Arnold and others bear witness to the magical influence of his sermons preached in St. Mary's. He was the editor of the 'Tracts for the Times,' and the writer of the famous Tract XC., with which the series closed. In 1845 he joined the Church of Rome. In 1864 he wrote the 'Apologia,' an eloquent vindication of his sincerity in his change of faith.

John Stuart Mill (1806-1873) was educated by his father, and read Herodotus, Plato, and Xenophon before he was eight. He was a friend of Jeremy Bentham, and was an ardent advocate of the Utilitarian system of philosophy. He took great delight in Wordsworth's poetry and in Carlyle's early works. His own chief works were his 'Logic' (1843), 'Political Economy' (1848), and 'Liberty' (1859). His 'Autobiography' was published after his death.

Charles Darwin (1809-1882) accompanied, in 1831, the *Beagle*, as naturalist, in a voyage round the world. After his return he published his 'Journal of Researches,' and this was the foundation of all his later work. In 1859 his great work, 'On the Origin of Species,' was published, marking a great epoch in the history of science. In 1871 he published 'The Descent of Man,' which is in some respects an even more startling work.

James Anthony Froude (1818-1894) was at first a disciple of Newman, but afterwards of Carlyle. His 'Nemesis of Faith,' published in 1848, marks the great turning-point of his life. From that time he maintained himself by literature, writing articles in 'Fraser' and in the 'Westminster.' In 1856 the first two, and in 1870 the last two volumes of his great 'History of England' were published. He has been accused, and with some justice, of careless inaccuracy in the use of his materials. In 1872 he published his history of 'The English in Ireland.' After Carlyle's death he edited the 'Reminiscences' and 'Letters of Mrs. Carlyle,' and wrote in four volumes the 'Life of Carlyle.'

George Eliot (1819-1880) did for the Midland counties of England what Scott did for the Lowlands of Scotland. Her first work of fiction was 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and in 1859 'Adam Bede,' which is her masterpiece, appeared. 'The Mill on the Floss' appeared next year, and 'Romola' and other novels followed. George Eliot was a poetess as well as a novelist.

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) was when a youth brought under the influence of Wordsworth in Westmoreland and Newman at Oxford. In 1849 his first volume of poems was published, and in 1852 a second volume. Many of the poems are extremely beautiful, but they have not the depth of imagination of those of Tennyson and Browning. Arnold's prose writings are by many preferred before his poetry. Of these prose works the best are 'Essays in Criticism' and 'Literature and Dogma.'

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF ENGLISH WRITERS

WITH TITLES OF THEIR CHIEF WORKS.

BÆDA (673-735)

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KING ALFRED (849-901)

Pastoral Care

Chronicles of Orosius

Translation of Bæda's History

ÆLFRIC (990-996)

Homilies

WRITERS OF SAXON CHRONICLE

(891-1121)

ORMIN (1200 ?)

Ormulum

LAYAMON (1200 ?)

The Brut

BISHOP LE POOR (1200 ?)

Ancren Riwele

NICHOLAS DE GUILDFORD (1250 ?)

The Owl and the Nightingale

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER (1270 ?)

Chronicle of England

ROBERT OF BOURNE (1260-1340 ?)

Handlyng Synne

Chronicle of England

THE HERMIT OF HAMPOLE (1290-1349)

The Pricke of Conscience

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE (1300-1371 ?)

The Voiage and Travaile

JOHN WYCLIF (1320-1384)

Translation of Bible

JOHN OF TREVISA (1387 ?)

Chronicle of the World

JOHN BARBOUR (1316-1395)

The Bruce, 1375

WILLIAM LANGLAND (1332-1400 ?)

Piers Plowman, 1362-1390

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340-1400)

Romaunt of the Rose

Boke of the Duchesse, 1369

Parlement of Briddes

Canterbury Tales, 1390

JOHN GOWER (1325-1408)

Confessio Amantis, 1398 ✓

JOHN LYDGATE (1373-1460)

Storie of Thebes, 1480 ?

Fall of Princes

Troy Boke

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND (1394-1437)

The Kingis Quhair, 1424 ?

WILLIAM CAXTON (1422-1492)

Historyes of Troye

SIR THOMAS MALORY (1470 ?)

Le Morte Darthur

STEPHEN HAWES (1506 ?)

Passetyme of Pleasure

JOHN SKELTON (1460-1529)

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WILLIAM DUNBAR (1465-1520)

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LORD BERNERS (1464-1532)
Froissart's Chronicle

WILLIAM TYNDALE (1477-1536)
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SIR DAVID LINDSAY (1490-1557)
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HUGH LATIMER (1491-1555)
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JOHN KNOX (1505-1572),
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ROGER ASCHAM (1515-1568)
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SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)
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JOHN LILLY (1553-1600)
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Much Ado about Nothing
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All's Well that Ends Well
Measure for Measure
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Othello
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SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618)
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FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)
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THOMAS DEKKER (1570-1637)
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THOMAS HEYWOOD
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1 The order of Shakspeare's plays is that suggested by Professor Dowden.

JOHN WEBSTER

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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER (1579-1625)

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LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY (1581-1648)

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GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)

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ROBERT BURTON (1576-1640)

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SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682)

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ISAAC WALTON (1593-1683)

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JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667)

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JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

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BISHOP BURNET (1643-1715)

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JOHN ARBUTHNOT (1667-1735)

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JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)

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RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)

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1 - 9 August
2 - 7 June
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3 - 8 September

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Emmy 7th 1823

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